

DICK COLE ★ TARGET ★ EDISON BELL ★ CADET

SPRING
ISSUE

10¢

4 MOST



Vol. 1
No. 2

[illegible]

YE EDITORS' PAGE

Dear Readers:

The first issue of 4MOST certainly was received with tremendous enthusiasm and the Editors wish to extend their thanks to you for your many letters of approval.

An interesting feature of the winter issue was the "How-to-Make-It" page in the Edison Bell strip, which if you recall, gave directions on how to make a Junior Air Raid Warden Listening Post. The magazine had been on sale for only two or three weeks when the news of the treacherous Jap attack on Pearl Harbor was announced to the world and the United States was plunged into war. No sooner had the seriousness of the situation been brought home to this country with the possibility of real bombing raids occurring on our own shores—which may have happened by the time you read this—than 4MOST began receiving requests for more information on how to make an air raid listening post. One New York City Air Raid Warden telephoned, said that he had actually seen one of these Junior Air Raid Warden posts set up and found it to operate very efficiently. He wanted several more copies of 4MOST containing the plans so that several posts could be quickly made and set up in his district.

How to make several other effective defense articles is told in the Edison Bell strip in this issue. Remember it isn't necessary to have an air raid for fires to start and almost any fire that causes destruction of property is a blow to our defense efforts. Also remember that the stirrup pumps and milk bottle fire extinguishers described by Edison Bell are not toys. Properly made and handled they will serve their purpose admirably, but be sure and obtain your parents permission before you start to make any of them so that your parents will be certain to see that you use the right materials.

Many of you have brothers or fathers serving our country in the army, navy, or marine corps, and all of you—we know—want to do your bit towards getting the tremendous job our country has before it over with as quickly as possible. Everyone can help, young or old, large or small. You can help in dozens of ways. Wouldn't one good way be to form a group in your neighborhood and call yourselves, "Junior Defense Wardens"?

Junior Defense Wardens could for instance collect all the scrap metal, paper, and glass in their neighborhood and turn it over to the proper defense authorities. They could make a point of keeping themselves informed and seeing that their friends were informed about all the rules and regulations of their local Air Raid Precautions Board. They could learn elementary first aid. Above all, they could start buying Defense Stamps and start an honor roll for this activity.

What do you say, boys and girls? If the idea is appealing to you and you actually start a Junior Defense Warden group, won't you write in and tell us about your activities.

Cordially yours,
THE EDITORS

BUY A DEFENSE STAMP AND HELP KEEP 'EM FLYING

LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

Dear Sirs:

I wish to express my appreciation to you for putting out a quarterly about Dick Cole, The Target, Edison Bell, and The Cadet. I have read 4MOST and I think that it is the absolute top in comics entertainment.

Please publish 4MOST every month just like you do TARGET and BLUE BOLT. I know it would be a great success.

Leonard Zimmerman
Bronx, N. Y.

—(Thanks, Leonard. Your letter states briefly what hundreds of other readers have said at greater length.)

Dear Editors:

I want to thank you very much, not only for myself but for all my friends for publishing 4MOST Comics.

All of us have our favorites, though sometimes we can't quite make up our minds which we like best. I was like that until I saw 4MOST. Believe it or not, I couldn't ask for a better magazine.

I also want to say that I think your comic book is one of the cleanest magazines for American youth to read.

John D. Barbour
Franklin, Louisiana

—(More orchids, 'nuff sed.)

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO 4MOST COMICS, 292 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, NEW YORK

DICK COLE

WONDER

BOY!

HEY, DICK--
LOOK!

HOLY
COW!

--- THIS **LETTER** SAYS
DR. KARNO, MY GUARDIAN.
DIED MYSTERIOUSLY! IT SAYS
IMAGINE, THAT I'M THE **ONLY**
HEIR TO A WHOLE **KINGDOM!**
--IT SAYS --OH, **HECK!** HERE,
DICK, **READ IT YOURSELF!**

YEOW! SIMBA!
THAT MAKES YOU A **KING!** WELL,
FOR THE LOVE OF FARR M.A.! YOU'RE
IT'S **FIRST STUDENT KING!** LONG
LIVE THE KING! THIS SETTLES OUR
VACATION! LET'S START PACKING, **KINGY!**

WOW!

WHAT'S
UP?

**SIMBA'S
A KING!**

WHAT?
LONG LIVE
WHAT?

WHAT'S THIS?

DICK COLE'S PAL, THE ROUGH-AND-TUMBLE SIMBA, **COULD** BE A KING!
BUT WHAT WOULD THAT MEAN TO DICK, THE CLEAN-CUT LAD, IDOL OF FARR
MILITARY ACADEMY? **SIMBA A KING? INDEED!! BUT ---- READ ON!**

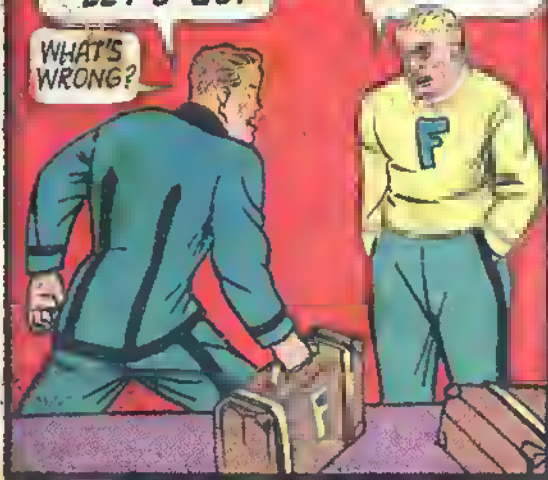
SIMBA A KING?

DICK COLE AND SIMBA QUICKLY RUSH TO THEIR ROOMS AND PACK ---- BUT ----

WHAT D'YA SAY, SIMBA, LET'S GO!

OH - WHAT'S THE HURRY?

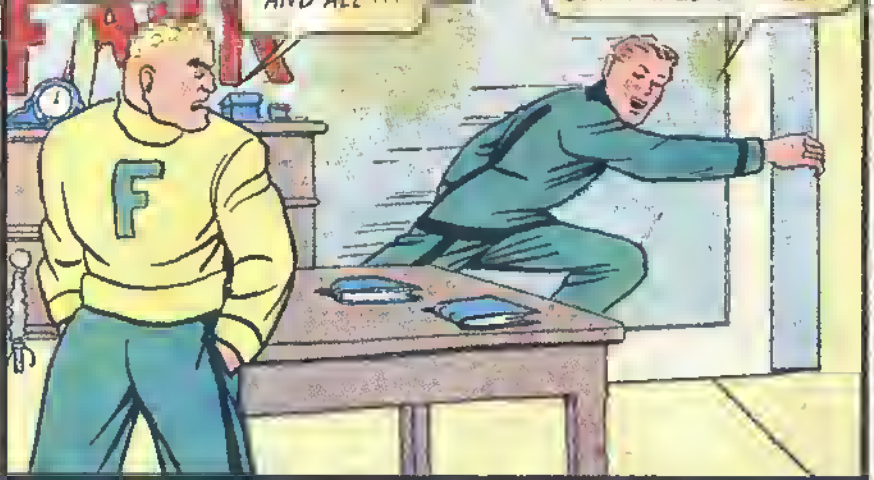
WHAT'S WRONG?



SIMBA HESITATES ... AS DICK ACTS ---

I'M NOT **ANXIOUS** ABOUT BEING A KING -- AND WHAT WITH THE WAR, AND ALL ---

SHUX! IT'LL BE FUN! WE'LL GET SWELL MILITARY EXPERIENCE, BESIDES --- I'LL GET THINGS STARTED!



IN A FEW SECONDS, DICK IS IN THE MAJOR'S OFFICE -- AND OUT --

WELL, DICK, IT'S A TRIFLE EARLY, BUT I GUESS YOUR VACATION CAN START NOW! GOOD LUCK, LAD --- **HEY!!!** WHERE ARE YOU GOING IN SUCH A HURRY?

GEE!---
THANKS, MAJOR FARR!
I'M HEADING **WEST**
FOR THE **EAST!**
THANK YOU, SIR!



AND THEN CALLS THE AIRPORT! THEN ---

TWELVE MINUTES TO MAKE THE PLANE TO FRISCO? **O.K.!** SURE, WE'LL MAKE IT FROM FARR -- RESERVE TWO PLACES!



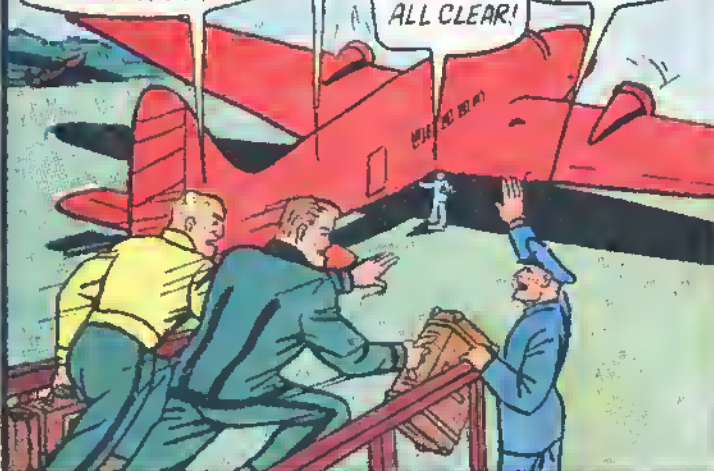
--A MAD DASH THROUGH THE GATE BRINGS THEM TO THE FIELD.

TWO SPECIAL BERTHS ON THAT PLANE ARE FOR US, MISTER!

TOO LATE, LADS OH --- YOU FARR BOYS? O.K. **HOLD IT!**

HOLD HER ONE SEC, CAPTAIN. WE'RE FROM FARR!

FLIGHT IS ALL CLEAR!



ALOFT, THEY RELAX FOR THE FIRST TIME --- TALKING ABOUT THE EXCITING TRIP AND THE FUTURE.

DICK, IT SOUNDS SCREWY! JUST IMAGINE **ME, SIMBA**, WITH A KINGDOM ALL MY OWN!

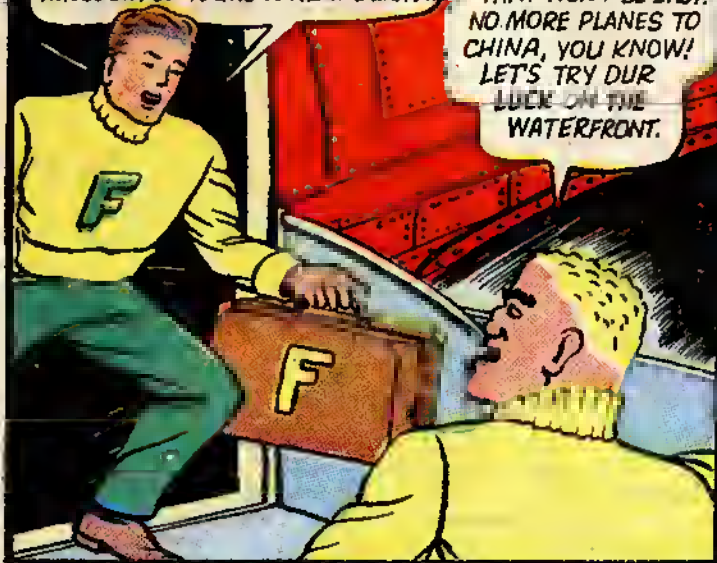
TAKE IT EASY, KINGY, OL' BOY! WAIT TILL YOU SEE IT, FIRST. **GEE!** THIS PLANE CAN'T GET US THERE FAST ENOUGH!



A FEW HOURS LATER, THE BOYS ARRIVE IN SAN FRANCISCO...

IT'S THE END OF THIS LINE, SIMBA... STILL 5000 MILES TO GO! THIS KINGDOM OF YOURS IS NEAR BURMA.

YES, WE HAVE TO FIND A WAY--AND THAT WON'T BE EASY! NO MORE PLANES TO CHINA, YOU KNOW! LET'S TRY OUR LUCK ON THE WATERFRONT.



DOWN ON THE FAMOUS WATERFRONT, THEY LOOK FOR A BREAK.

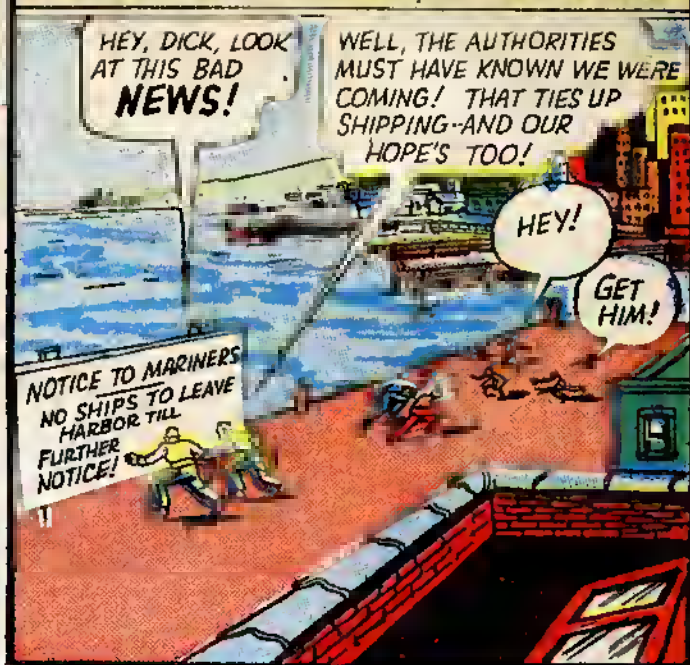
HEY, DICK, LOOK AT THIS BAD NEWS!

WELL, THE AUTHORITIES MUST HAVE KNOWN WE WERE COMING! THAT TIES UP SHIPPING--AND OUR HOPE'S TOO!

HEY!

GET HIM!

NOTICE TO MARINERS
NO SHIPS TO LEAVE HARBOR TILL FURTHER NOTICE!



SUDDENLY, A COMMOTION ON THE DOCK DEVELOPS INTO A FIGHT.

HEY, DICK! THOSE GUYS ARE TRYING TO BEAT UP THE LITTLE GUY!

O.K. LET'S SEE WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT!--COME ON, SIMBA.



AS THE HELPLESS SMALL MAN IS PUNCHED, THEY DASH TO THE RESCUE.

HE CAN'T TAKE THAT LONG! LET'S GO!

DIVE IN, SIMBA, WITH BOTH FISTS!



GIVE IT TO 'EM, DICK!

RIGHT! SIMBA, OL' KINGY!

CRASH!

OH!

SIMBA! KINGY!

THEY SMASH INTO THE ATTACKERS FOR AN ALL-OUT FREE-FOR-ALL!

YEOW!



SUDDENLY...

POW!

WHILE DICK FIGHTS ON, SIMBA IS TOSSED, UNCONSCIOUS, INTO A MOTOR LAUNCH!

TOSS HIM IN THE BOAT. HE'S BETTER THAN THE LITTLE TUNG!

YES, MASTER MONGOL!

POW!!

THIS IS SOMETHING I NEVER EXPECTED! SIMBA!

SIMBA! AFTER ALL THESE YEARS! I MUST SEE TO IT THAT HE NEVER REACHES VICTRONIA!

WATCH THIS MAN! HOW DOES HE KNOW SIMBA? WHERE IS HE TAKING HIM?

LOOKING FOR SIMBA, DICK SPIES THE KIDNAPPERS!

SIMBA! HEY, BOY! WHAT? WHAT'S GOING ON THERE?

POW!

UHH!

DICK TEARS AFTER THE SPEEDING BOAT!

WHAT'S THIS? A SEA-GOING HIT-AND-RUN RACKET? --- NOTHING LIKE FINDING OUT!

WE ARE BEING FOLLOWED!

SHOOT HIM!

NICE JOB!

--IS TRUE! HE WILL MAKE EXCELLENT CREW MEMBER!

PANG!

PANG!

YES---AND NOW MY WORRIES END!

DICK DIVES IN, AMID A VOLLEY OF SHOTS FROM THE FAST-DISAPPEARING BOAT!

I'LL SWIM UNDER WATER SO THEY'LL THINK THEY'VE SHOT ME! I'VE GOT TO REACH SIMBA!

AS DICK COMES UP FOR AIR!

AH! A BOX TO COVER ME UP! THEY'RE HEADING FOR THAT TUGBOAT!

HIDING BEHIND THE FLOATING BOX, DICK WATCHES EVERY MOVE OF THE BORTS FROM A DISTANCE ---

SO! THEY'RE TAKING SIMBA ON THE BIG SHIP---IF I FLOAT ALONG BEHIND THIS BOX---I CAN REACH THEIR ANCHOR-CHAIN... AND THEN--

DICK DIVES AGAIN AND GROPE FOR THE ANCHOR CHAIN--CLIMBS HAND OVER HAND TO THE DECK...

BUT ONE OF THE LITTLE BROWN MEN ON THE TOP-SIDE SEES DICK AND GIVES THE ALARM... DICK REALIZES FOR THE FIRST TIME THAT THE BOAT IS A DANGEROUS "SPY" SHIP...

QUICKLY, A SWARM OF JAPS CLOSE IN ON DICK, WHO TAKES THEM ALL ON!

IF THEY SPOT ME NOW, I'LL BE IN THE SOUP!

HOLY COW! A FLOATING DEN OF JAPS! -- ONE OF THOSE "PHONY" FISHING VESSELS. WELL, COME AND TAKE IT!

LOOK!
GET HIM!

AAH!

UGH!

YEOW!

AGG!

OHH!

SOCK

WHILE DICK IS FIGHTING AGAINST ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE ODDS, THE LEADER DIRECTS QUICK TRANSFER OF SIMBA TO THE SPEEDBOAT.

DICK'S SHARP EYES CATCH THE ATTEMPTED GET-AWAY WITH HIS PAL.

SPOTTING A SMALL PLANE CATAPULT ON THE FAR DECK, DICK SPRINTS FOR IT AS THE MOTORBOAT SPEEDS AWAY!

TOSS THE WHITE DOG BACK IN THE BOAT -- HE'S WORTH KEEPING!

YES, MASTER MONGOL! HE DO!

THE SCURVY DOGS -- AND THEY'RE TRYING TO GET AWAY, TOO! **NOT THIS TIME!**

I NEVER TRIED BROAD-JUMPING OFF A CATAPULT... BUT IT'S SURELY WORTH A TRY -- **HERE GOES!**

ALL I'VE GOT TO DO IS TO ACT LIKE AN AIRPLANE AFTER I PULL THE RELEASE CORD!

ONE-TWO--
THR...!

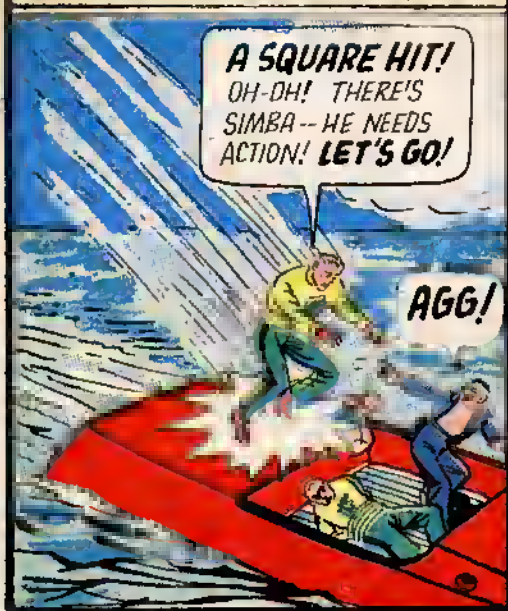
LIKE A GIGANTIC SLINGSHOT, THE CATAPULT TOSSES DICK HIGH IN THE AIR AT TERRIFIC SPEED -- TOWARD THE LAUNCH.

HOLY SMOKE!
WHAT A RIDE!

...EEE!

?

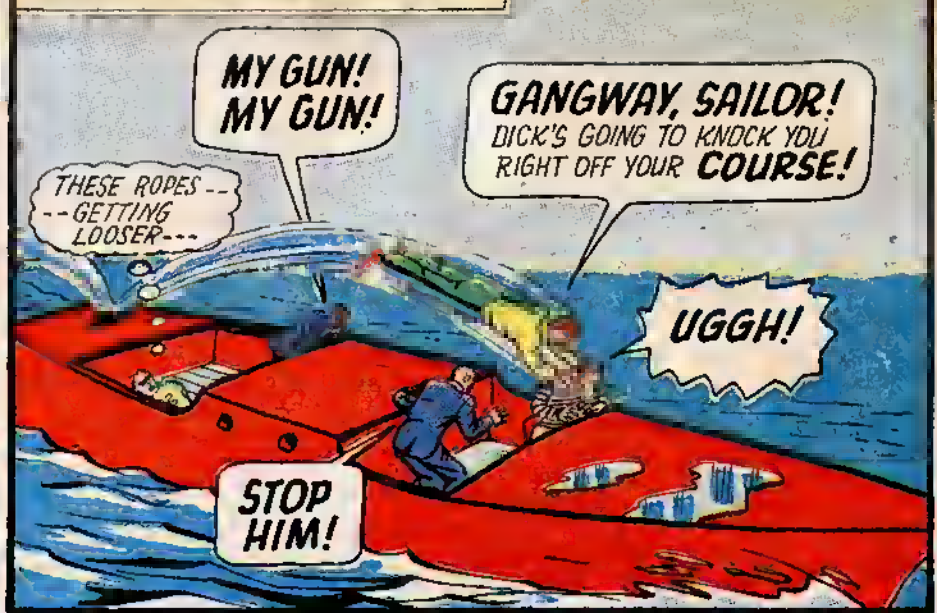
BRACING HIMSELF, DICK LANDS SQUARELY ON THE AFTER DECK OF THE LAUNCH, AND...



A SQUARE HIT!
OH-DH! THERE'S
SIMBA-- HE NEEDS
ACTION! **LET'S GO!**

AGG!

... SPRINGS FORWARD AT THE HELMSMAN BEFORE THE CREW CAN MAKE A MOVE!



**MY GUN!
MY GUN!**

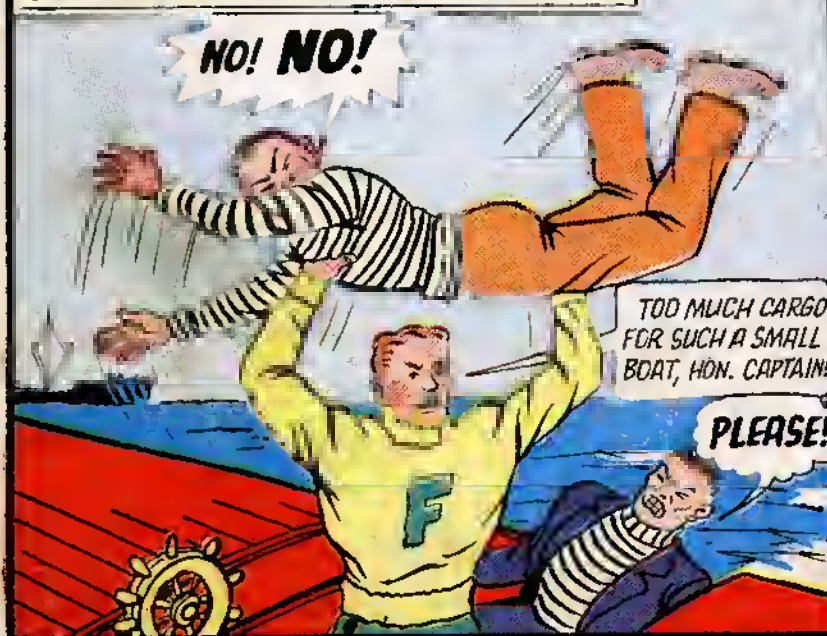
THESE ROPES --
--GETTING
LOOSER--

GANGWAY, SAILOR!
DICK'S GOING TO KNOCK YOU
RIGHT OFF YOUR **COURSE!**

UGGH!

**STOP
HIM!**

DICK TAKES THE OFFENSIVE POWERFULLY...

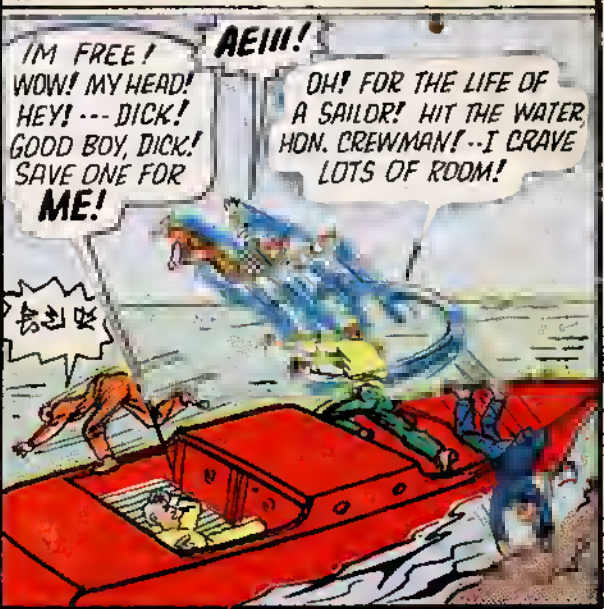


NO! NO!

TOD MUCH CARGO
FOR SUCH A SMALL
BOAT, HON. CAPTAIN!

PLEASE!

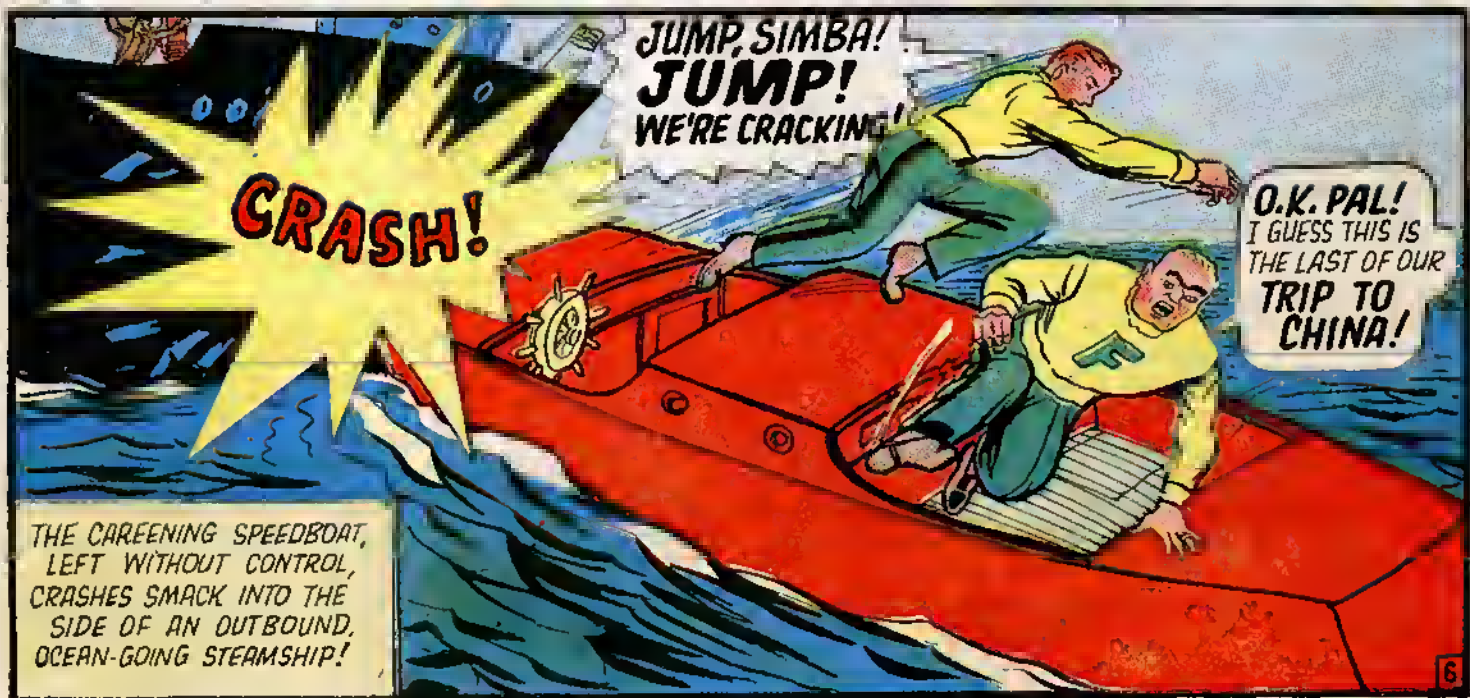
WHILE DICK CLEARS THE DECKS, THE BOAT CONTINUES CRAZILY ON ITS HELMLESS COURSE.



I'M FREE!
WOW! MY HEAD!
HEY! --- DICK!
GOOD BOY, DICK!
SAVE ONE FOR
ME!

AEIII!

OH! FOR THE LIFE OF
A SAILOR! HIT THE WATER
HON. CREWMAN! --I CRAVE
LOTS OF ROOM!



**JUMP, SIMBA!
JUMP!
WE'RE CRACKING!**

CRASH!

O.K. PAL!
I GUESS THIS IS
THE LAST OF OUR
TRIP TO
CHINA!

THE CAREENING SPEEDBOAT,
LEFT WITHOUT CONTROL,
CRASHES SMACK INTO THE
SIDE OF AN OUTBOUND,
OCEAN-GOING STEAMSHIP!

IMMEDIATELY, THE FREIGHTER STOPS,
AND ITS SKIPPER BARKS OUT ORDERS!

**MAN OVERBOARD
— MAN THE
STARBOARD
LINES!**

AYE
SIR!

HAUL AWAY,
SIR!

YES, EVEN LAND-
LUBBERS HAVE TO
BE RESCUED!

UP WE GO, SIMBA!
AND I CAN'T SAY THAT
I LIKE THE LOOKS OF
THIS TUB **TOO** MUCH!

WHAT'S THE
DIFFERENCE?
IT'S A
SHIP,
ISN'T IT?

ONCE ABOARD, THE LADS LEARN
STARTLING NEWS FROM THE CAPTAIN...

I SHOULD PLACE YOU IN IRONS FOR
RECKLESS SEAMANSHIP... BUT WE'RE
AT WAR AND BOUND FOR CHINA—CAN'T
TURN BACK—YOU'LL HAVE TO STAY
ABOARD!

CHINA?

OH! HOW TERRIBLE!

A FEW DAYS LATER --
IN THE BROAD PACIFIC!

**SUBMARINE
SIR! OFF THE
PORT BOW!**

HE'S SURFACING, TOO!
MAYBE WE CAN TELL
ITS NATIONALITY!

A SUB CAN BE
BAD NEWS
FOR A CHINA-
BOUND
FREIGHTER!

IT LOOKS LIKE A
SUSPICIOUS CRAFT,
SIR!

SENSING SOMETHING WRONG, DICK
SPRINGS INTO ACTION AS THE SUB NEARS.

THERE'S A FIVE-INCH GUN
FORWARD, SIMBA ... LET'S TRY
A FEW PRACTICE SHOTS ON THAT
TIN FISH BEFORE IT GETS TOO
FAMILIAR!

EASY, THERE,
LADS!

**OH
BOY!**

JUST THEN, WITHOUT WARNING, A SHELL
HITS DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF THEM---

SIMBA!

BOOM!

OH!
OH!on!

AMELIKAN FLEIGHTER
NOT WORTH WASTING
TORPEDO! FIRE SHELL
ACROSS BOW! THEN
SINK HER!

YES,
SIR!

THE ENEMY SUB APPROACHES FOR THE KILL!

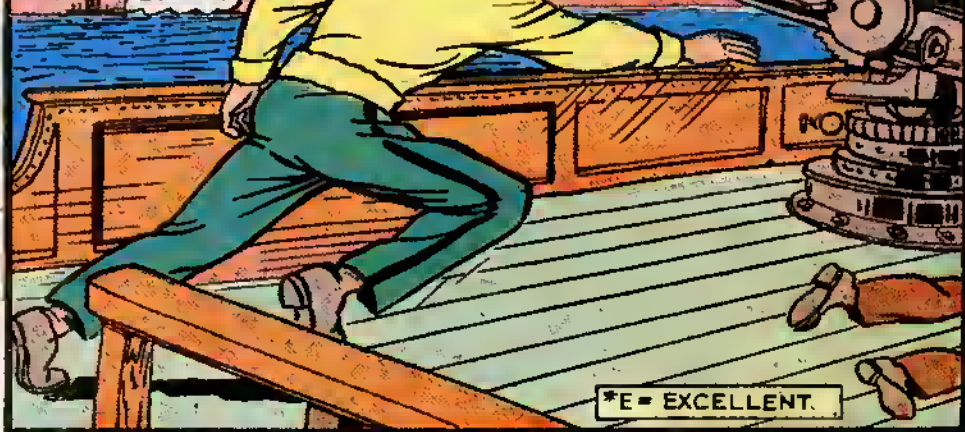
SEVERAL MORE SALVOS FROM THE SUB'S DECK-GUN FOLLOW . . .

THEY GOT SIMBA! WHY, THE DIRTY RATS! I'LL GET THEM FOR THIS!



DICK SPRINGS FORWARD TO THE GUN-DECK!

LUCKY THING I GOT AN "E" IN GUNNERY AT FARR. IT TAKES THREE FAST MEN TO HANDLE THIS BABY!

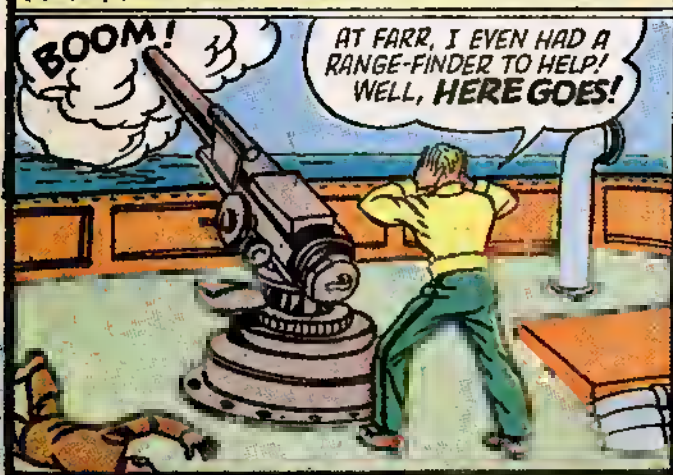


*E = EXCELLENT.

DOING THE WORK OF A FULL "FIVE-INCH GUN CREW" ALONE, DICK BEGINS FIRING BACK AT THE ATTACKER!

BOOM!

AT FARR, I EVEN HAD A RANGE-FINDER TO HELP! WELL, HERE GOES!

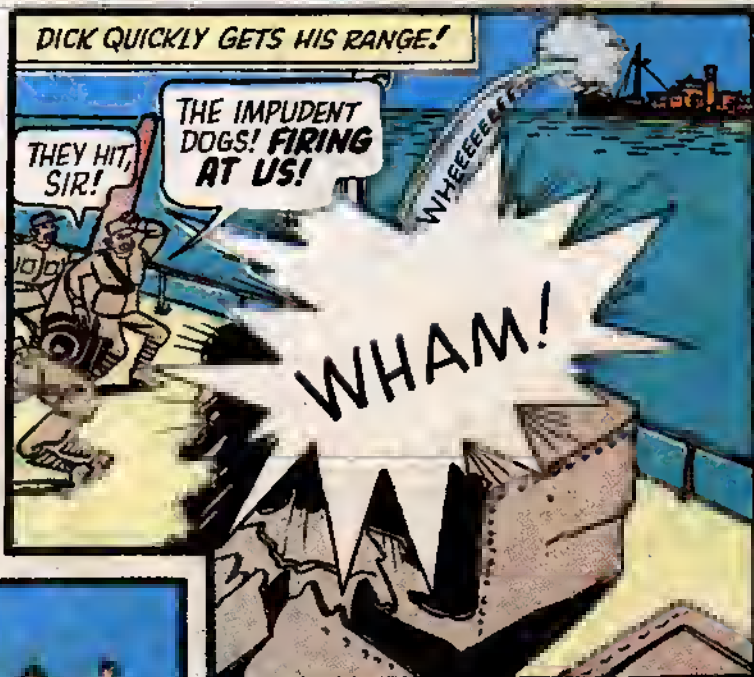


DICK QUICKLY GETS HIS RANGE!

THEY HIT, SIR!

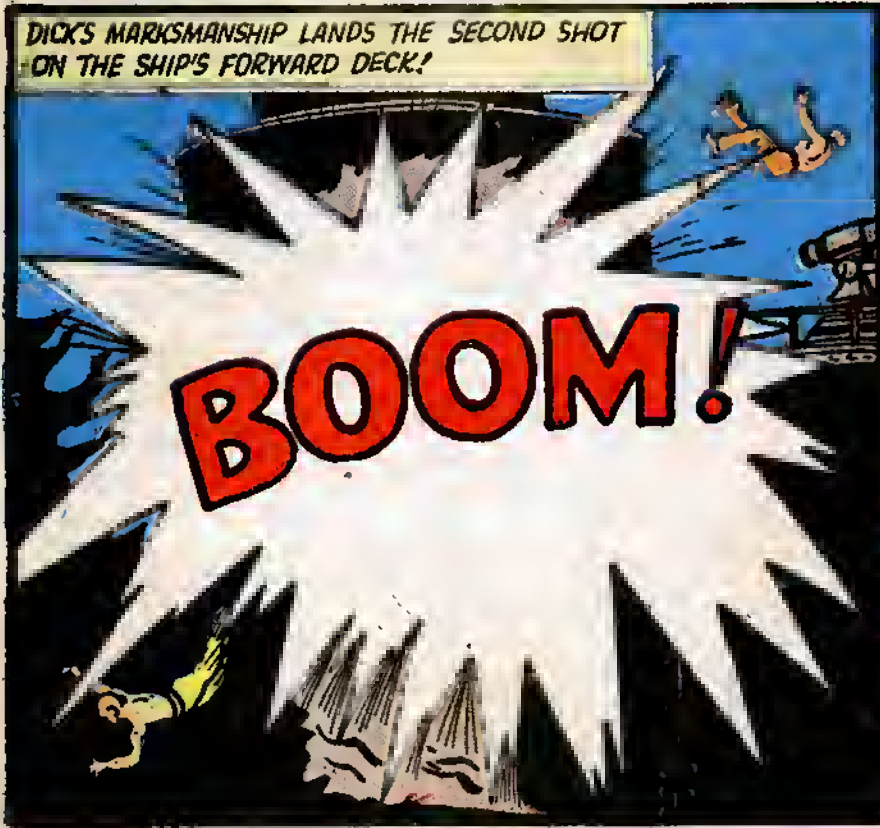
THE IMPUDENT DOGS! FIRING AT US!

WHAM!



DICK'S MARKSMANSHIP LANDS THE SECOND SHOT ON THE SHIP'S FORWARD DECK!

BOOM!



A DIRECT HIT, AFT OF THE CONNING TOWER!

A "V" FOR VICTORY! TOO BAD I HAD TO WASTE THREE SHOTS ON THAT SUB! NOW-- FIRST AID FOR SIMBA!



DICK SEES THE HAVOC AS HE SEARCHES FOR SIMBA AMONG THE WRECKAGE . . .

HOLY MUTTONS!
THEY HIT HARD!
OH, THERE'S SIMBA,
STILL ALIVE!

SIMBA!

OHHH!

SKILLED IN FIRST AID, AS ALL FARR CADETS ARE, DICK WASTES NO TIME...

OOOH! WHAT
HIT ME? A
TORPEDO?

MY
HEAD!

SHELLSHOCKED
--I THOUGHT IT
WOULD TAKE MORE
THAN A MERE SHELL
TO KILL
YOU,
PAL!

AFTER THE ACTION IS OVER THE CAPTAIN ORDERS ALL HANDS ON DECK...

CADET COLE,
YOU'RE AN HONOR
TO YOUR SCHOOL
AND COUNTRY!

THANK YOU, SIR...
MAJOR FARR WOULD
BE GLAD TO HEAR YOU
SAY THAT, SIR!

AYE!

AYE!

AND THEN, AS THE CAPTAIN COMPLETES "ASSEMBLY" ON DECK ...

BEG PARDON, SIR,
BUT THE QUARTERMASTER
REPORTS A FALLING BAROMETER
AND BUCKLED PORT PLATES,
DUE TO THAT DIRECT
HIT!

THAT MEANS
A STORM --
AND TROUBLE!
TURN TO
AT ONCE!

WOW!
-- OF ALL
TIMES TO
RUN INTO A
TYPHOON

... APPROACHING AT A TERRIFIC SPEED, A DEADLY WATERSPOUT IS SEEN ON THE HORIZON...

BATTEN DOWN!
ALL HANDS AT
THEIR STATIONS!
...**STAND
BY!**

THERE
SHE
COMES!

AYE,
SIR!

WITH SAVAGE FURY, THE VANGUARD OF THE STORM HITS THE SHIP!

THERE GOES THE
AERIAL --- **WOW!**
**WHAT A
GALE!**

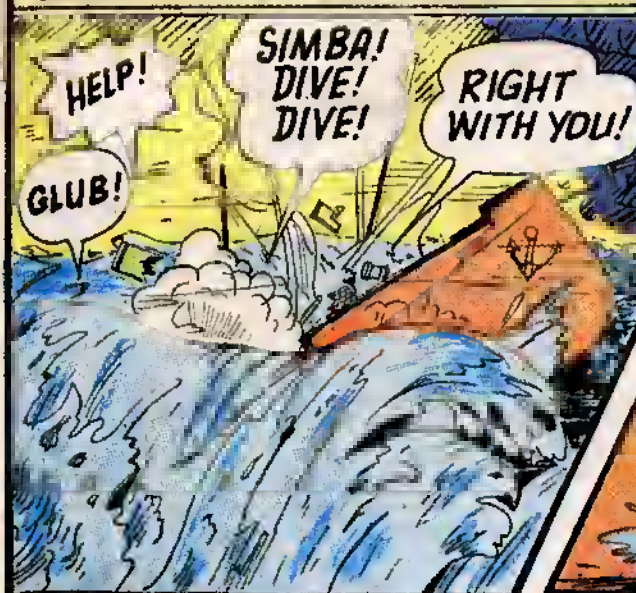
YEP! I ONLY HOPE
THIS CRATE WILL
HOLD TOGETHER!

TONS OF WATER BREAK
OVER THE HELPLESS SHIP'S STERN!

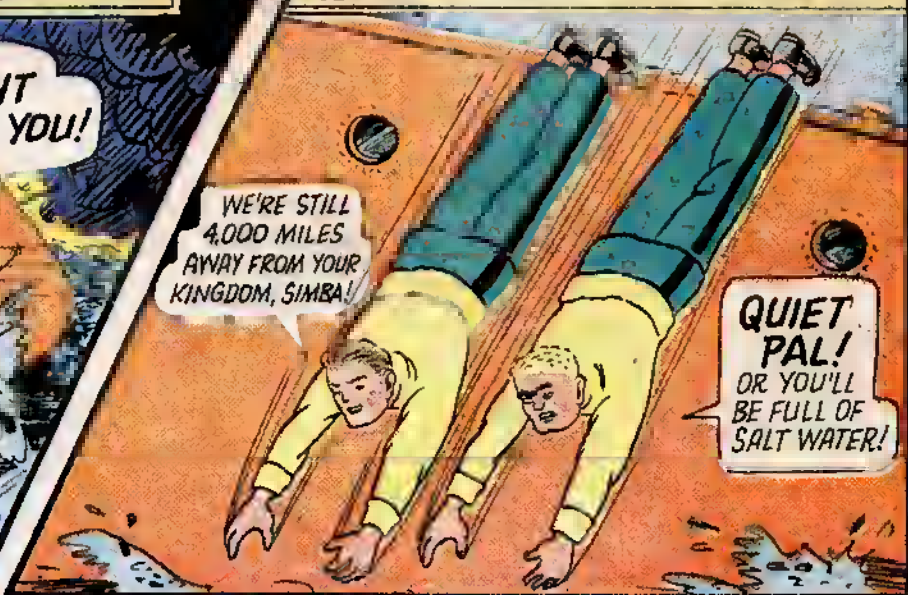
LOOK, SIMBA! THE
WATER SPOUT IS
BREAKING OVER US!

HANG ON, BOY!
HANG ON!

LIKE A MILLION TONS OF BRICKS, THE MONSTROUS WAVE SMASHES DOWN ON THE WEAKENED SHIP.



DIVING OVER THE SIDE, THE BOYS TRY TO GET CLEAR OF THE SHIP AS IT SINKS INTO THE SEA!

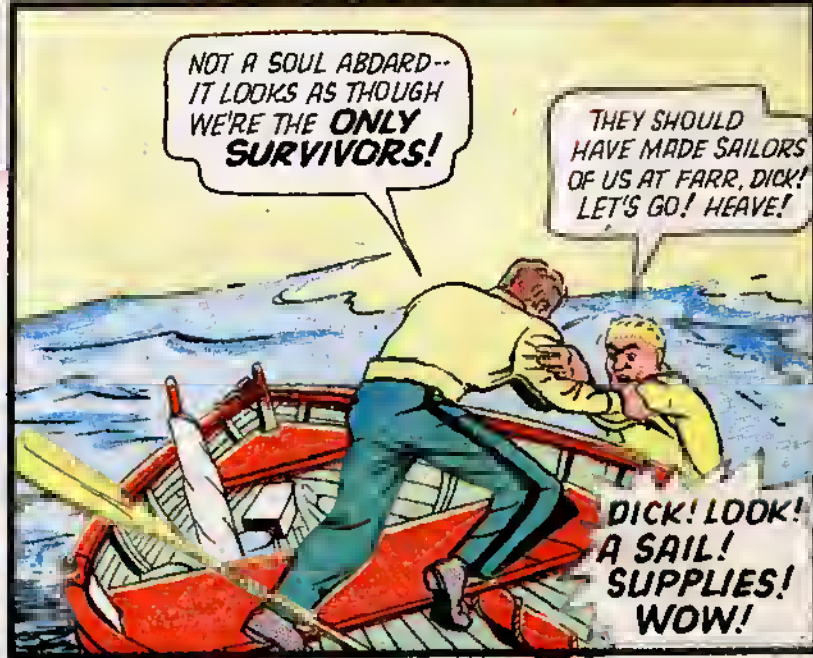


AS SUDDENLY AS IT STARTED, THE TYPHOON HAS DISAPPEARED!



NOT A SOUL ABOARD-- IT LOOKS AS THOUGH WE'RE THE **ONLY SURVIVORS!**

THEY SHOULD HAVE MADE SAILORS OF US AT FARR, DICK! LET'S GO! HEAVE!



RIGGING THE SINGLE SAIL, THE BOYS GET UNDER WAY!



SEVERAL TENSE DAYS PASS AS FOOD RUNS LOW!... THEN, ONE AFTERNOON, SIMBA SHOUTS . . .

LAND HO!

IT'S LAND, ALL RIGHT! MAYBE ONE OF THOSE PACIFIC ISLANDS!

YEA!

LET'S TAKE A LOOK! I CRAVE FRESH FOOD!

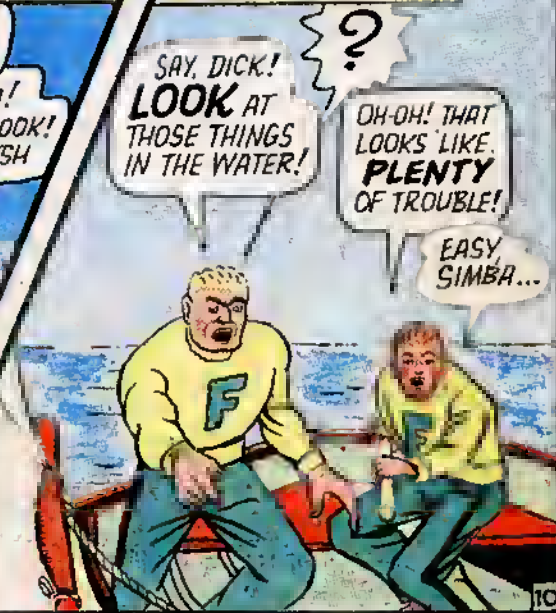


AS THEY APPROACH, A SMALL COVE ...

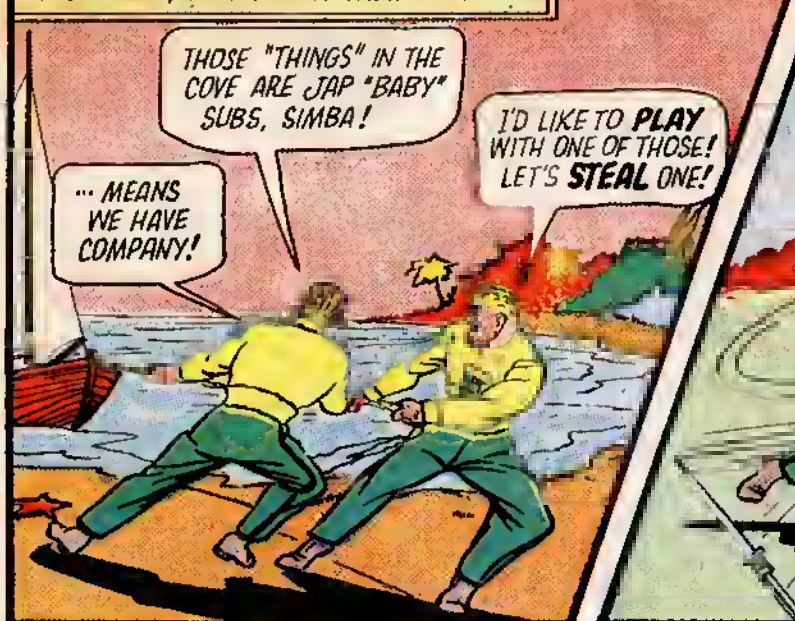
SAY, DICK! **LOOK** AT THOSE THINGS IN THE WATER!

OH-OH! THAT LOOKS LIKE **PLENTY** OF TROUBLE!

EASY, SIMBA...



CAUTIOUSLY, THEY BEACH THEIR CRAFT...



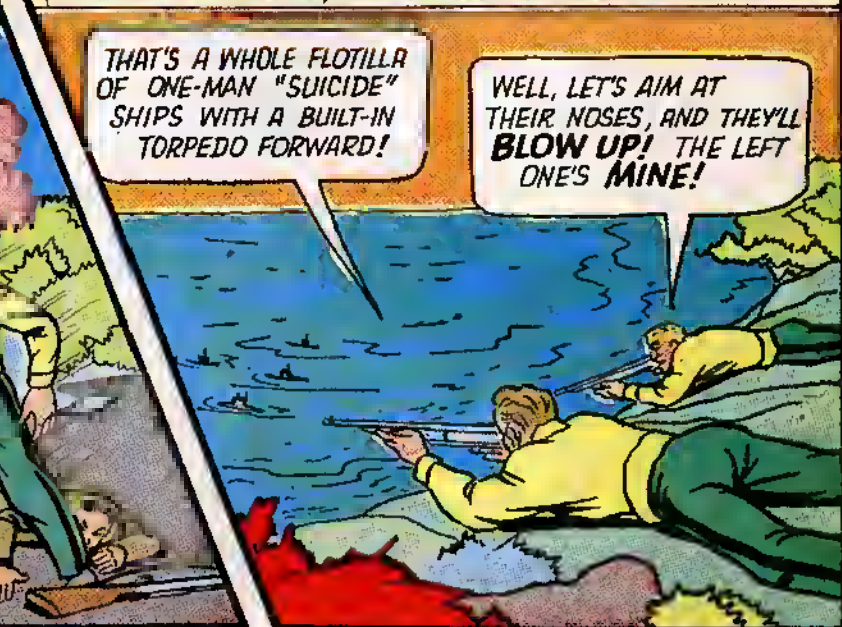
BEFORE THEY COULD EXECUTE THEIR PLAN, A HORDE OF LITTLE BROWN MEN SWARM AROUND THEM...



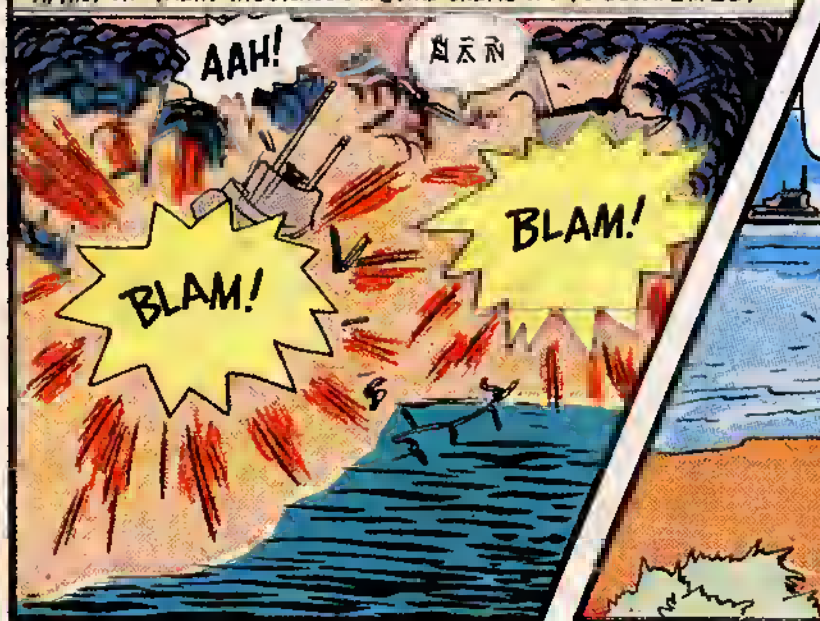
IN SHORT ORDER, THE JAP OUTPOST IS DISPOSED OF...



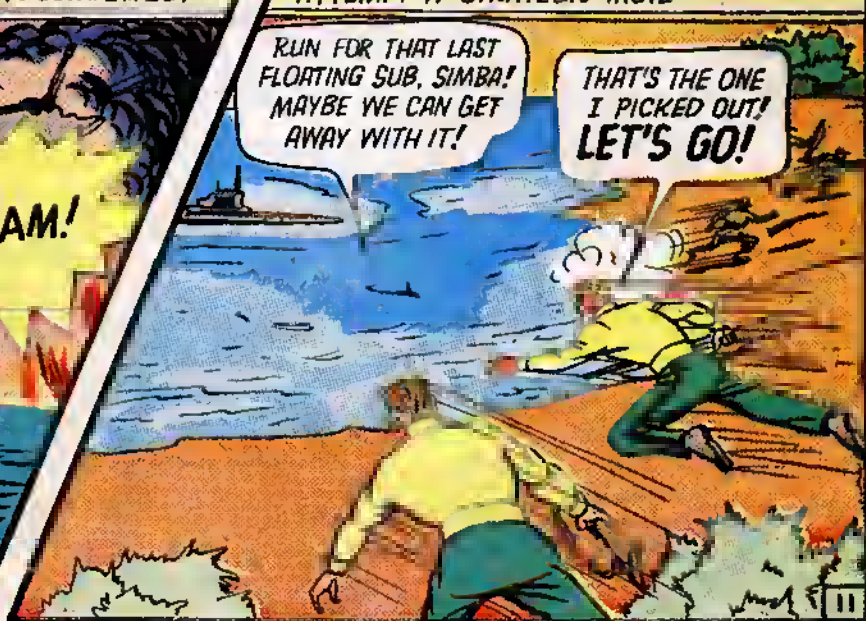
PICKING UP JAP RIFLES, THE TWO LADS TRY SOME SHOOTING!



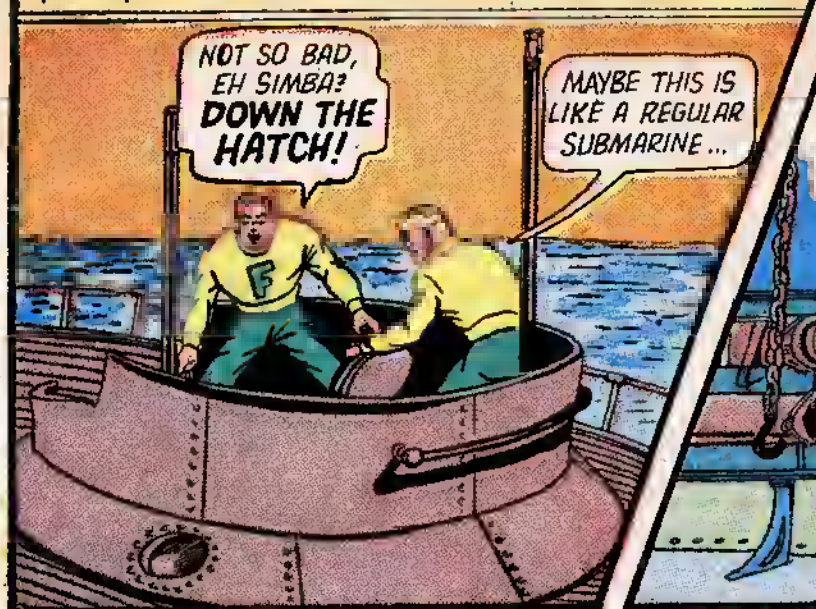
AS IF DOOMED BY A GHOST HAND, THE SMALL SUBS BURST APART AT THEIR MOORINGS... SOME CREWS TRY TO ESCAPE... BUT --



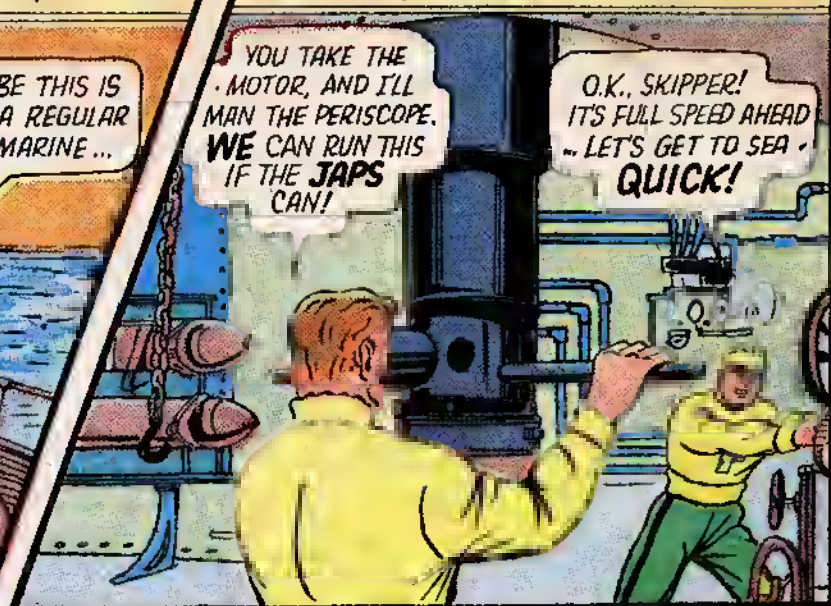
AS THE JAPS FLEE INLAND, DICK AND SIMBA ATTEMPT A STRATEGIC MOVE - - -



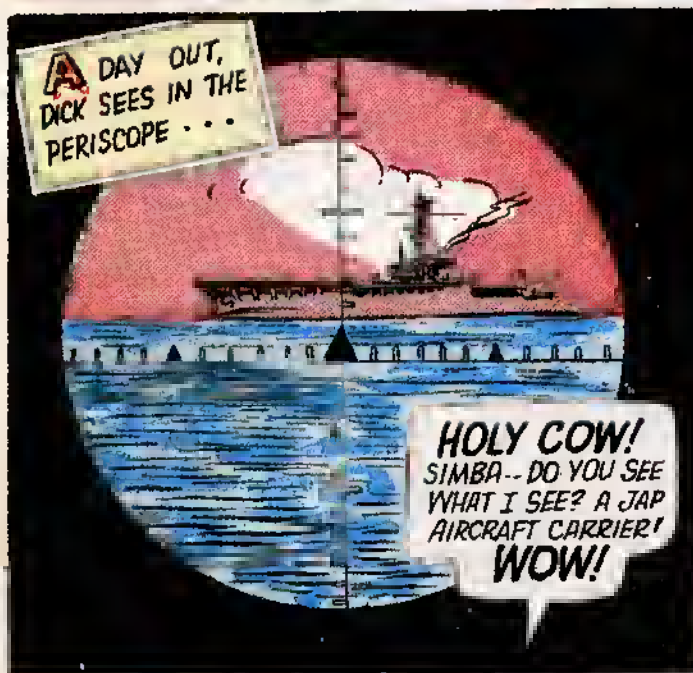
QUICKLY, THEY OPEN THE HATCH ---- CLIMB DOWN, AND ----



--- AT ONCE, THEY ASSUME THEIR OWN DUTIES ...



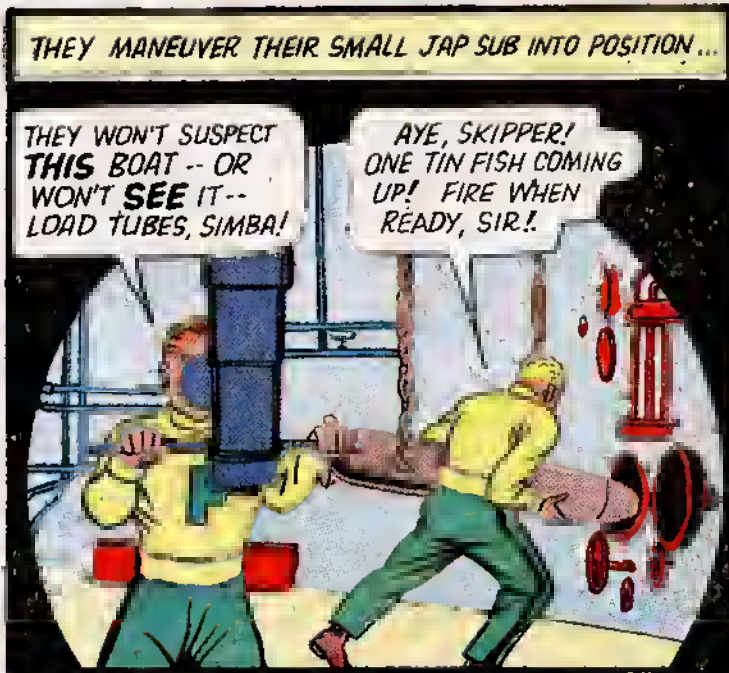
A DAY OUT, DICK SEES IN THE PERISCOPE ...



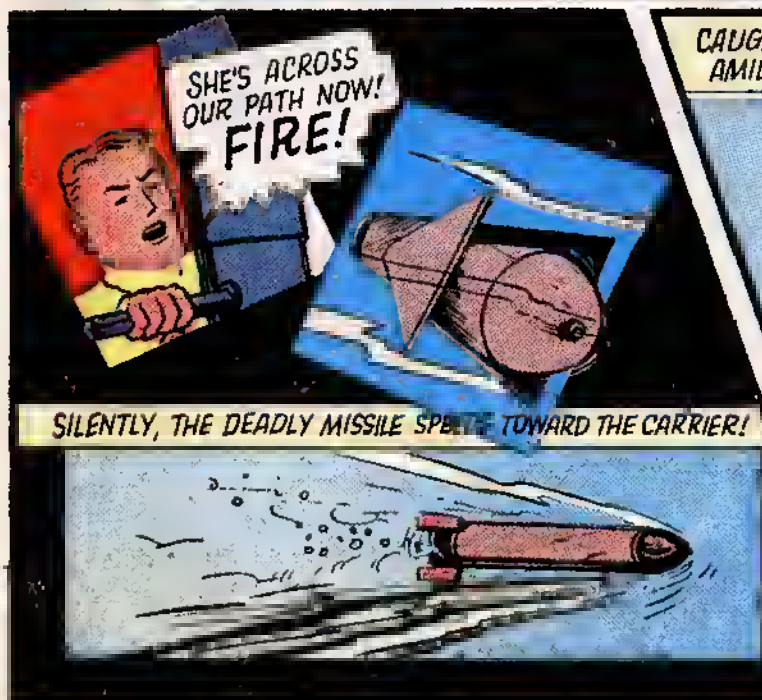
THEY MANEUVER THEIR SMALL JAP SUB INTO POSITION ...

THEY WON'T SUSPECT THIS BOAT -- OR WON'T SEE IT-- LOAD TUBES, SIMBA!

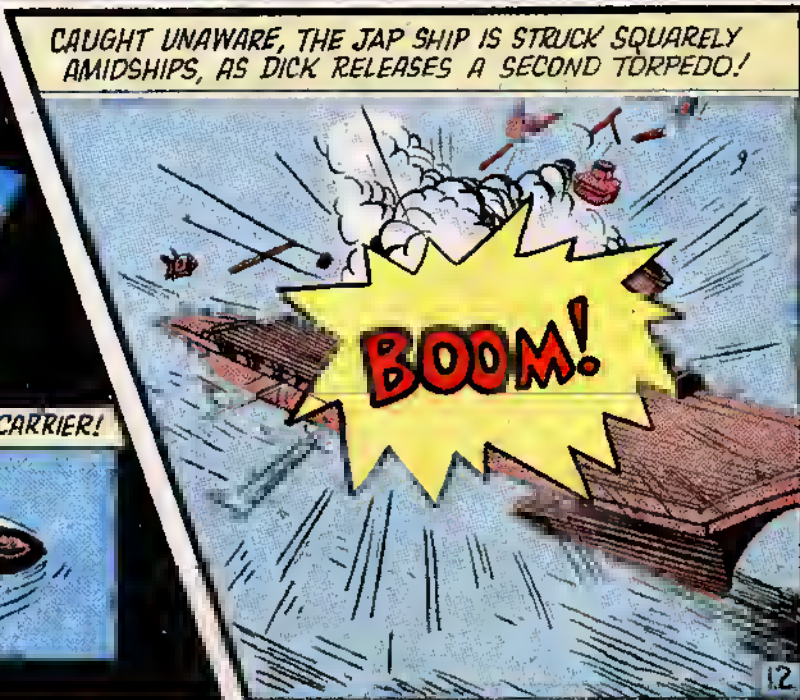
AYE, SKIPPER! ONE TIN FISH COMING UP! FIRE WHEN READY, SIR!



SHE'S ACROSS OUR PATH NOW! FIRE!



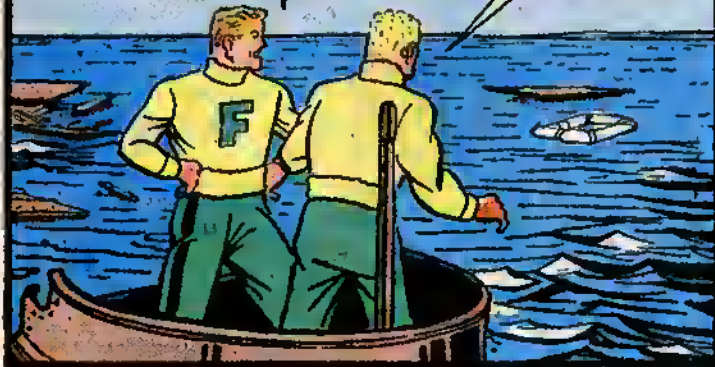
CAUGHT UNAWARE, THE JAP SHIP IS STRUCK SQUARELY AMIDSHIPS, AS DICK RELEASES A SECOND TORPEDO!



SURFACING HIS TINY CRAFT, DICK CLIMBS OUT TO SEE THE WRECKAGE . . .

WHAT WOULD THAT GRDUCHY OLD GUNNERY OFFICER AT FARR SAY IF HE SAW THIS, SIMBA?

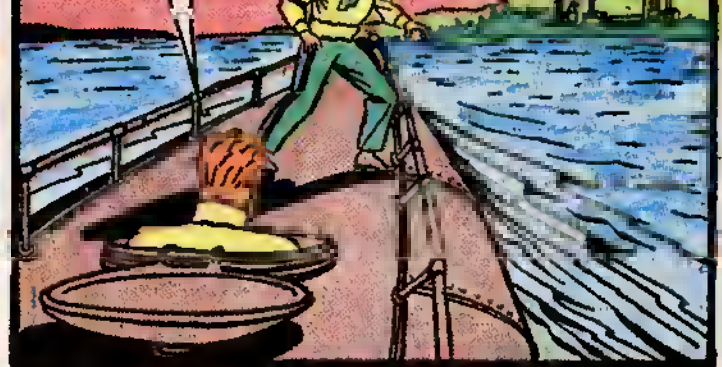
ONE DOWN, AND TWELVE MORE JAP CARRIERS TO GO! COME ON, SKIPPER, WE'VE SEEN ENOUGH OF THIS WRECK! LET'S GO!



A FEW MORE MILES OF NAVIGATION BRINGS THEM NEAR LAND AGAIN . . .

LOOKS LIKE A BIG TOWN FROM HERE-- MAYBE THE CHINA COAST--I HOPE!

DID YOU SAY "CHINA"? WHEE! I'M ALMOST A KING!



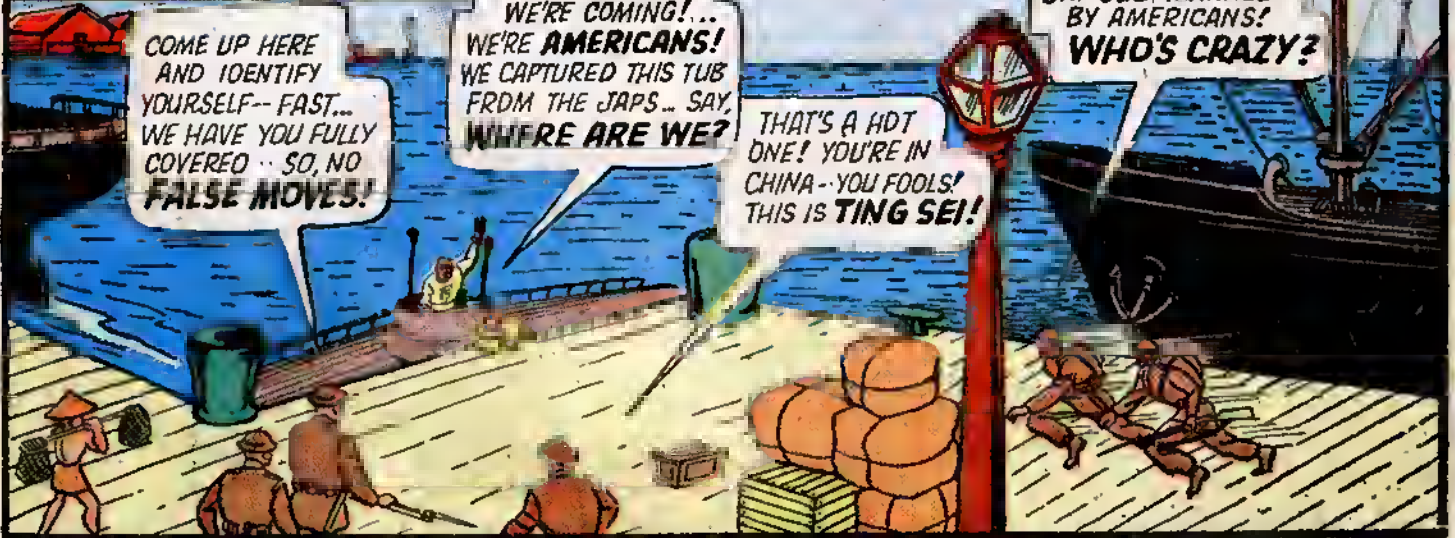
THEY ENTER THE CROWDED HARBOR AND PULL UP TO A DOCK AS SOLDIERS WATCH . . .

COME UP HERE AND IDENTIFY YOURSELF-- FAST... WE HAVE YOU FULLY COVERED... SO, NO FALSE MOVES!

HOLD YOUR FIRE! WE'RE COMING!... WE'RE AMERICANS! WE CAPTURED THIS TUB FROM THE JAPS... SAY, WHERE ARE WE?

THAT'S A HOT ONE! YOU'RE IN CHINA--YOU FOOLS! THIS IS TING SEI!

LOOKEE! A BABY JAP SUB. MANNED BY AMERICANS! WHO'S CRAZY?



DICK AND SIMBA ARE BROUGHT BEFORE THE REGIONAL COMMANDER.

YOUR PAPERS ARE IN ORDER, BUT YOU CANNOT GO INLAND! IT'S TOO DANGEROUS AND I'LL STOP YOU!

SORRY, SIR, BUT WE'D LIKE A TRY! NO JAPS CAN STOP US!



BEING IN AN OBT-RAIDED CITY, THE OFFICER GIVES THEM INSTRUCTIONS . . .

WE REQUIRE YOU TO OBEY AIR RAID WARNINGS AND WEAR BLACKOUT ROBES AT NIGHT. KEEP THEM HANDY!

YOU LOOK LIKE A GLOOM IN THAT RIG, SIMBA!

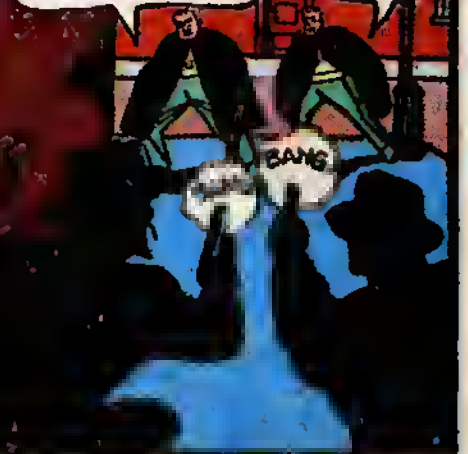
OH! I'VE HEARD OF THESE THINGS! THE ARMY EXPERIMENTED WITH THEM TO SEE IF THEY REALLY CAN STOP SMALL BULLETS!



DURING THE VERY NEXT NIGHT IN A RAID BLACK-OUT -- A HAIL OF BULLETS! . . .

I WONDER IF THESE ROBES WOULD BE OF ANY USE HOME--OOF!

WHAT'S THIS? OW!



FAST RECOVERING FROM THE SURPRISE ATTACK, DICK AND SIMBA PILE IN!

C'MON, MY FRIEND, AND LET GO THAT GUN FOR A FAIR FIGHT!

FUNNY THING, THOSE BLACKOUT GOWNS PROTECTED US FROM THE BULLETS!

BLAM

ONE OF THE ORIENTALS BITTERLY ASSAILS SIMBA.

PULLING A "PEARL HARBOR" ON US, EH? AND DURING A BLACKOUT, TOO!

SAY, I'VE SEEN THIS FACE SOMEWHERE!

DON'T RUN AWAY! THERE'S MORE COMING TO YOU!

THE FIGHT SEEMS NOW TO CENTER ABOUT SIMBA.

SUDDENLY, THE POWERFUL MONGOL, FOR THAT'S WHO IT IS, LANDS...

WOW! OWW!

MY SPARRING PARTNER TOOK A RUN-OUT POWDER! HEY! WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU, SIMBA?

HEY, SIMBA!

WHAT A WALLOP THAT FELLOW PACKS. THAT'S HOW HE GOT AWAY!

BESIDES, FOR A MINUTE I THOUGHT I WAS SHOT! WHY DIDN'T WE GET HURT WHEN THEY SHOT US?

I FIGURED IT OUT. THE BULLETS SPENT THEMSELVES IN THE LOOSE CLOTH OF THESE CLOAKS AND DIDN'T GO THROUGH!

MONGOL, ALSO ON HIS WAY TO VICTRONIA. BY CHANCE HAS LANDED A DAY EARLIER AT THE SAME PORT..

THEN A THOUGHT FLASHES IN SIMBA'S MIND!

GEE, I'M SORRY THAT BIG GUY GOT AWAY... BECAUSE-- SAY, DICK! I KNOW HIM! WOW! WAIT! DR. KARNO AND HIS BODY GUARD!

HOLY COW! HE SEEMS TO BE PICKING ON YOU QUITE A BIT LATELY. WHAT'S THE STORY?

REACHING DEEP INTO HIS CHILDHOOD MEMORIES, SIMBA EXPLAINS TO DICK SOME OF HIS LIFE...

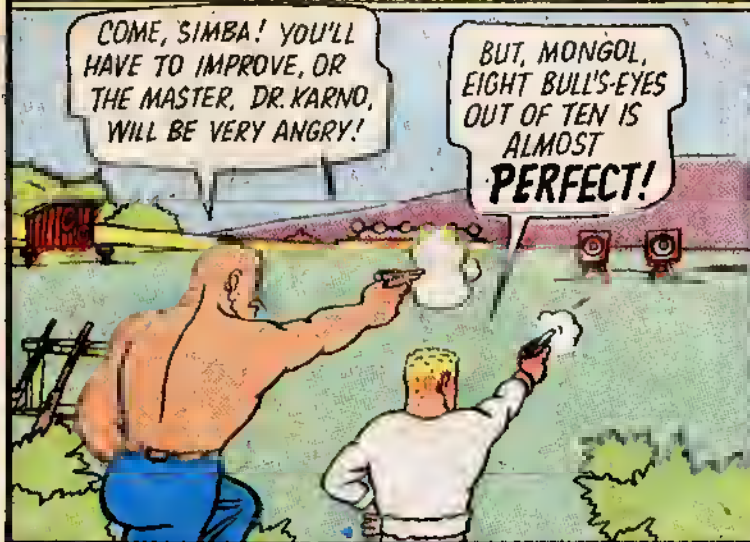
"MY EARLIEST RECOLLECTIONS OF THE BIG MONGOLIAN ARE OF HIS WRESTLING LESSONS.

OUCH! MONGOL! YOU HURT! CUT IT OUT!

THAT'S NOTHING! YOU SHOULD HARDEN YOURSELF WELL TO ALL PAIN, AS DR. KARNO, OUR MASTER, HAS INSTRUCTED.

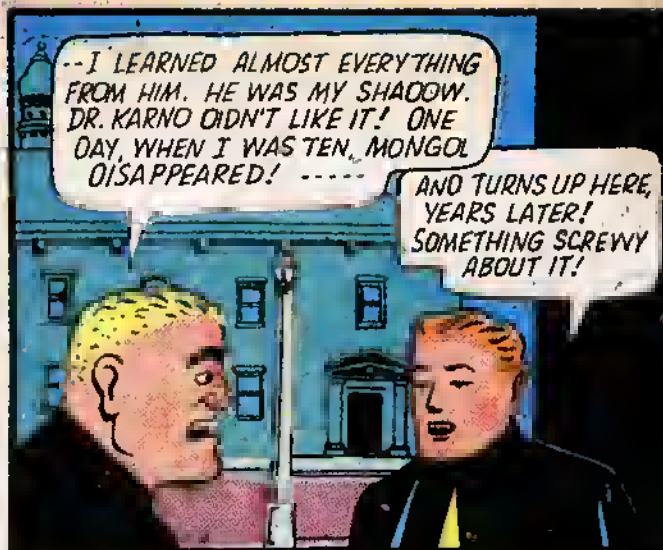
"HE WAS A BRUTE, WITH ENORMOUS STRENGTH, AND SEEMED TO GET A KICK OUT OF TORTURING ME! ...

"MONGOL TRAINED ME IN ALL KINDS OF EXERCISES REQUIRING PHYSICAL ENDURANCE AND SKILL. WHEN I BECAME OLDER, I WAS A CRACK SHOT!" -----



COME, SIMBA! YOU'LL HAVE TO IMPROVE, OR THE MASTER, DR. KARNOW, WILL BE VERY ANGRY!

BUT, MONGOL, EIGHT BULL'S-EYES OUT OF TEN IS ALMOST PERFECT!



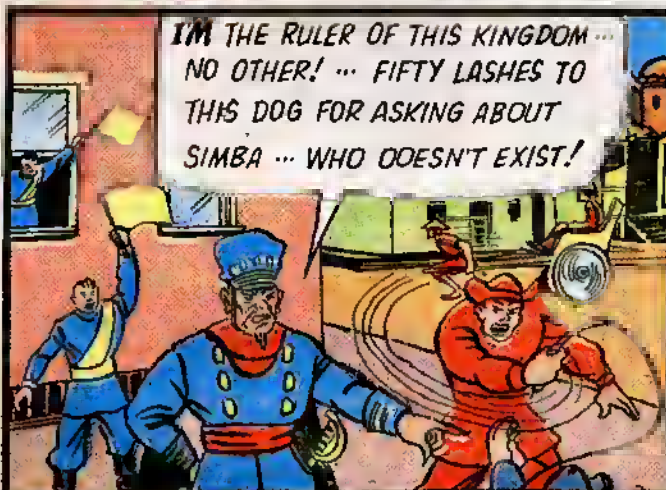
--I LEARNED ALMOST EVERYTHING FROM HIM. HE WAS MY SHADOW. DR. KARNOW DIDN'T LIKE IT! ONE DAY, WHEN I WAS TEN, MONGOL DISAPPEARED! -----

AND TURNS UP HERE, YEARS LATER! SOMETHING SCREWY ABOUT IT!

SH-H... HERE'S THE SECRET OF WHAT MONGOL HAD DONE AFTER HIS SUDDEN DISMISSAL BY DR. KARNOW... MANY YEARS AGO... READ ON ---

WHERE

DID MONGOL GO BITTER OVER HIS TREATMENT BY KARNOW? MONGOL FINALLY LEFT FOR HIS NATIVE LAND ON THE EDGE OF TIBET... GRADUALLY, WITH THE AID OF UNSCRUPULOUS PERSONS, HE BECAME A VIRTUAL DICTATOR OF THAT LITTLE KINGDOM.



I'M THE RULER OF THIS KINGDOM ... NO OTHER! ... FIFTY LASHES TO THIS DOG FOR ASKING ABOUT SIMBA ... WHO DOESN'T EXIST!

BECOMING POWERFUL, HE VISITED THE U.S., SEEKING REVENGE ON KARNOW. HE DID NOT RECKON WITH KARNOW'S SECRET WILL ESTABLISHING SIMBA AS THE RIGHTFUL KING. FAILING TO STOP SIMBA, HE SPEEDS AHEAD TO WAIT HIS ARRIVAL.

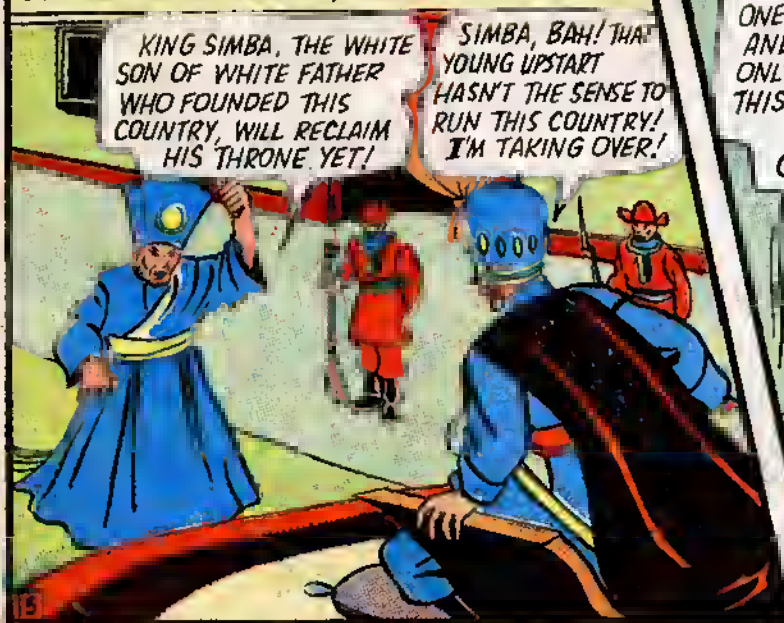


GET OUT OF MY WAY, SCUM! BRING THAT EXCUSE FOR A RULER, THE REGENT, TO ME!

THE REGENT? Y-Y-YES, SIRE!

WITH GREAT ARROGANCE, MONGOL ENTERS THE PALACE, PUSHING PEOPLE AROUND.

TREMBLING, THE REGENT APPEARS, PLEADING FOR JUSTICE FOR HIS COUNTRY, SIMBA'S KINGDOM...



KING SIMBA, THE WHITE SON OF WHITE FATHER WHO FOUNDED THIS COUNTRY, WILL RECLAIM HIS THRONE YET!

SIMBA, BAH! THAT YOUNG UPSTART HASN'T THE SENSE TO RUN THIS COUNTRY! I'M TAKING OVER!

I'LL GIVE YOU EXACTLY ONE HOUR TO PACK UP AND GET OUT! THERE'S ONLY ONE PERSON RUNNING THIS PLACE! -- THAT'S ME!

MONGOL!

GO! BEFORE I BRAIN YOU!

SIMBA AND HIS SHADOW CAN'T DISTURB MY PLANS!



IN TING SEI, AT THIS VERY SAME TIME, THE BOYS TAKE LEAVE.

THEY SOON REACH THE MOUNTAIN PASS -- AND ---

USE THE MAIN ROADS!
THEY'RE PATROLLED
BY US AND IN BETTER
SHAPE! WELL--
CHEERIO!

WE'LL WATCH
FOR THE JAPS
ALL RIGHT. THANKS
FOR THE
ARMEDRO
BUS!

I SURE
HOPE WE
DO
MEET
SOME
JAPS!

SO WE TOOK A SHORT
CUT AND LOOK WHAT
WE BUMP INTO! JAPS
ARE COMING AT US FROM
ALL SIDES!

THAT ISN'T
GOING TO BOTHER
YOU, IS IT?
GANGWAY!
HERE COME
YANKS!

DICK STEPS ON THE G.S. -- AND THE HEAVY CAR LEAPS FORWARD!

WE SORT OF
SCARED THOSE
FELLOWS AWAY!
THEY DIDN'T
EVEN SHOOT
AT US!

LOOK OUT
FOR THAT
BARRICADE!
WE'RE GOING
TO ----

CRASH!

DICK AND SIMBA CRAWL OUT FROM
UNDER THEIR CAR--MIRACULOUSLY
UNHURT . . .

WATCH OUT--
HERE COME
SOME MORE
JAPS!

LEAD ME TO
'EM! THEY CAN'T
LAST LONG!

THEY BOTH DIVE INTO THEIR ENEMIES . . .

THIS IS FOR
PEARL HARBOR,
YOU SNEAK!

EEEEEEEEE!

TRY THIS ON
YOUR
BANJO!

LET'S MAKE
A BREAK FOR
THAT JAP
STAFF
CAR!
THEY'LL
NEVER
MISS
IT!

ONE MORE
SOCK AND THEN
I'LL BE WITH YOU!

THEY STREAK TOWARD THE WAITING CAR!

SIDE FLAGS 'N'
EVERYTHING! HOP
IN, DICK! AND
I'LL GIVE YOU
A RIDE!

FOR HOURS, THROTTLE WIDE OPEN,
THEY DRIVE TOWARD VICTRONIA...

I CAN ALMOST
SMELL THE PLACE
--IT CAN'T BE
FAR FROM HERE--
WE HAVEN'T SEEN
JAPS FOR MILES!

THEY
DIDN'T
BOTHER US
IN THIS
OFFICIAL
STAFF CAR,
ANYWAY!

WEARILY, THEY DRIVE ON
THROUGH TREACHEROUS TERRITORY.

THEN, A GLITTERING CITY BURSTS ON THE
LOW HORIZON . . .

THERE IT IS!
BOY, DH BOY!
WE MADE IT!
WELCOME
HDME,
KING!

THE CAPITAL CITY
OF VICTRONIA!
GREETINGS!
HEY!
WHAT'S UP!

PEOPLE RUN TOWARD THE CAR
AS IT HALTS BEFORE THE CITY
GATES . . .

THROW 'EM OUT!

HANG EM!

KILL THE TRAITORS!

BURN THEM
ALIVE!

TO THE GALLOWS!

A RECEPTION
COMMITTEE WITH
GUNS, KING!

IT SEEMS THEY
DON'T LIKE US--
OR THEY LOVE
TO FIGHT!

A GROWING, MENACING CROWD SURGES AROUND THEM...

SAY! THIS IS A
HECK OF A WAY FOR
THE NATIVES TO GREET
A SWELL NEW KING!

I'LL TEACH YOU
A LITTLE LAW AND
ORDER, MY FRIENDS!
SAY, DICK, I CAN'T HURT
THESE FELLOWS!
LET'S SCRAM!

BUT DICK GRABS A PIECE OF ROPE AND GIVES IT A
QUICK FLIP UPWARD!

COME ON, SIMBA!
UP THIS ROPE!
HURRY!

THEY SCRAMBLE UP THE ROPE . . .

WHERE DID YA
LEARN THIS
ONE, DICK?

OH, THAT!--
IT'S THE OLD
INDIAN ROPE
TRICK!
WATCH!

BELOW, THE
PEOPLE GAPE
IN AMAZEMENT...

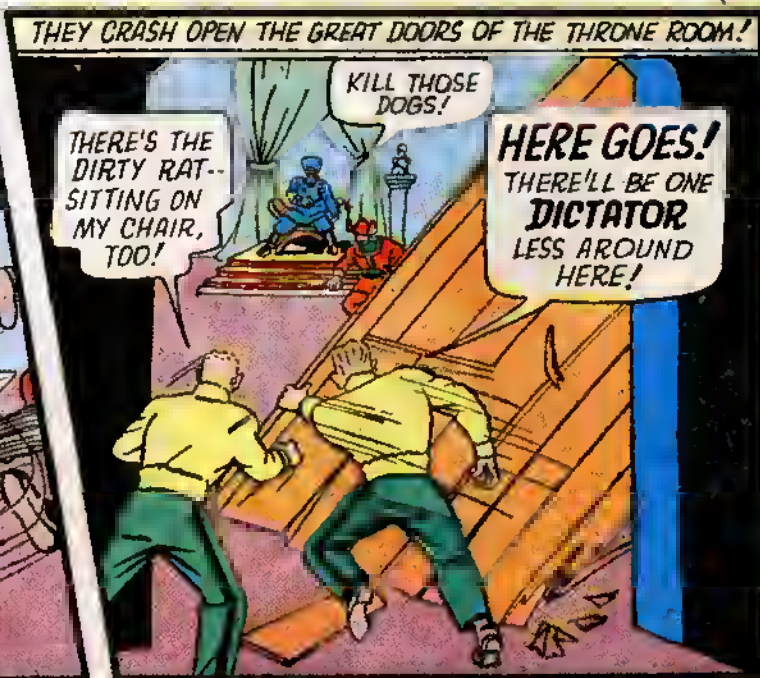
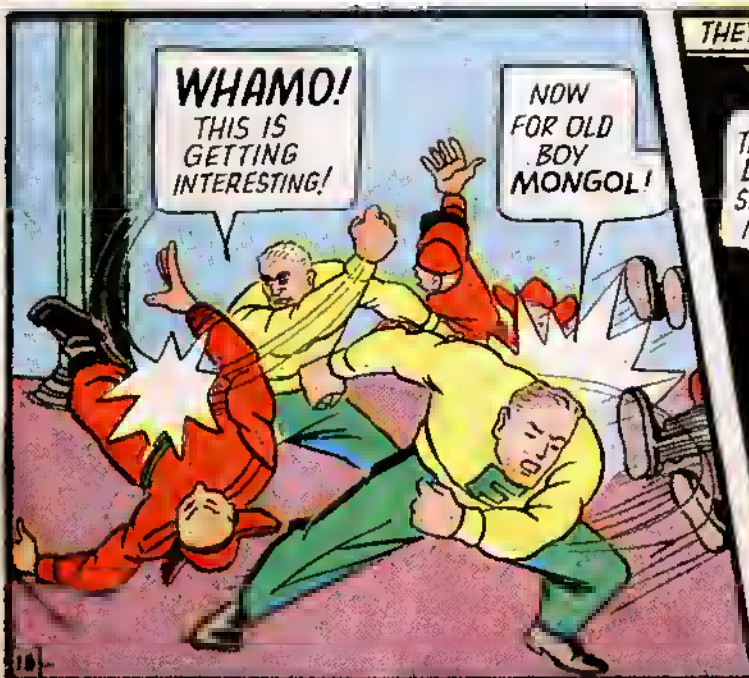
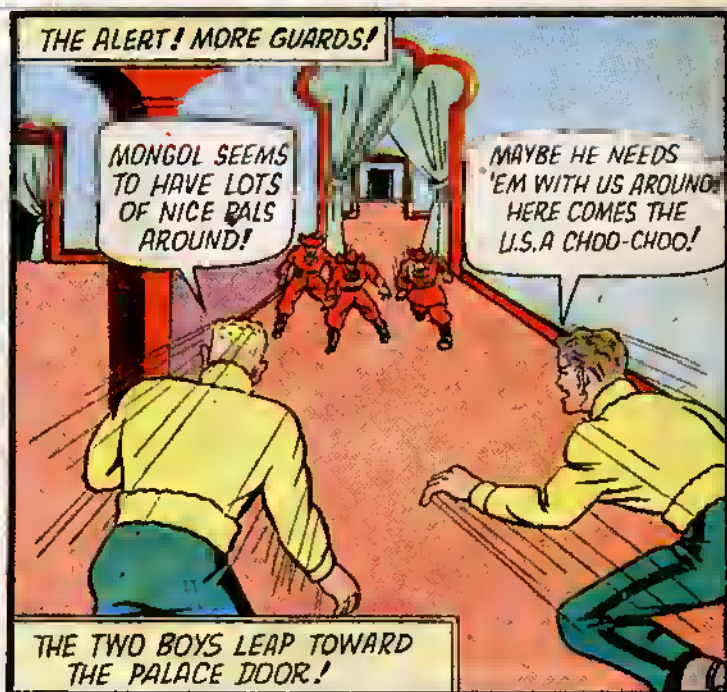
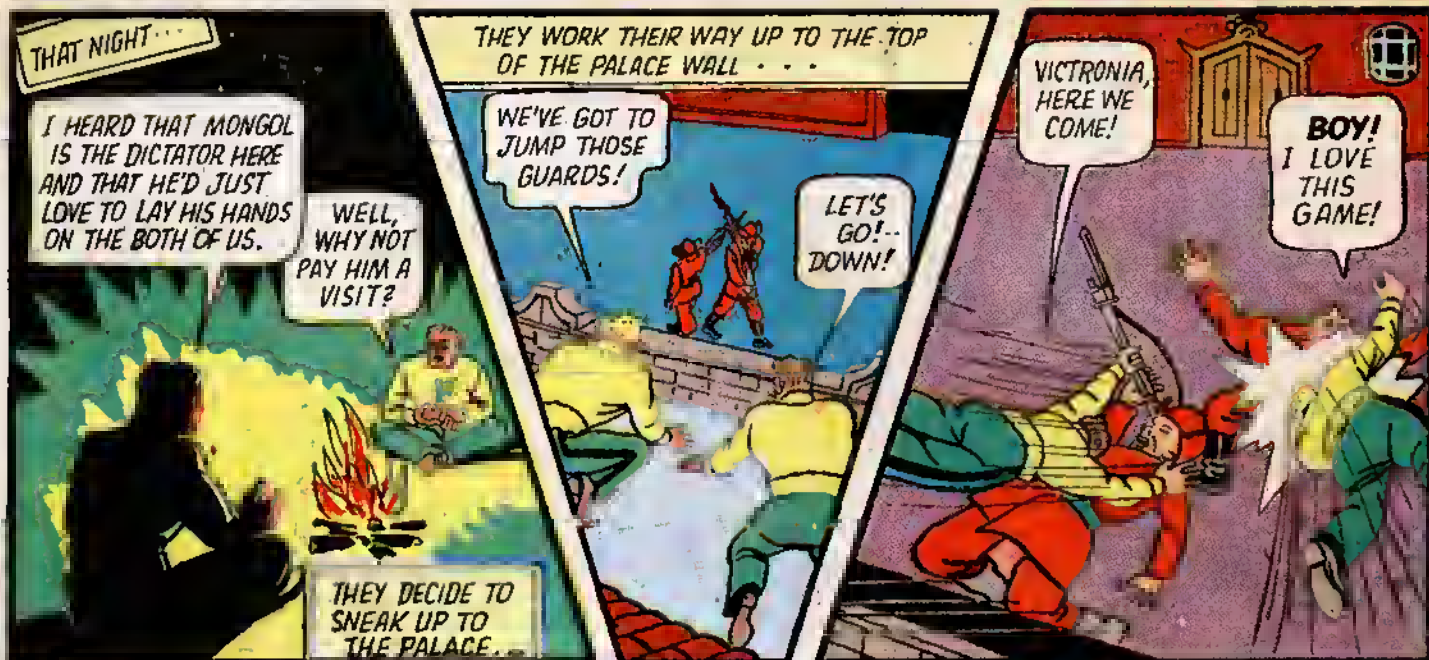
**BLACK
MAGIC!**
THEY DISAPPEARED
BEFORE OUR
VERY EYES!

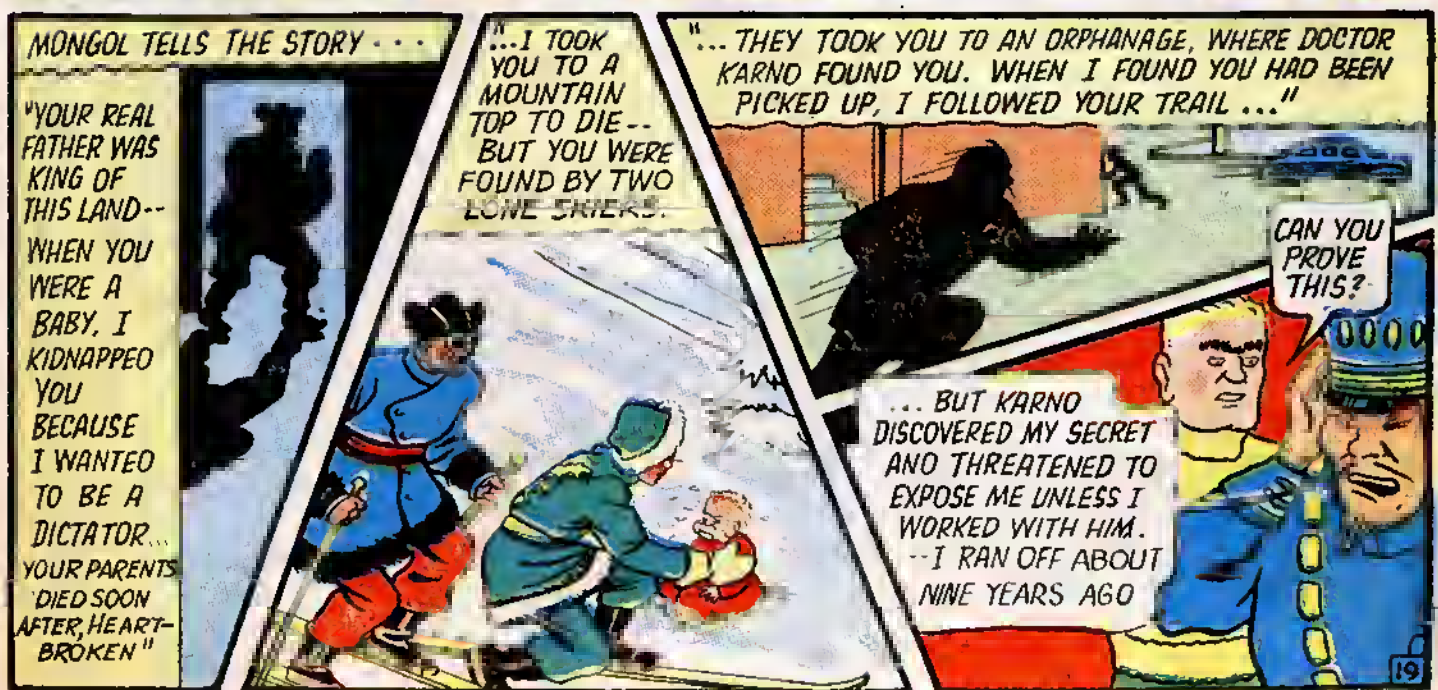
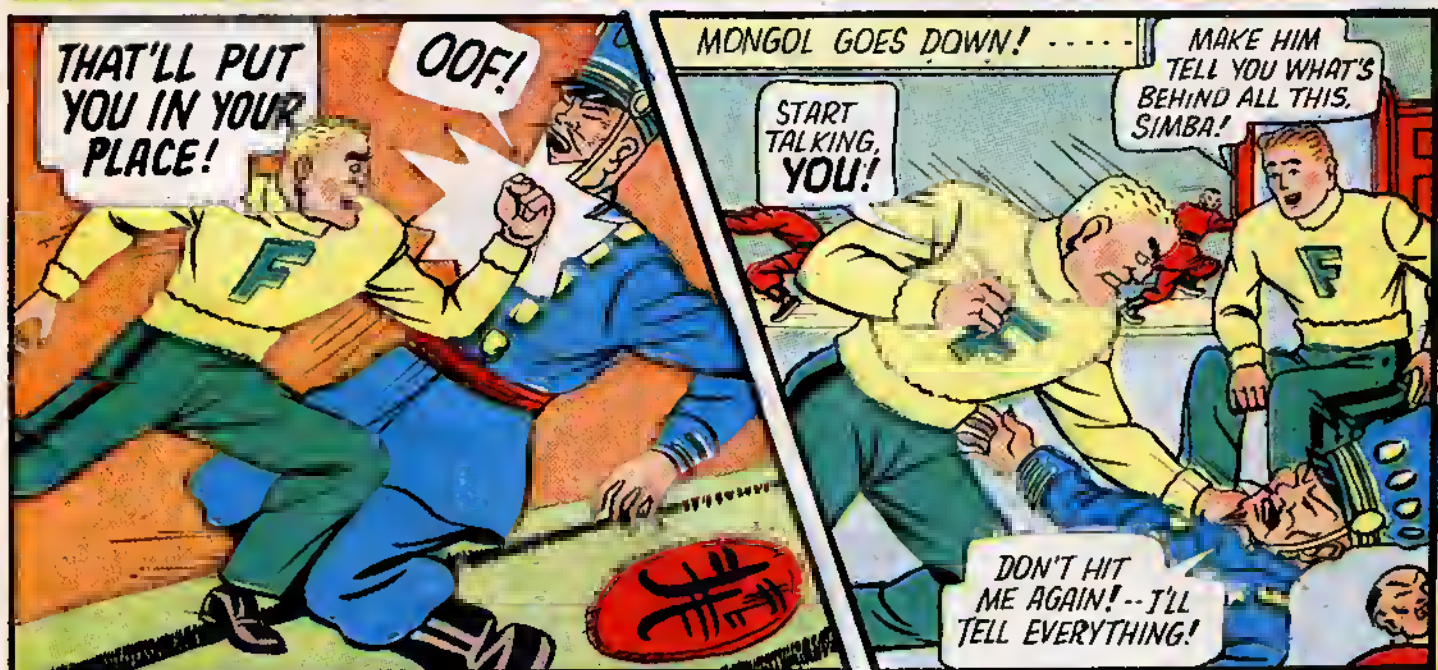
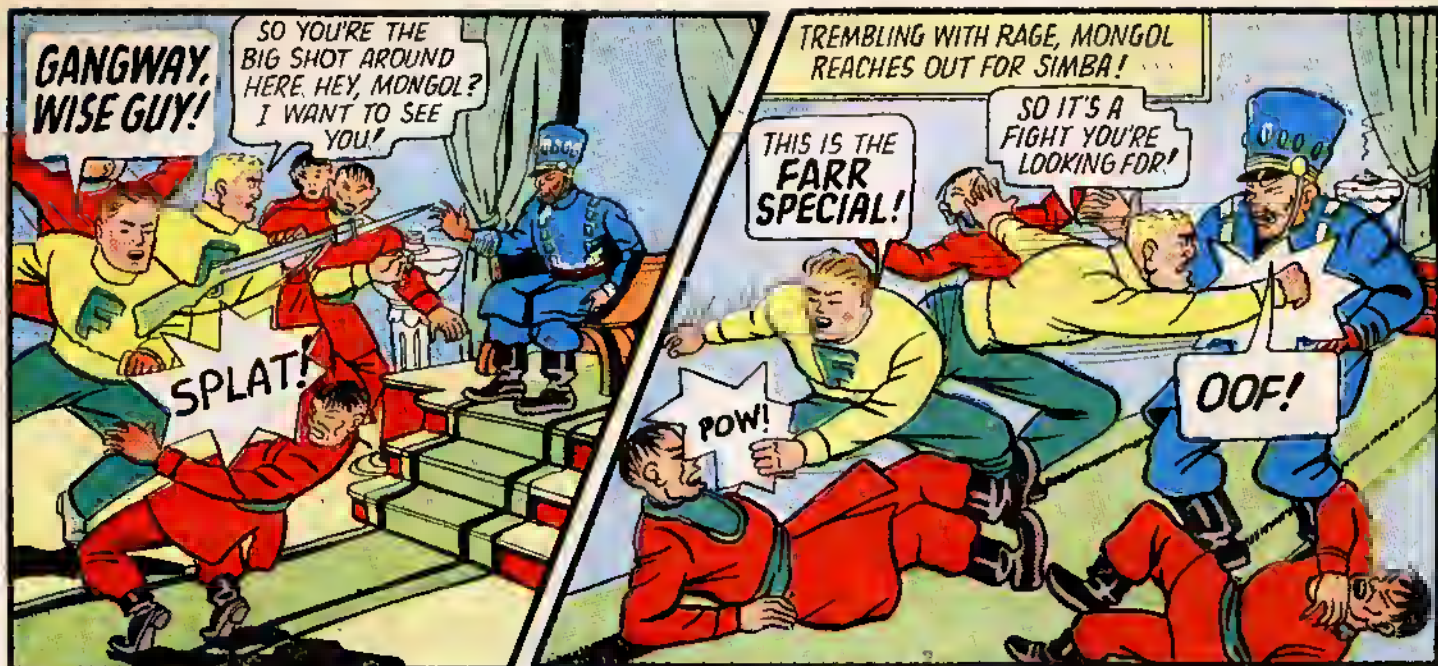
HOW
TH--?

THEY GAIN THE TOP OF THE CITY HALL...

**WHERE TO
NOW?**

HEY! THIS WAY!
**WE'LL COME
BACK AT
NIGHT!**

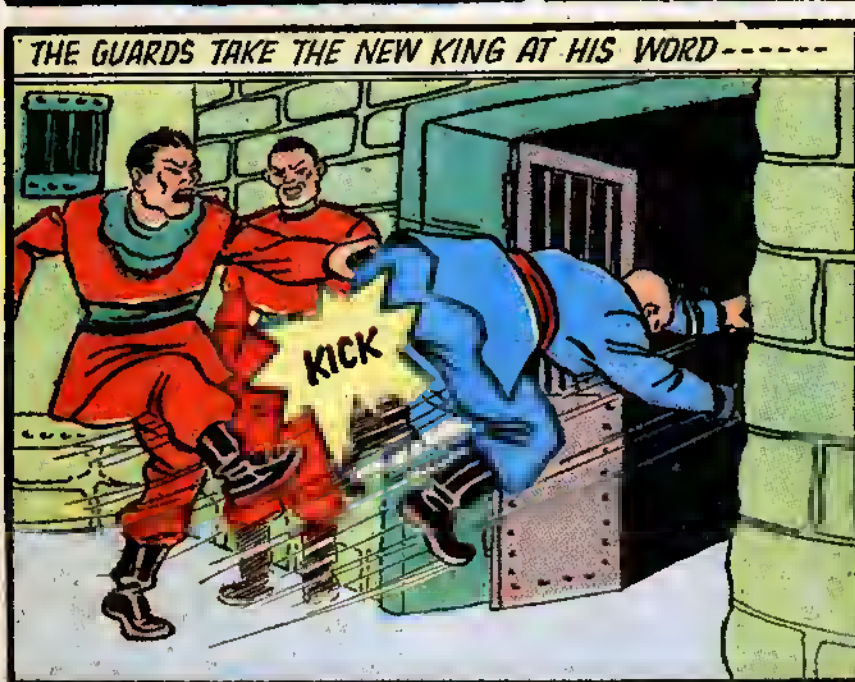
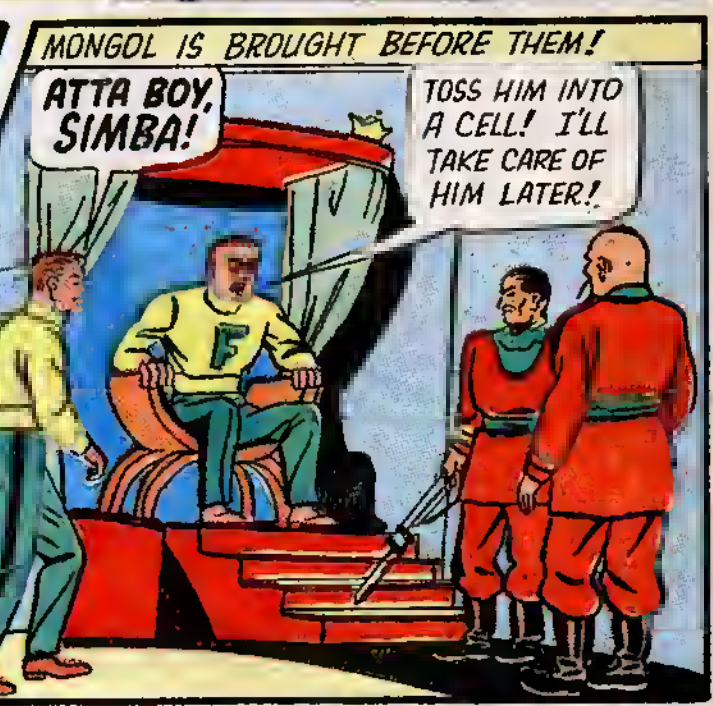
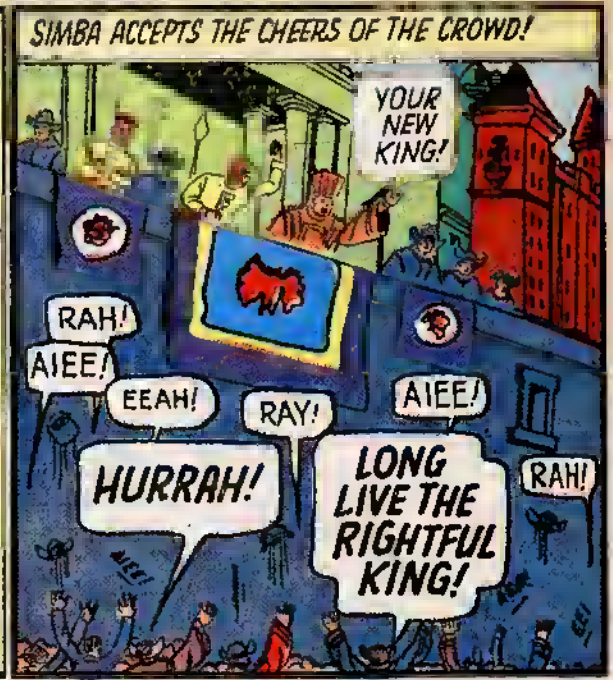




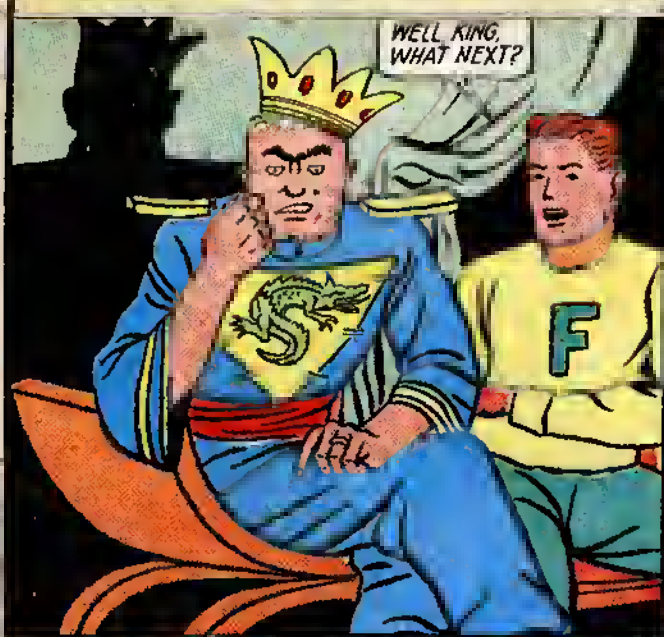


THE HEAD REGENT INFORMS THE PEOPLE OF THE NEW TURN OF EVENTS.

THEY DENOUNCE THE TRAITOR AND WELCOME THE NEW KING!

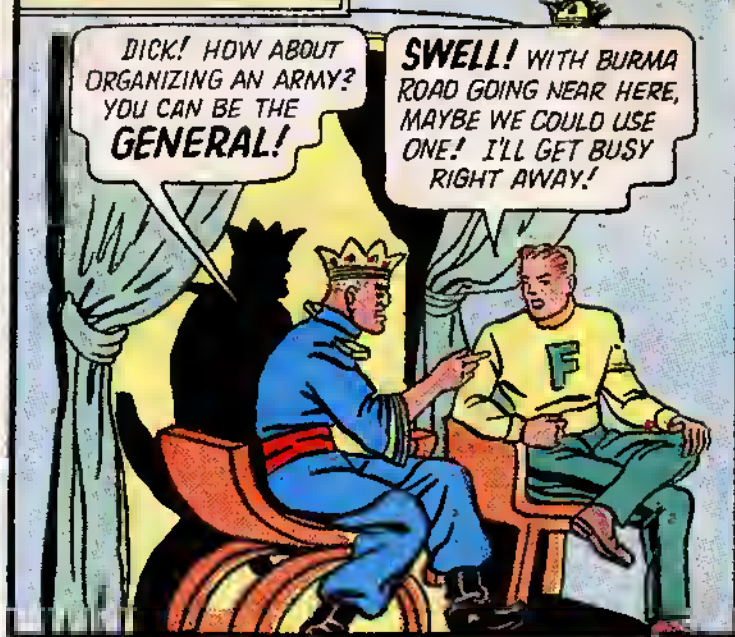


SIMBA DEJECTEDLY CLIMBS THE THRONE . . .



WELL KING,
WHAT NEXT?

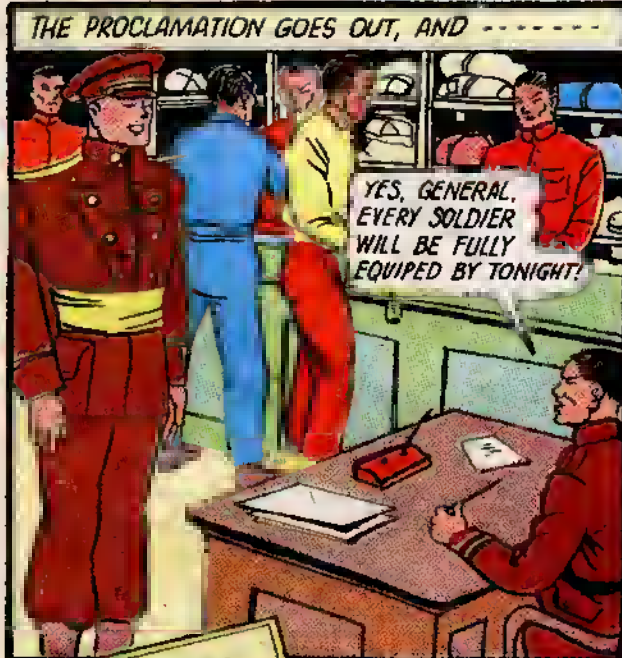
SIMBA GETS AN IDEA!



DICK! HOW ABOUT
ORGANIZING AN ARMY?
YOU CAN BE THE
GENERAL!

SWELL! WITH BURMA
ROAD GOING NEAR HERE,
MAYBE WE COULD USE
ONE! I'LL GET BUSY
RIGHT AWAY!

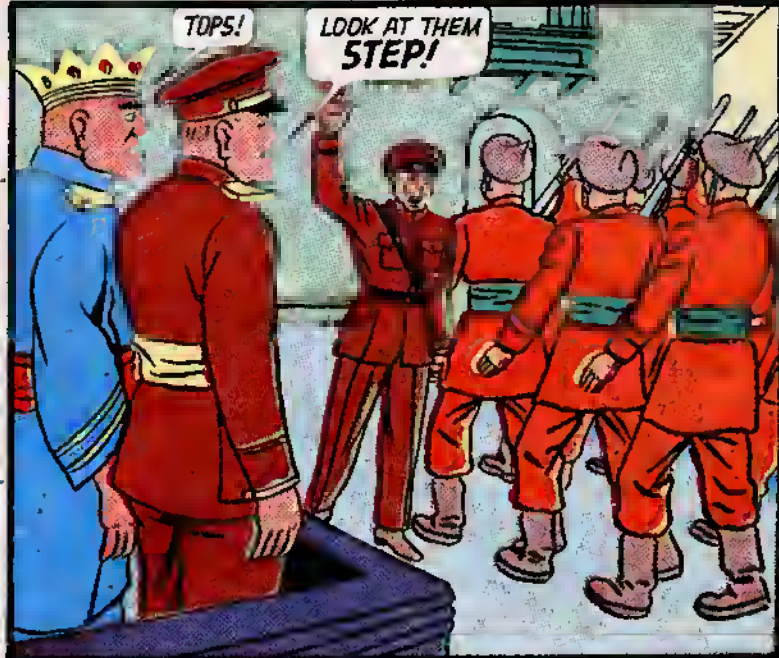
THE PROCLAMATION GOES OUT, AND . . .



YES, GENERAL,
EVERY SOLDIER
WILL BE FULLY
EQUIPED BY TONIGHT!

TOPS!

LOOK AT THEM
STEP!



JUST THEN...

KING SIMBA!

A CHINESE MESSENGER
JUST BROUGHT WORD THAT
THE JAPS ARE ADVANCING
ON US THROUGH THE
SOUTH PASS.

THAT'S
FUNNY!
THE SOUTH
PASS IS FLOODED
THIS TIME OF
YEAR!

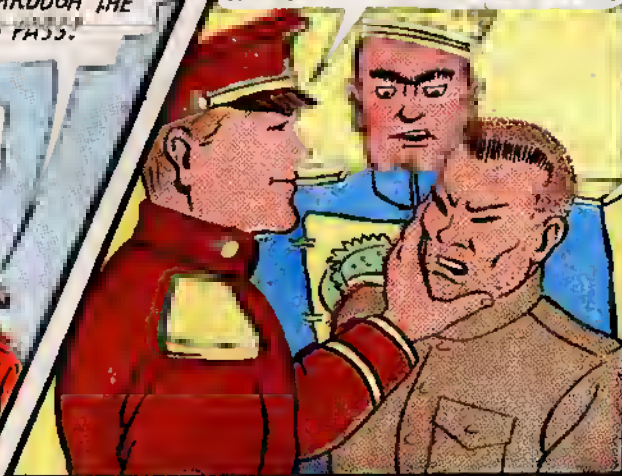
LET'S SEE
THAT
MESSENGER!

WHAT?



THE MESSENGER IS
BROUGHT BEFORE THEM...

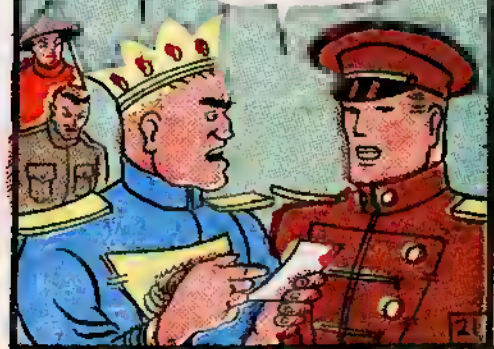
CHINESE NOTHING! HE'S A JAP!
HIGH CHEEK BONES, FLAT NOSE,
HEAVY BEARD, SHORT FACE--A
CHINESE IS PRACTICALLY THE OPPOSITE!



SIMBA SEARCHES THE JAP AND . . .

YOU WERE RIGHT, DICK!
THIS NOTE WHICH HE SHOULD
HAVE DESTROYED, SAYS THAT
THEY'LL **REALLY** COME
FROM THE **EAST!**

JUMPING CATFISH!
LET'S GO AND
MEET THEM!



BUT...

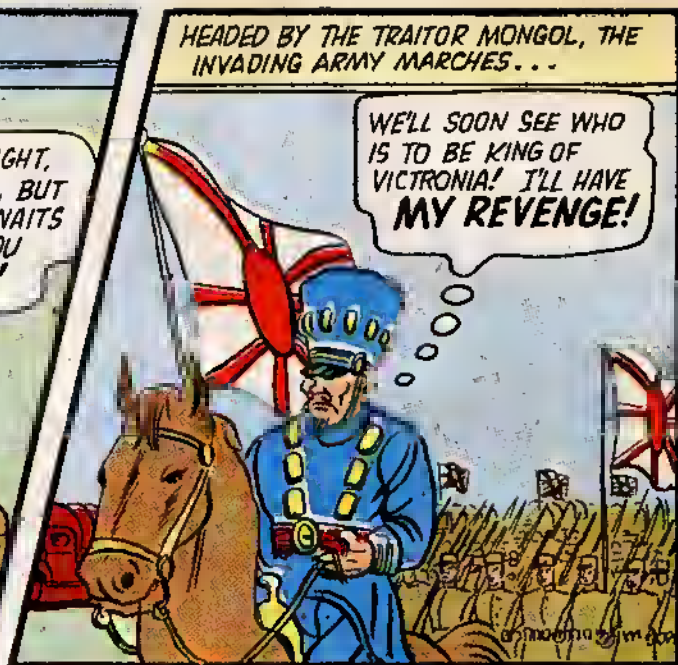
THE VERY NIGHT OF HIS IMPRISONMENT, THE WILY MONGOL HAS BRIBED A GUARD WITH PROMISES OF GRANDEUR, AND EFFECTED HIS ESCAPE! NOW... HE APPROACHES THE JAPS...



LET ME COMMAND THE ARMY... I KNOW THE LAND WELL... I'LL CRUSH THEM... AND CLOSE THE BURMA ROAD!... IS IT A DEAL?

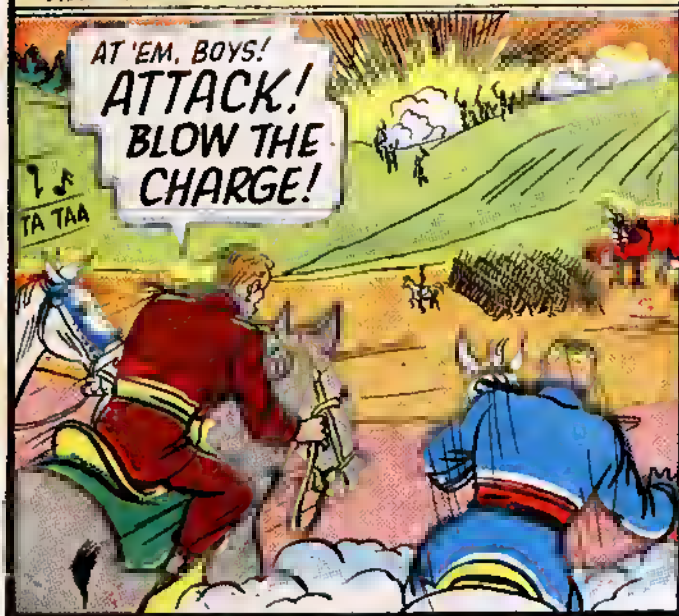
ALL RIGHT, MONGOL, BUT DEATH AWAITS YOU IF YOU FAIL US!

HEADED BY THE TRAITOR MONGOL, THE INVADING ARMY MARCHES...



WE'LL SOON SEE WHO IS TO BE KING OF VICTRONIA! I'LL HAVE MY REVENGE!

BUT HIGH IN THE HILLS, DICK AND HIS COMMAND WERE WAITING...



AT 'EM, BOYS! ATTACK! BLOW THE CHARGE!

TA TAA

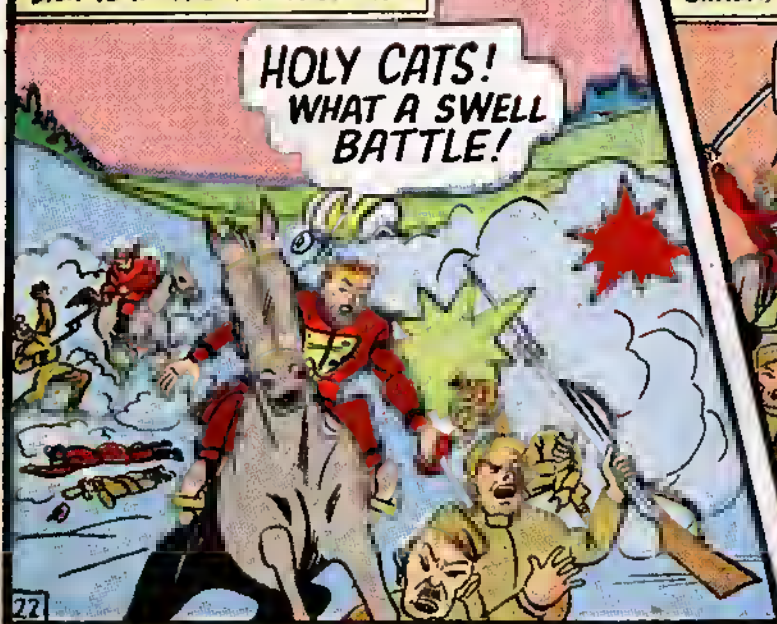
FIERCE FIGHTING FOLLOWS IN THE NARROW VALLEY...



KILL 'EM!

AAA!

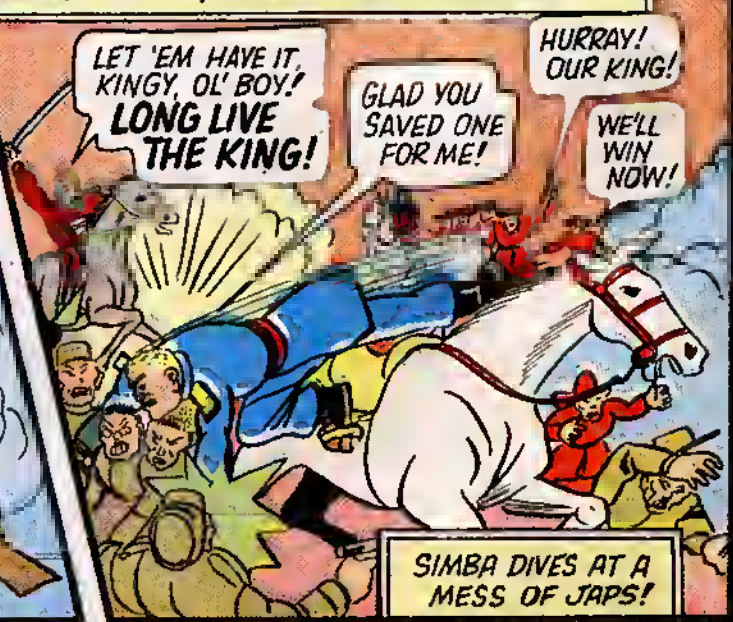
DICK IS IN THE THICK OF IT!



HOLY CATS! WHAT A SWELL BATTLE!

22

SIMBA, THE KING, ARRIVES ON HIS CHARGER...



LET 'EM HAVE IT, KINGY, OL' BOY! LONG LIVE THE KING!

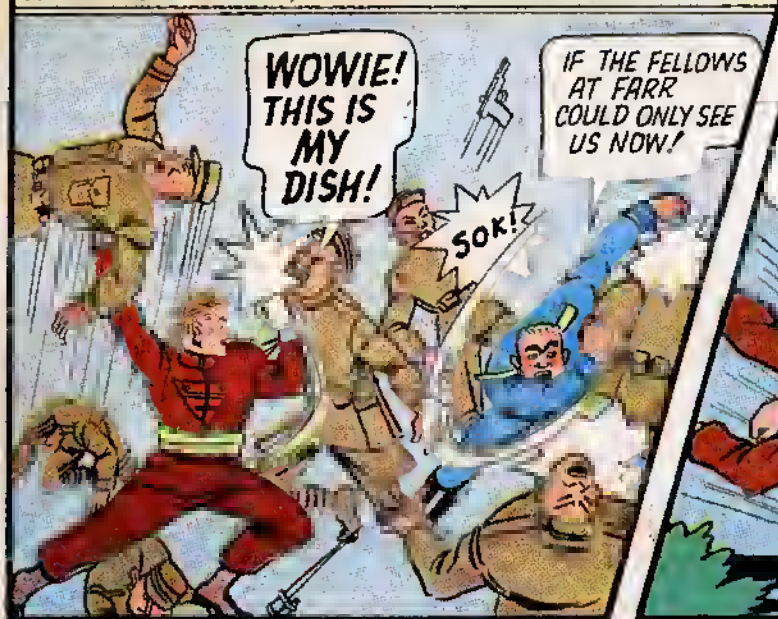
GLAD YOU SAVED ONE FOR ME!

HURRAY! OUR KING!

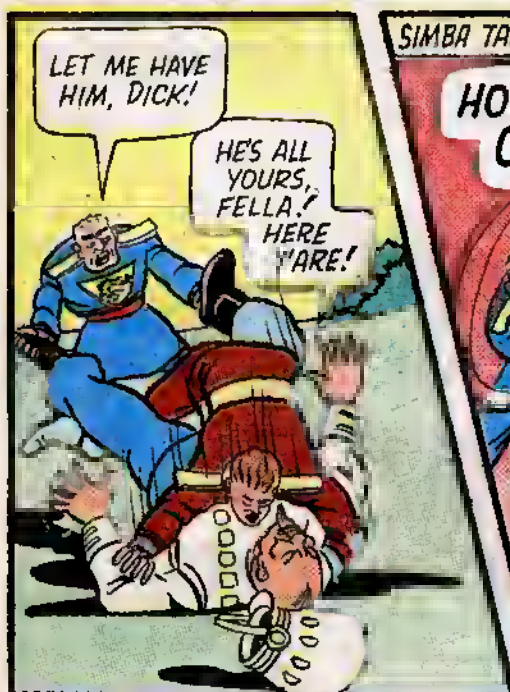
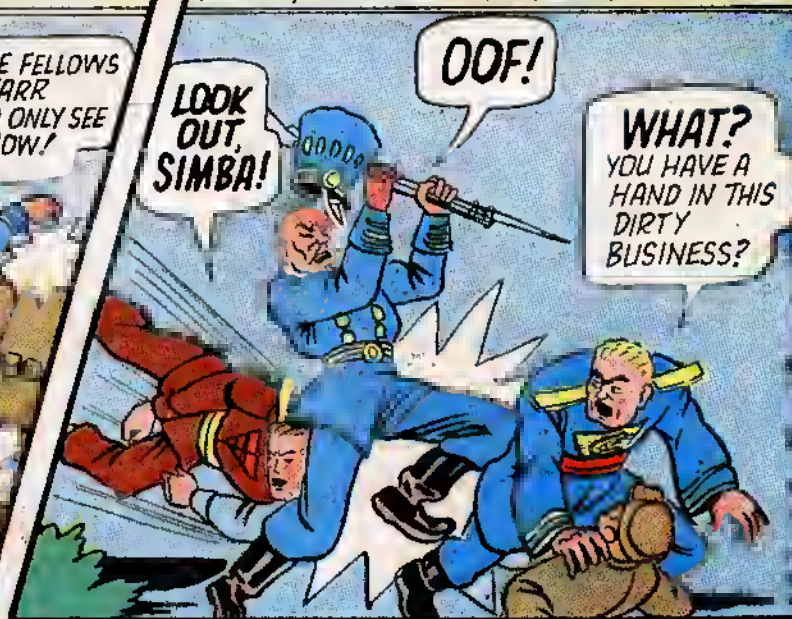
WE'LL WIN NOW!

SIMBA DIVES AT A MESS OF JAPS!

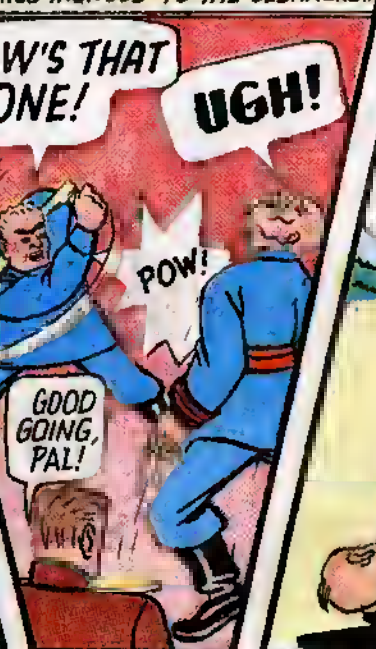
FIGHTING SIDE BY SIDE, DICK AND SIMBA PUSH BACK THE INVADER!



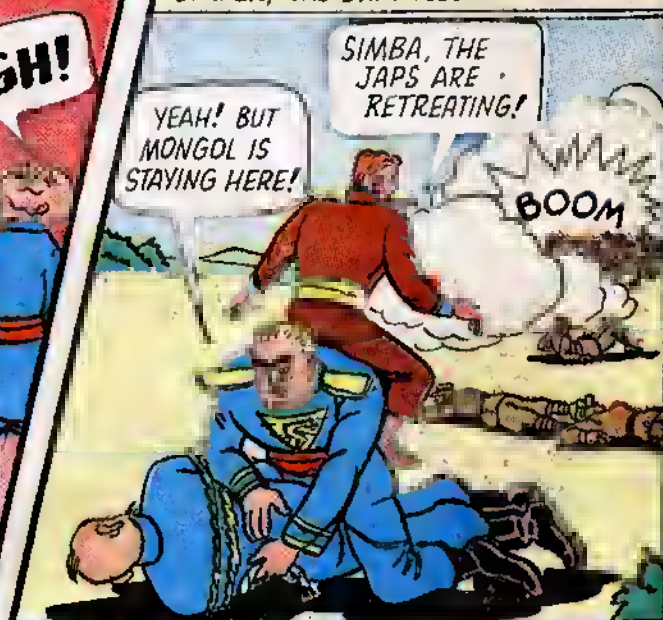
MONGOL, WHO HAS BEEN SEEKING SIMBA, COMES UP BEHIND.



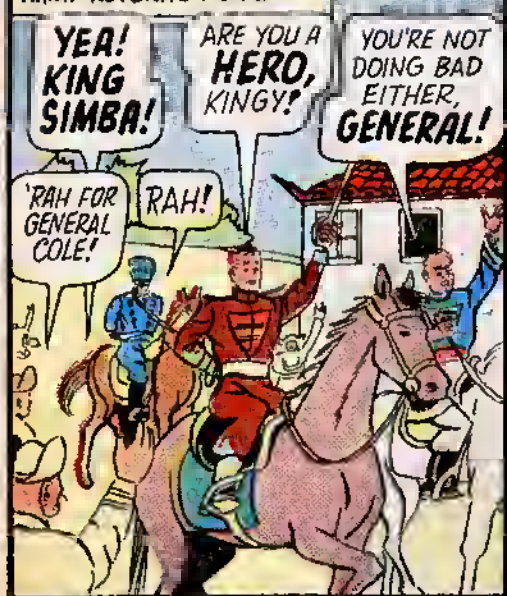
SIMBA TAKES MONGOL "TO THE CLEANERS."



SURPRISED IN ATTACK, AND WITHOUT A LEADER, THE JAPS FLEE!



TRIUMPHANT, DICK'S LITTLE ARMY RETURNS HOME...



MONGOL IS THROWN INTO A CELL ONCE MORE...



WHY DIDN'T I DESTROY SIMBA WHEN HE WAS A HELPLESS BRAT IN MY CARE... IT WOULD HAVE BEEN SO EASY... WELL, I STILL KNOW A FEW TRICKS... SIMBA WILL YET FEEL THE REVENGE OF

MONGOL!
HA-HA-HA-HA!



MONGOL WORKS FAR INTO THE NIGHT ON THE OLD CELL LOCK, WITH HIS BELT BUCKLE.

I KNOW THESE ANCIENT CHINESE LOCKS WELL! THERE... THAT'S GOT IT! NOW FOR THE GUARD---

WITH HIS ENORMOUS STRENGTH, MONGOL BREAKS THE BODY OF THE GUARD!

HA, HA! THE WAY IS CLEAR! THE REST WILL BE EASY!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, A GUARD BURSTS INTO SIMBA'S ROOM!

YOUR MAJESTY! MONGOL HAS ESCAPED!

WHAT'S THAT!

COME ON! HE CAN'T BE FAR AWAY! NO TIME TO LOSE!

FOLLOWING MONGOL'S FAST TRAIL, THEY DASH TOWARD THE ARSENAL...

THAT BIRD SURE KNOWS HIS WAY AROUND! LOOK AT THE SPOT HE PICKS! OF ALL PLACES, THE ARSENAL!

IF HE'S IN THERE, WE'LL GET HIM... DICK! LISTEN!

COME ONE STEP CLOSER, AND I'LL BLOW THIS PLACE TO BITS!

STEALTHILY, DICK AND SIMBA CREEP FORWARD...

HE HASN'T GOT THE NERVE! WE'LL GO IN AND DRAG HIM OUT! EASY, NOW!

WAIT TILL I LAY MY HANDS ON THAT SKUNK!

Suddenly...

HE DID IT! THAT'S THE END OF MONGOL!

BOOM

WELL, I'LL BE A MONKEY'S UNCLE!

GEE, DICK, I CAN'T FIND ANY TRACE OF HIM!

WELL, DON'T WORRY TOO MUCH ABOUT IT!

NOW YOU CAN REALLY START IN BEING A KING, SIMBA!

O, BOY! HERE'S WHERE WE HAVE SOME FUN!

BUT...

UNEASY LIES THE HEAD THAT WEARS A CROWN!

WHAT NEW ADVENTURES ARE AHEAD FOR DICK AND SIMBA?

SOMETHING NEW IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF

4MOST

Edison

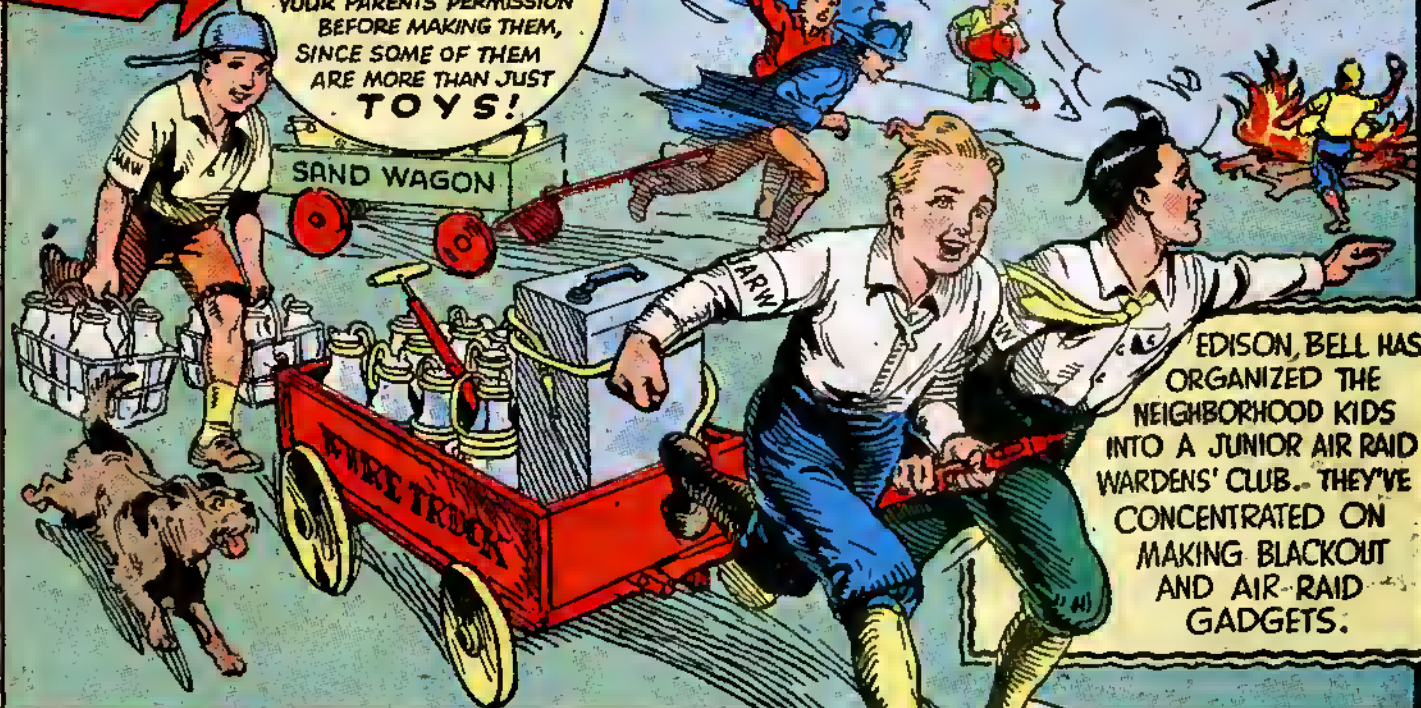
BELL

and his
JUNIOR AIR RAID WARDENS

By RAY GILL
AND
HAROLD DELAY

NOTE...

WHILE THE
INVENTIONS EDISON
BELL SHOWS YOU IN THIS
ISSUE ARE
NOT DANGEROUS
--YOU SHOULD GET
YOUR PARENTS' PERMISSION
BEFORE MAKING THEM,
SINCE SOME OF THEM
ARE MORE THAN JUST
TOYS!



EDISON, BELL HAS
ORGANIZED THE
NEIGHBORHOOD KIDS
INTO A JUNIOR AIR RAID
WARDENS' CLUB. THEY'VE
CONCENTRATED ON
MAKING BLACKOUT
AND AIR-RAID
GADGETS.

EDDIE'S DAD DROPS IN AT THE
GARAGE WORKSHOP WHERE
THEY'RE HARD AT WORK...

GEE, DAD!
WE'RE **JUNIOR
AIR RAID
WARDENS**
NOW!

YOU BOYS
ARE DOING
FINE!

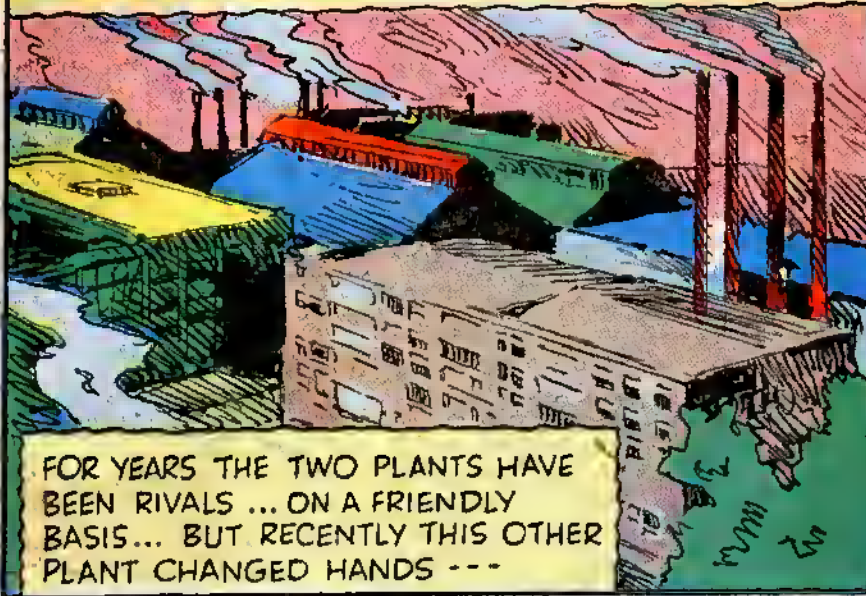
SINCE I OWN A
DEFENSE PLANT,
IT WOULD BE A GOOD
IDEA IF I BECAME
AN **AIR RAID
WARDEN**,
TOO!

THE NEXT DAY,
MR. BELL GETS A LETTER
FROM THE GOVERNMENT.

WELL, WELL! ACCORDING TO
THIS LETTER, I HAVE A
CHANCE TO COMPETE FOR
A FIRST RATE PRIORITY FOR
MY PLANT MATERIAL!
JUST WHAT WE
NEED!

SWELL!

BUT ... ACROSS THE TOWN THERE IS ANOTHER PLANT MAKING THE SAME AIRPLANE PARTS AS DOES MR. BELL'S...



FOR YEARS THE TWO PLANTS HAVE BEEN RIVALS ... ON A FRIENDLY BASIS... BUT RECENTLY THIS OTHER PLANT CHANGED HANDS ---

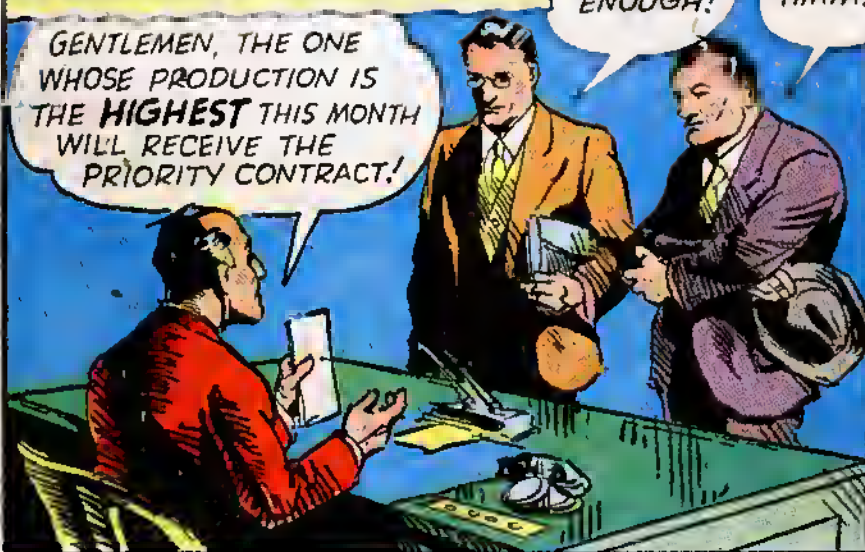
THE NEW OWNER, **BULL GRANT**, GETS A LETTER SIMILAR TO MR. BELL'S.



THIS SHOULD PROVE VERY INTERESTING!

HMM! SO WE'RE GOING TO **COMPETE** FOR CONTRACTS, EH?

THE COMPETITORS MEET IN THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT OFFICE ---



GENTLEMEN, THE ONE WHOSE PRODUCTION IS THE **HIGHEST** THIS MONTH WILL RECEIVE THE PRIORITY CONTRACT!

FAIR ENOUGH!

HMM!

I'M GONNA HAVE TO GET **HIM** OUTA THE RUNNING, **SOMEHOW!**



I'VE GOT TO GET THAT CONTRACT!

BACK AT HIS PLANT, **BULL GRANT** PUTS HIS SCHEME INTO ACTION ...

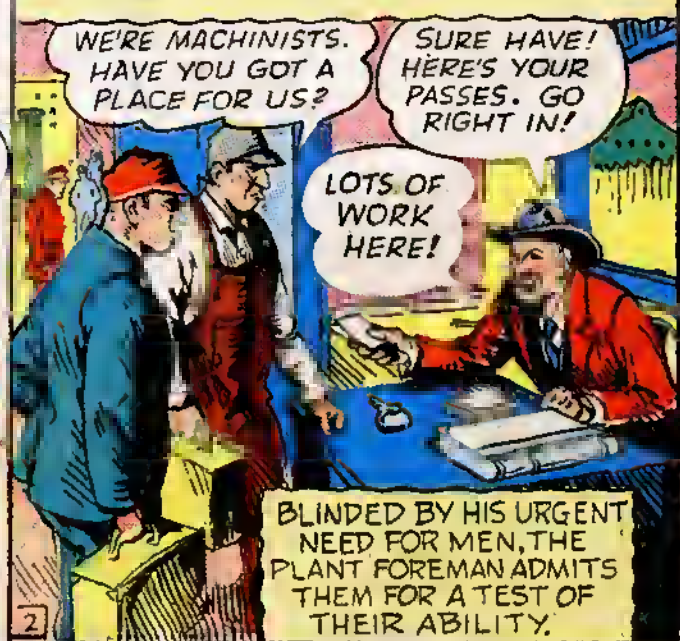


I WANT YOU GUYS TO GET JOBS IN BELL'S FACTORY! YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO, ONCE YOU'RE THERE!

WE GOTCHA, CHIEF!

CHECK!

THE MEN GO AFTER THE JOBS ...



WE'RE MACHINISTS. HAVE YOU GOT A PLACE FOR US?

SURE HAVE! HERE'S YOUR PASSES. GO RIGHT IN!

LOTS OF WORK HERE!

BLINDED BY HIS URGENT NEED FOR MEN, THE PLANT FOREMAN ADMITS THEM FOR A TEST OF THEIR ABILITY.

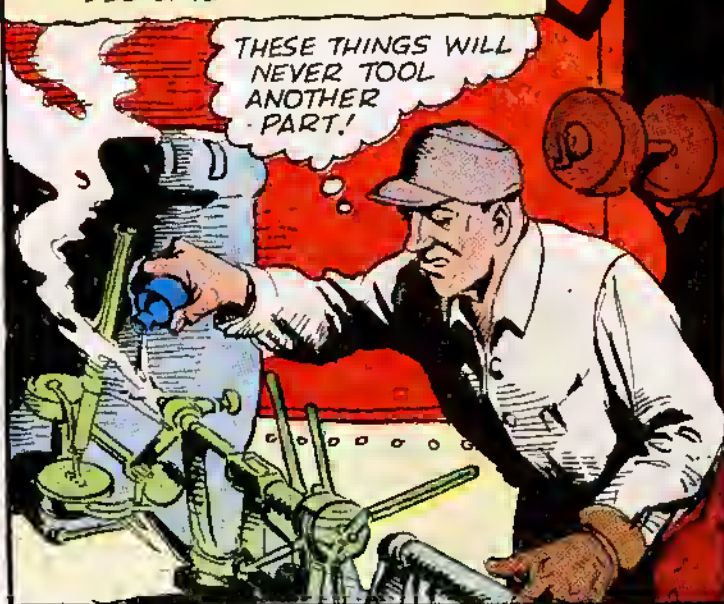
PROVING THEIR ABILITY, THEY ARE SOON AT WORK---AND WHAT DIRTY WORK!

A LITTLE LEAD IN THIS RIVET MIXTURE WILL SLOW THINGS UP PLENTY! THE RIVETS WILL BUST LIKE PAPER!



THE OTHER MAN POURS ACID ON DELICATE MACHINES ...

THESE THINGS WILL NEVER TOOL ANOTHER PART!



THE EFFECTS ARE SOON FELT! A MEETING IS CALLED!

SOMEBODY IS SABOTAGING OUR PLANT, ALL RIGHT, AND I CAN'T PUT MY FINGER ON HIM! IF THIS KEEPS UP, WE WON'T GET THAT CONTRACT.

ANY SUGGESTIONS?

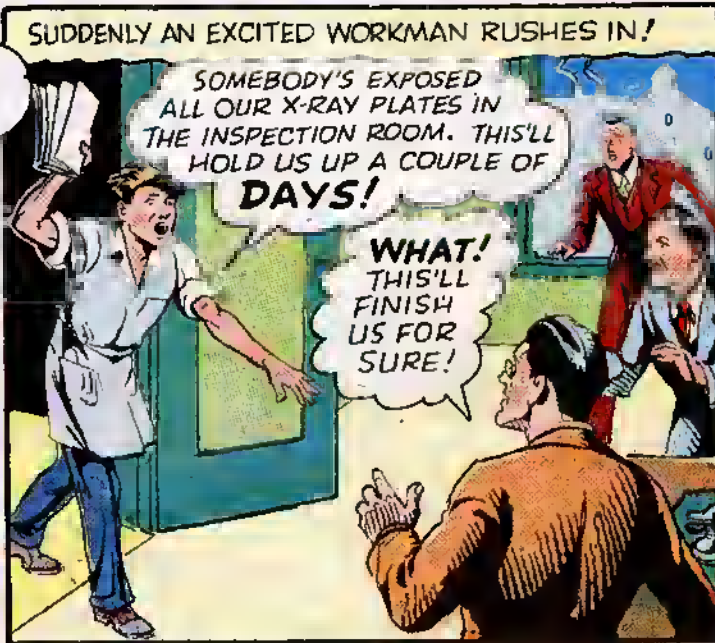
HMM!



SUDDENLY AN EXCITED WORKMAN RUSHES IN!

SOMEBODY'S EXPOSED ALL OUR X-RAY PLATES IN THE INSPECTION ROOM. THIS'LL HOLD US UP A COUPLE OF DAYS!

WHAT! THIS'LL FINISH US FOR SURE!

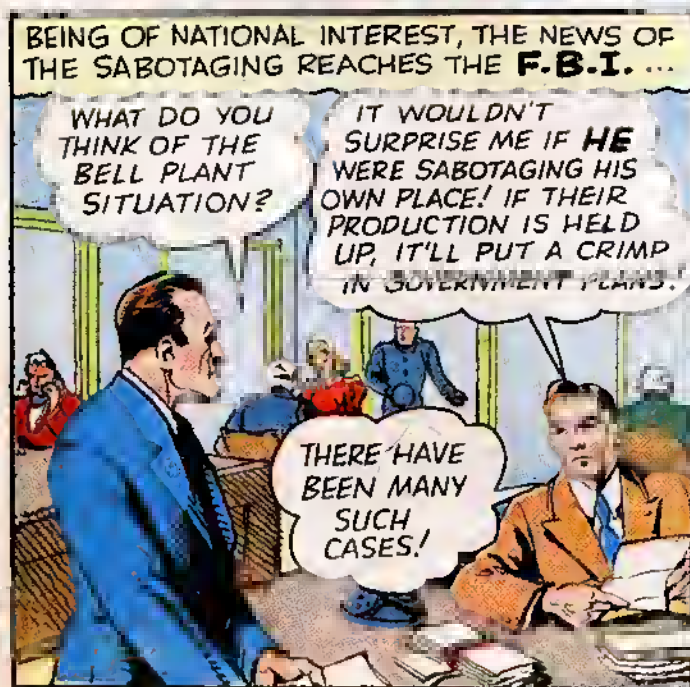


BEING OF NATIONAL INTEREST, THE NEWS OF THE SABOTAGING REACHES THE F.B.I. ...

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE BELL PLANT SITUATION?

IT WOULDN'T SURPRISE ME IF HE WERE SABOTAGING HIS OWN PLACE! IF THEIR PRODUCTION IS HELD UP, IT'LL PUT A CRIMP IN GOVERNMENT PLANS.

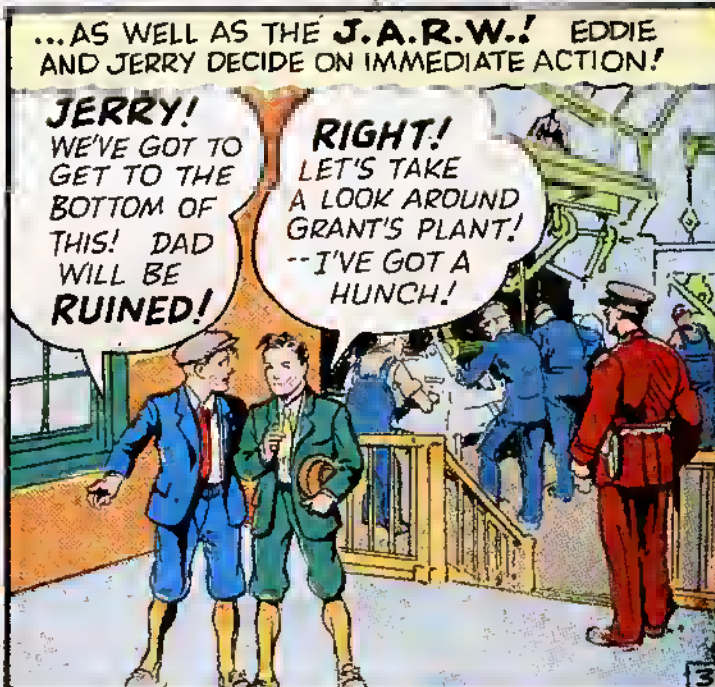
THERE HAVE BEEN MANY SUCH CASES!



...AS WELL AS THE J.A.R.W.! EDDIE AND JERRY DECIDE ON IMMEDIATE ACTION!

JERRY! WE'VE GOT TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS! DAD WILL BE RUINED!

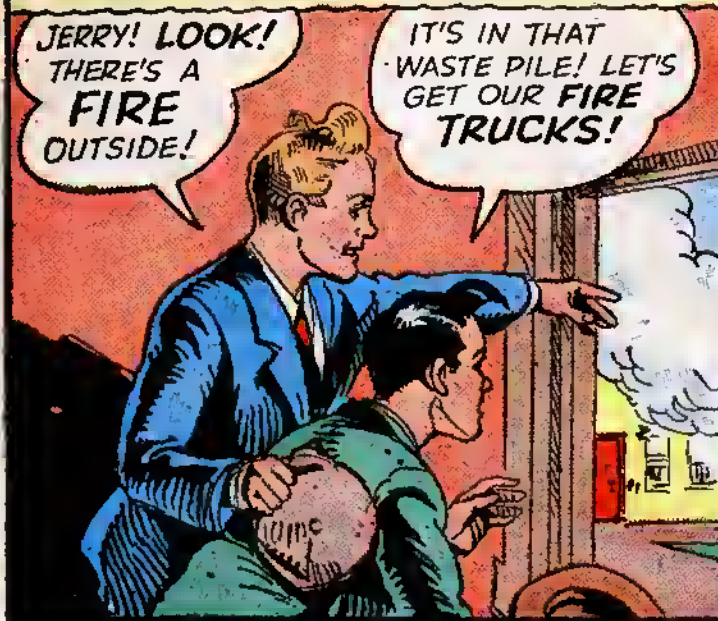
RIGHT! LET'S TAKE A LOOK AROUND GRANT'S PLANT! --I'VE GOT A HUNCH!



SUDDENLY -- BEFORE THEY CAN LEAVE ...

JERRY! LOOK!
THERE'S A
FIRE
OUTSIDE!

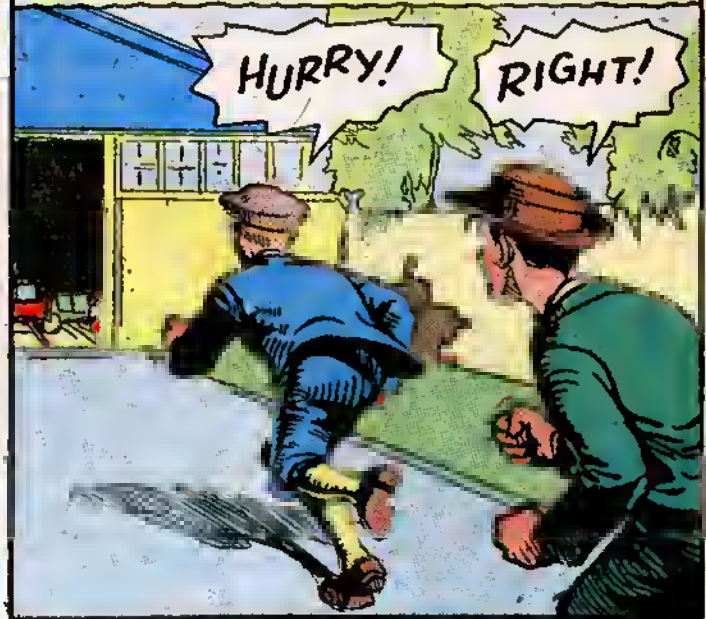
IT'S IN THAT
WASTE PILE! LET'S
GET OUR **FIRE**
TRUCKS!



THE KIDS DASH OUT TO THEIR EQUIPMENT! ...

HURRY!

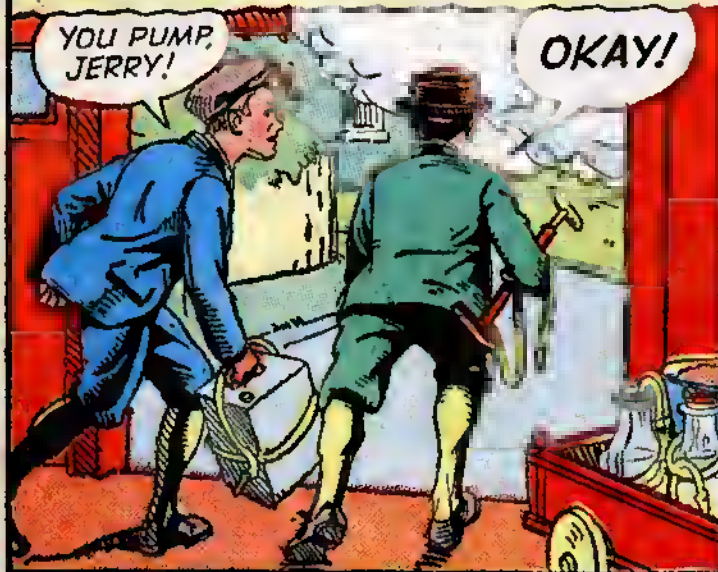
RIGHT!



...AND GRAB A STIRRUP-PUMP EXTINGUISHER!

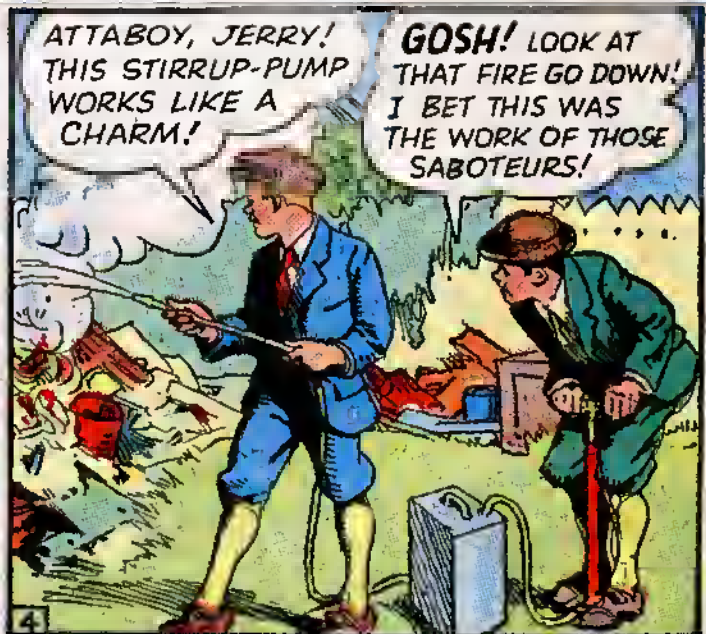
YOU PUMP,
JERRY!

OKAY!



ATTABOY, JERRY!
THIS STIRRUP-PUMP
WORKS LIKE A
CHARM!

GOSH! LOOK AT
THAT FIRE GO DOWN!
I BET THIS WAS
THE WORK OF THOSE
SABOTEURS!



HERE'S HOW TO MAKE THIS

STIRRUP PUMP!

A TIRE PUMP...
AN OLD FIVE-GALLON
OIL CAN... A LENGTH
OF RUBBER TUBING,
A CORK, SOME
SOLDER, A SMALL
PIECE OF PIPING
... AND
PRESTO!

SIMPLY RUN THE
TUBING FROM THE
PUMP THROUGH A
HOLE IN THE CORK,
INTO THE TOP OF
THE FIVE-
GALLON CAN!

TUBING THROUGH HOLE
IN CORK. MAKE CORK
FIT TIGHTLY!

PINCH TUBING
WITH FINGERS
TO VARY FORCE

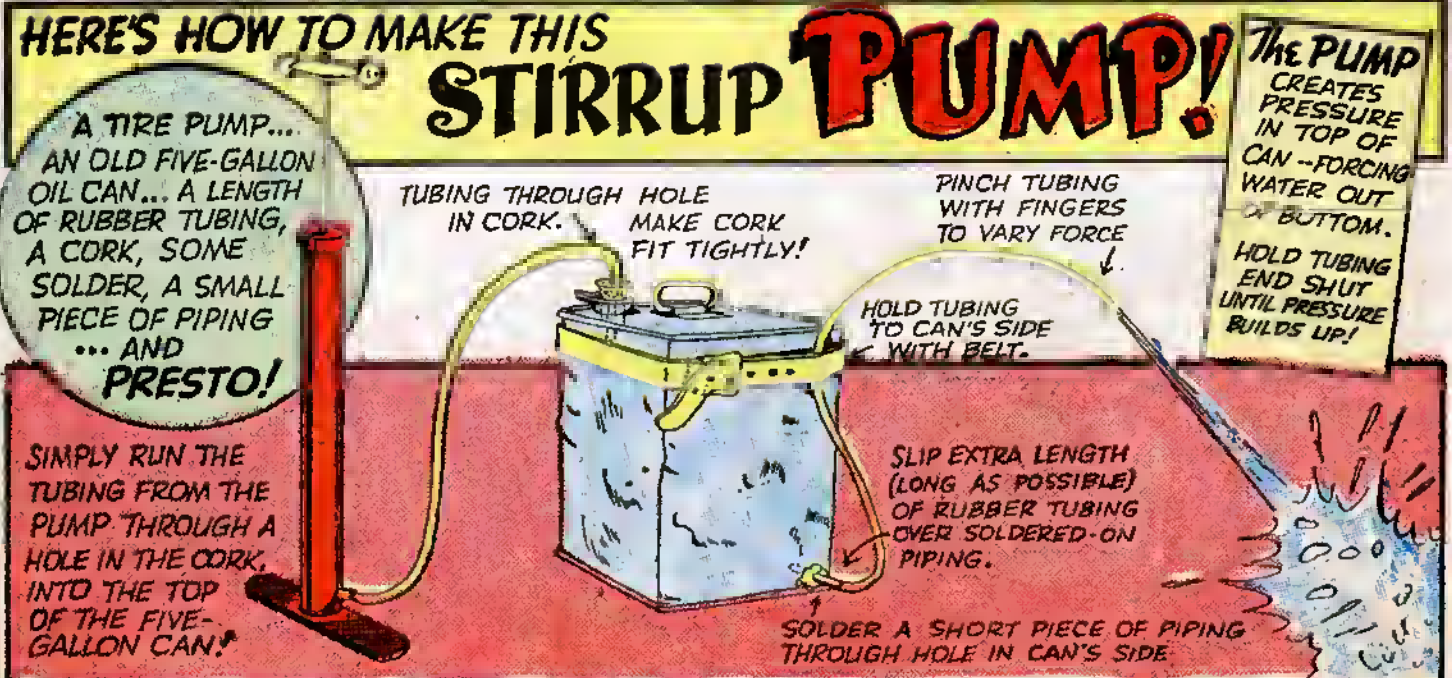
HOLD TUBING
TO CAN'S SIDE
WITH BELT.

SLIP EXTRA LENGTH
(LONG AS POSSIBLE)
OF RUBBER TUBING
OVER SOLDERED-ON
PIPING.

SOLDER A SHORT PIECE OF PIPING
THROUGH HOLE IN CAN'S SIDE

THE PUMP
CREATES
PRESSURE
IN TOP OF
CAN -- FORCING
WATER OUT
AT BOTTOM.

HOLD TUBING
END SHUT
UNTIL PRESSURE
BUILDS UP!



EDDIE AND JERRY COME TO A DECISION!

WE'LL SOON FIND OUT IF GRANT'S BACK OF THE DIRTY WORK AT DAD'S PLANT!

RIGHT! HERE'S HIS PLANT!



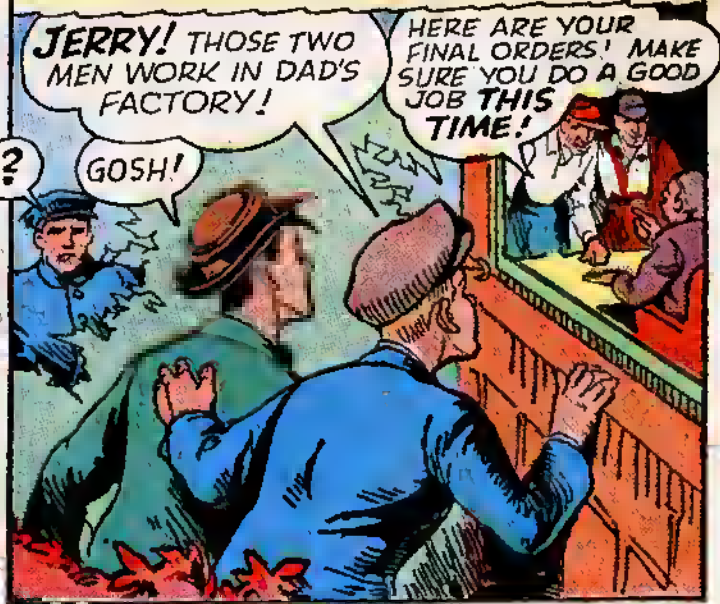
THEY LOOK IN THE WINDOW OF GRANT'S OFFICE, WHICH IS JUST OFF THE SIDEWALK ...

JERRY! THOSE TWO MEN WORK IN DAD'S FACTORY!

HERE ARE YOUR FINAL ORDERS! MAKE SURE YOU DO A GOOD JOB THIS TIME!

GOSH!

?

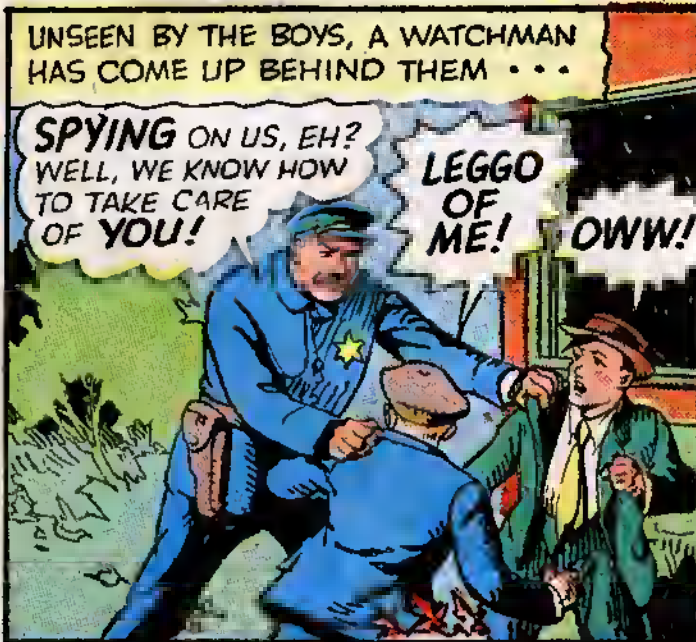


UNSEEN BY THE BOYS, A WATCHMAN HAS COME UP BEHIND THEM ...

SPYING ON US, EH? WELL, WE KNOW HOW TO TAKE CARE OF YOU!

LEGGO OF ME!

OWW!

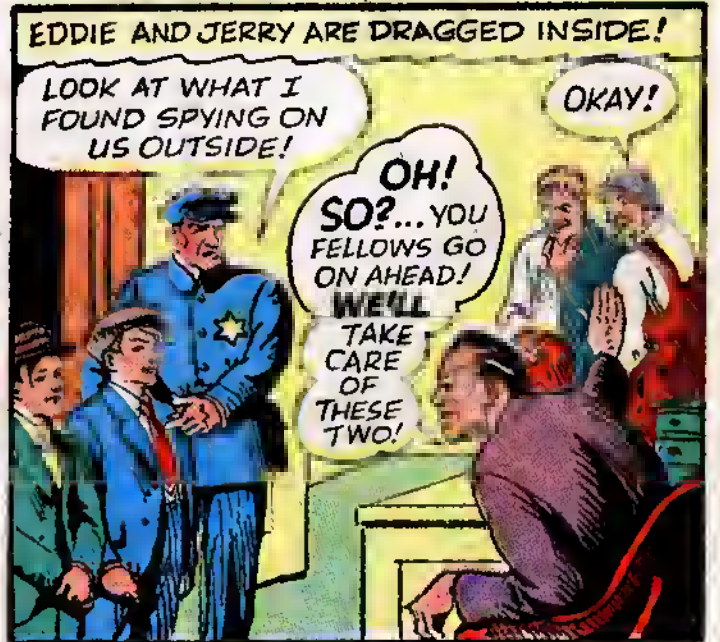


EDDIE AND JERRY ARE DRAGGED INSIDE!

LOOK AT WHAT I FOUND SPYING ON US OUTSIDE!

OKAY!

OH! SO?... YOU FELLOWS GO ON AHEAD! WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THESE TWO!



THE KIDS ARE TIED UP BY THE WATCHMAN!

I DON'T LIKE SMART-ALECK KIDS! TOSS 'EM IN THE CELLAR AND LET 'EM THINK IT OVER!

YES, SIR!

YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS, YOU BIG BUM!



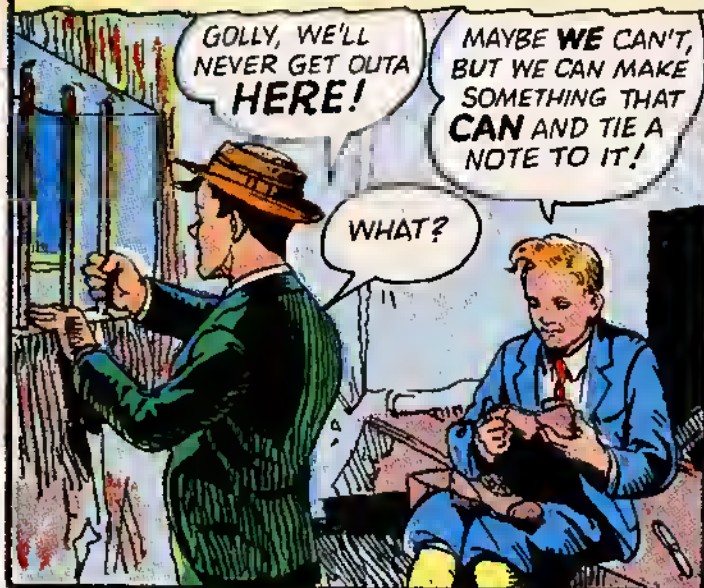
BUT THEY DON'T STAY TIED UP FOR LONG! SITTING BACK TO BACK, THEY -----

IT'S A CINCH!

GOOD WORK, PAL! WE'LL BE UNTIED IN A SECOND!



THEY ARE FREE TO MOVE ABOUT-- BUT THEY FIND THE WINDOWS BARRED!

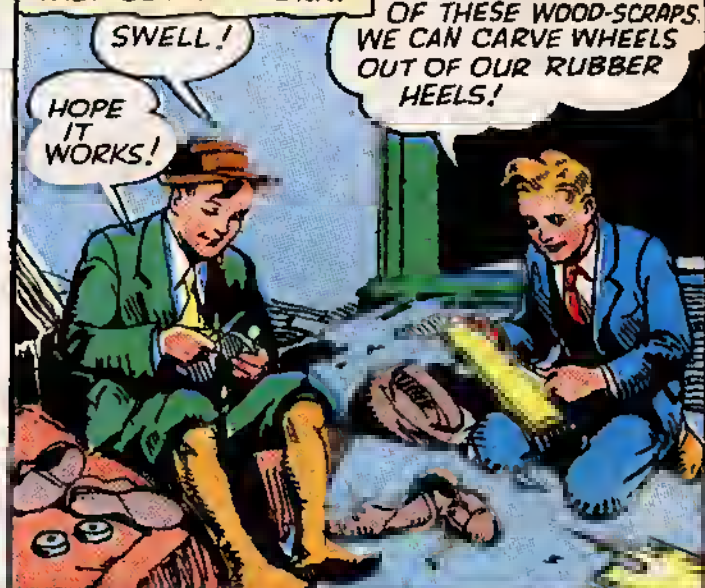


GOLLY, WE'LL NEVER GET OUTA **HERE!**

MAYBE **WE** CAN'T, BUT WE CAN MAKE SOMETHING THAT **CAN** AND TIE A NOTE TO IT!

WHAT?

EDDIE EXPLAINS AND THEY GET TO WORK!



SWELL!

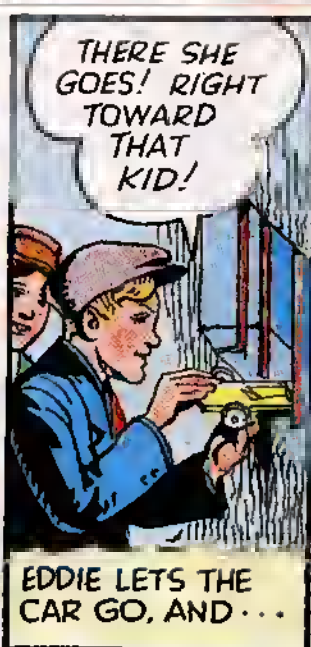
HOPE IT WORKS!

SIMPLE! WE'LL MAKE A RUBBER-BAND CAR OUT OF THESE WOOD-SCRAPS. WE CAN CARVE WHEELS OUT OF OUR RUBBER HEELS!



HERE'S MY SUSPENDERS! WE CAN USE **THEM** FOR THE **MOTOR!**

GOOD! NOW FOR THE **NOTE!**



THERE SHE GOES! RIGHT TOWARD THAT KID!

EDDIE LETS THE CAR GO, AND...



HEY! WHAT'S THIS? THERE'S A NOTE ATTACHED TO IT!

WELL, WHATTA YA KNOW! SOMEBODY'S LOCKED UP AND WANTS A HACK-SAW BLADE!

I'LL GO GET ONE!

HERE'S HOW TO MAKE EDDIE'S RUBBER-MOTOR RACER
IT'S SIMPLE!
IT'S FUN!

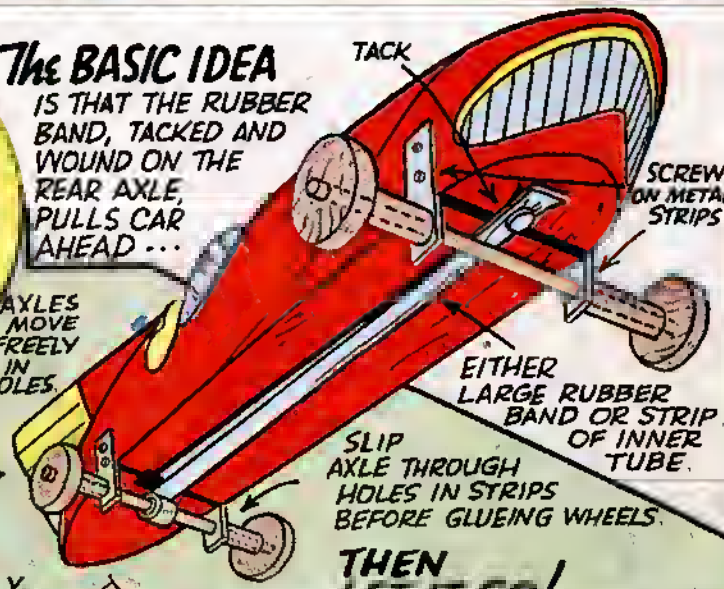
The BASIC IDEA IS THAT THE RUBBER BAND, TACKED AND WOUND ON THE REAR AXLE, PULLS CAR AHEAD...

AXLES MOVE FREELY IN HOLES.

SOLID WHITE PINE BODY

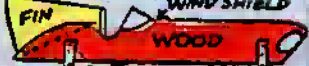
TO RUN CAR:

PUSH IT BACKWARD, HOLDING DOWN FIRMLY, SO RUBBER STRAND WINDS AROUND REAR AXLE.....



THE MORE YOU WIND IT, THE FURTHER IT WILL RUN!

RACER BODY

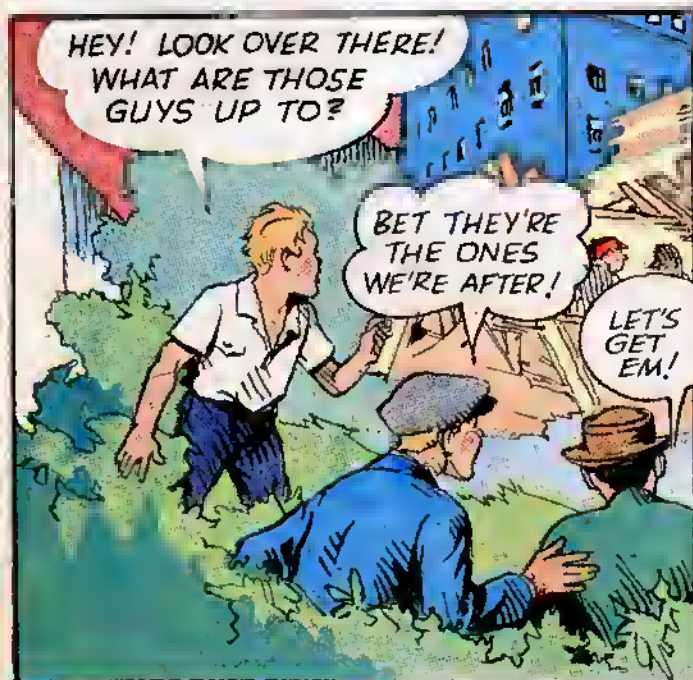
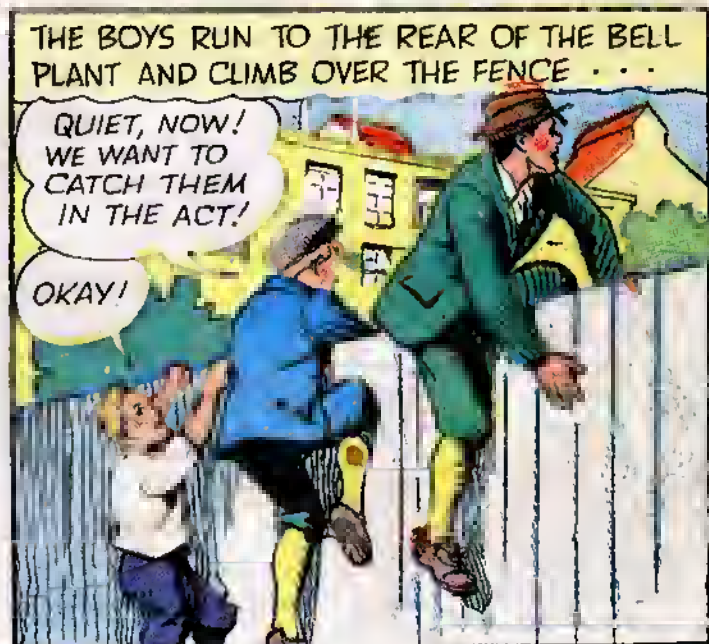
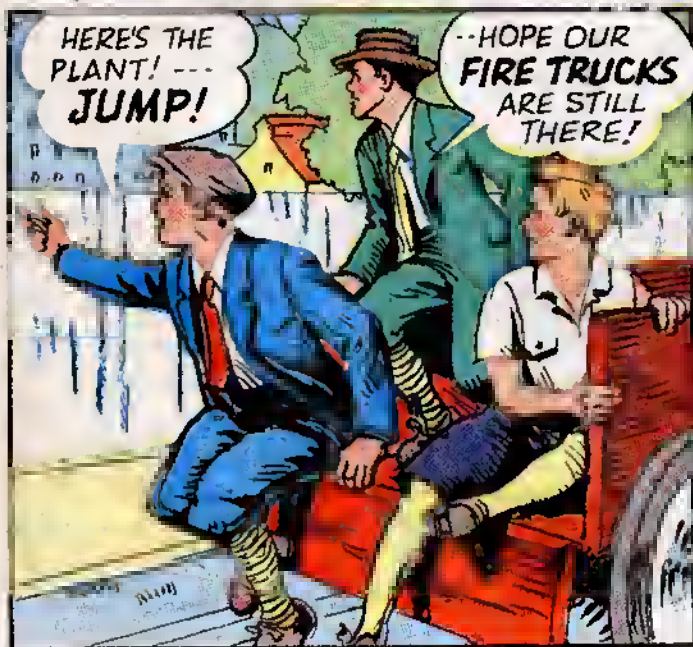
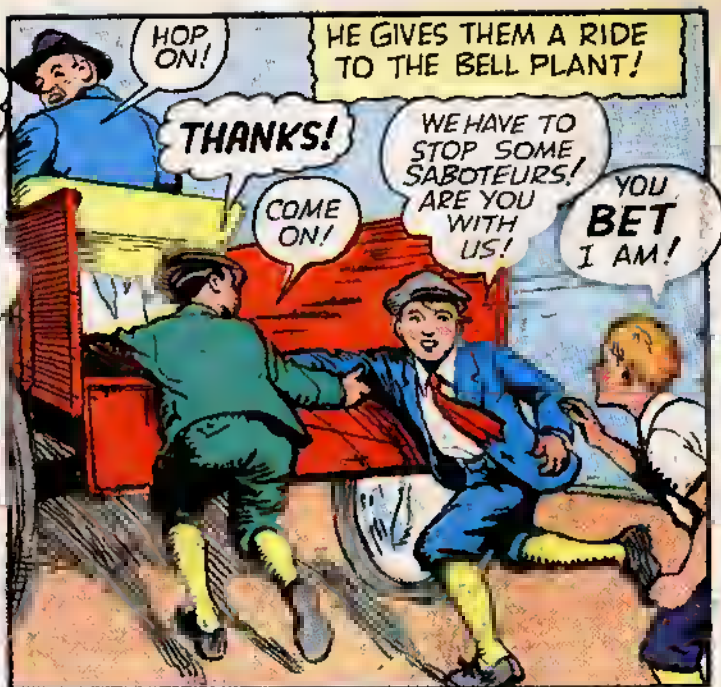
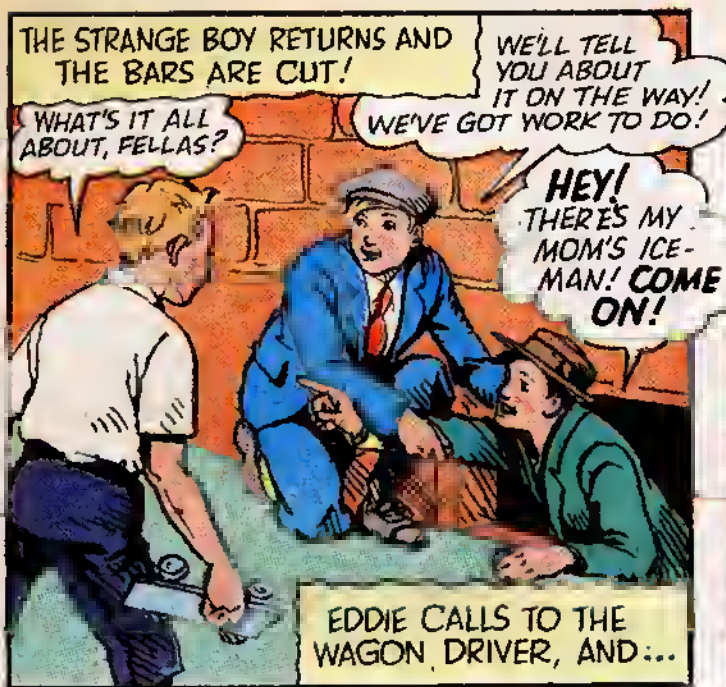


CARVE THE BODY OUT OF SOLID PINE WITH YOUR PENKNIFE. ADD THE "FIN" IN A SLIT --FDR EFFECT.

MAKE TWO SETS OF WOODEN WHEELS, LOLLY POP-STICK AXLES--WITH BUNDLE HANDLES.

GLUE AXLES TO WHEELS.

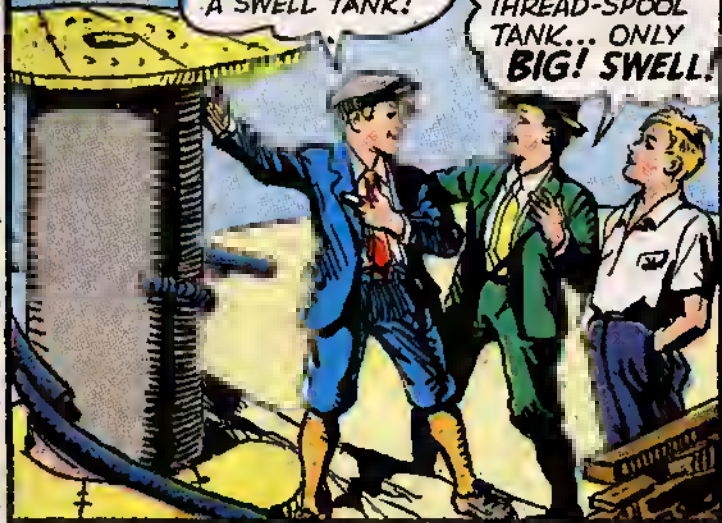




EDDIE'S INVENTIVE EYES FALL UPON A HUGE EMPTY "PIPE SPOOL"... AND DECIDES ON A PLAN!

HEY, FELLERS! LOOK! --THE MAKINGS OF A SWELL TANK!

OH! I KNOW! --LIKE A LITTLE THREAD-SPOOL TANK... ONLY **BIG! SWELL!**

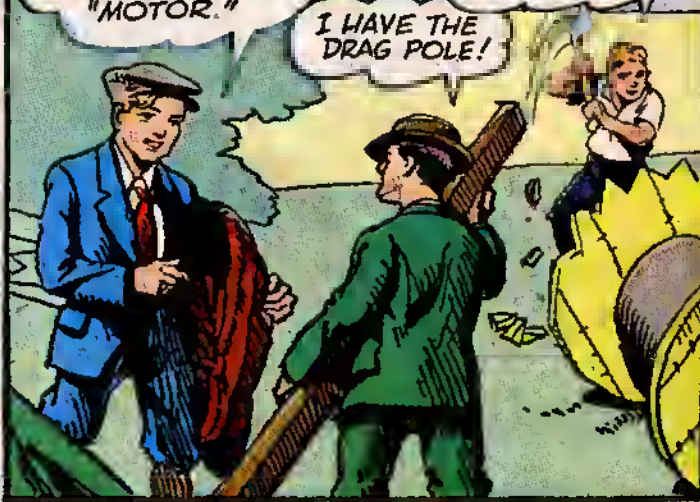


THE BOYS RAID A REFUSE PILE FOR A PLANK AND SOME KIND OF HUGE "RUBBER BAND."

LOOK! WE CAN USE THESE INNER TUBES FOR THE "MOTOR."

--AND I'LL HAVE NOTCHES CUT IN NO TIME!

I HAVE THE DRAG POLE!



IN A FEW MINUTES THE "TANK" IS READY!

THERE SHE IS! LET'S WIND HER UP!

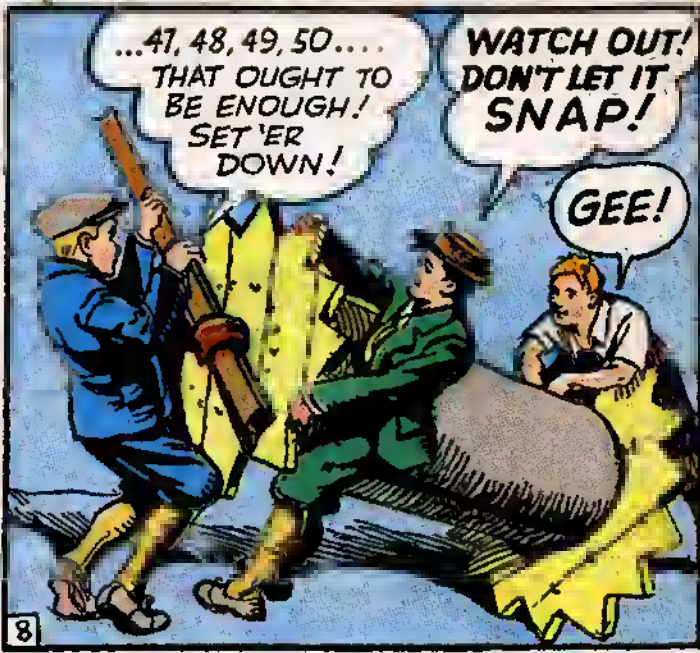
OH BOY!



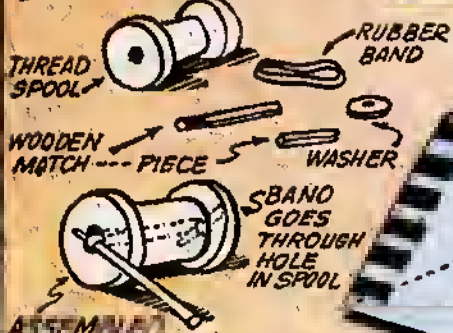
...47, 48, 49, 50... THAT OUGHT TO BE ENOUGH! SET 'ER DOWN!

WATCH OUT! DON'T LET IT SNAP!

GEE!



FIRST, MAKE A SPOOL TRACTOR WITH A MATCH-STICK, A WASHER AND A RUBBER-BAND AS SHOWN...

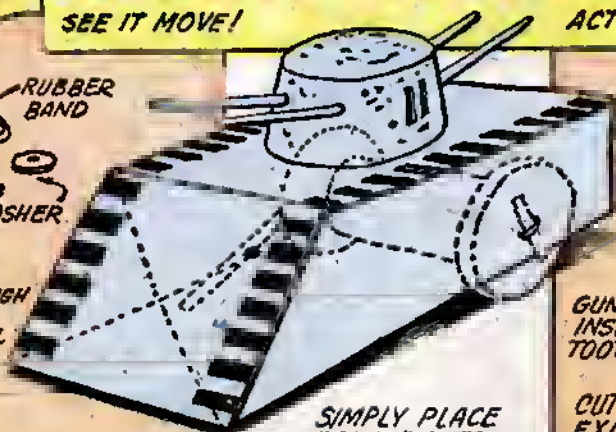


SIMPLY WIND UP THE MATCH STICK, AND SET THE "TRACTOR" UNDER THE "TANK" SHOWN IN NEXT PANEL...

HOW TO MAKE EDDIE BELL'S SUPERSPOOL TANK

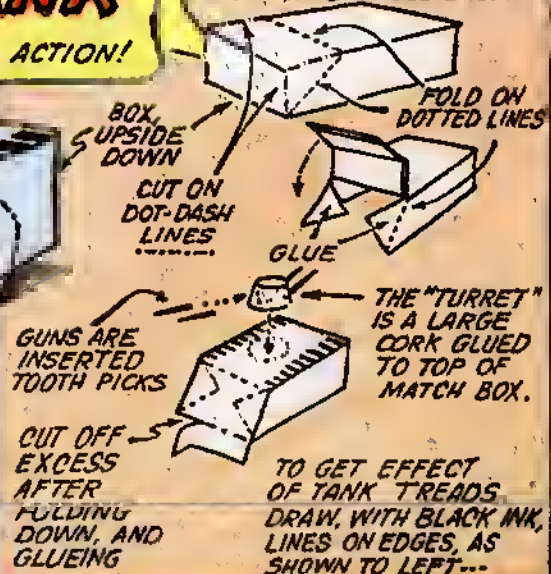
SEE IT MOVE!

ACTION!



SIMPLY PLACE "TANK" OVER WOUND-UP SPOOL "TRACTOR"--AND LET IT ROLL!

THE "TANK" IS EASILY MADE OUT OF THE DRAWER FROM WOODEN MATCH BOX--SEE BELOW...

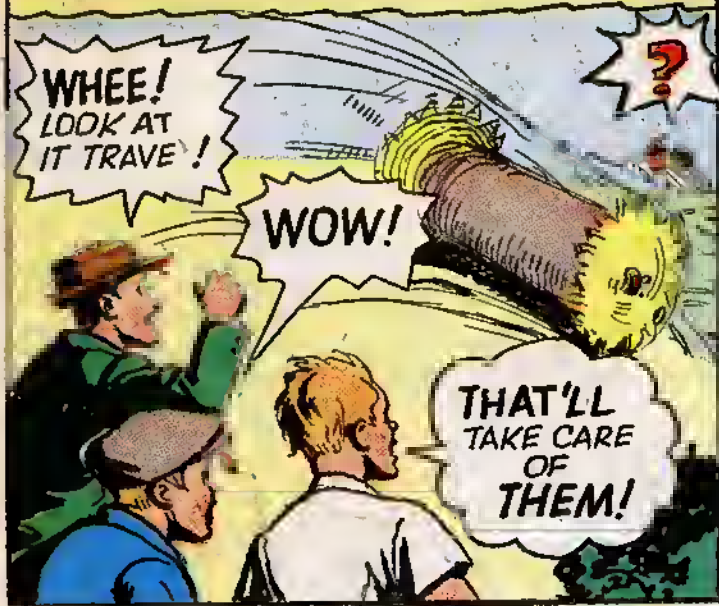


GUNS ARE INSERTED TOOTH PICKS

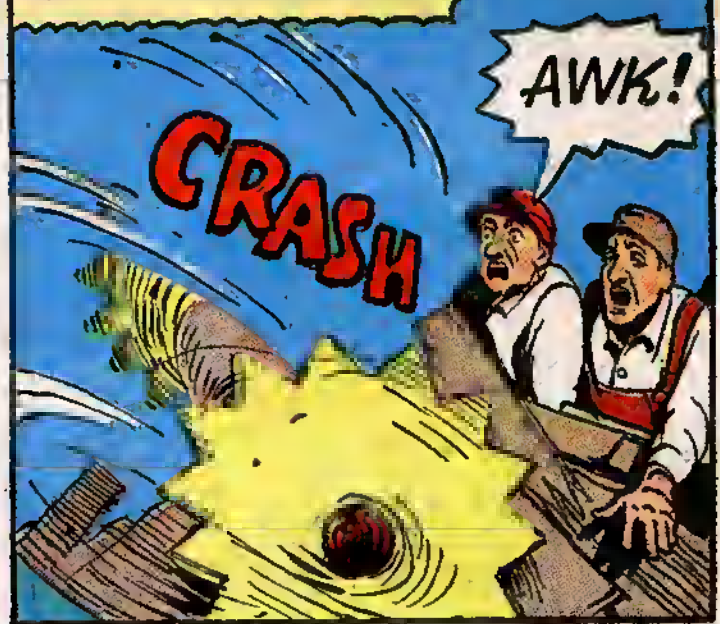
CUT OFF EXCESS AFTER FOLDING DOWN, AND GLUEING

TO GET EFFECT OF TANK TREADS, DRAW, WITH BLACK INK, LINES ON EDGES, AS SHOWN TO LEFT...

THE BOYS AIM THE TANK AT THE SABOTEURS' HIDING PLACE AND LET IT GO.



The Tank Hits!



THE MEN ARE KNOCKED OUT! SUDDENLY THEIR ATTENTION IS ATTRACTED TO A FLAMING RUNAWAY WAGON HURTLING DOWN THE HILL DIRECTLY AT THE PLANT'S WOODEN GATE!



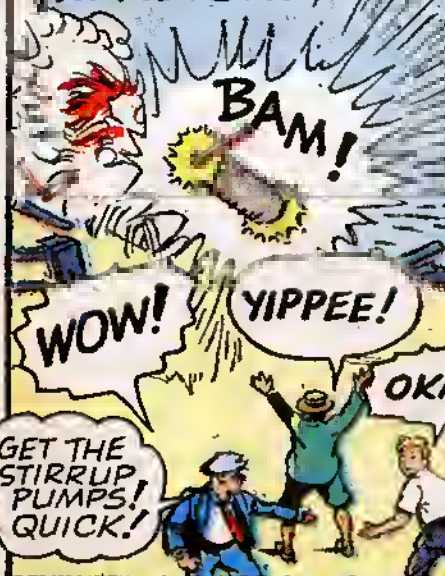
QUICKLY, THE BOYS TURN THEIR TANK AROUND ...



... AND LET IT GO THROUGH THE GATE!



THE TWO MEET HEAD ON!



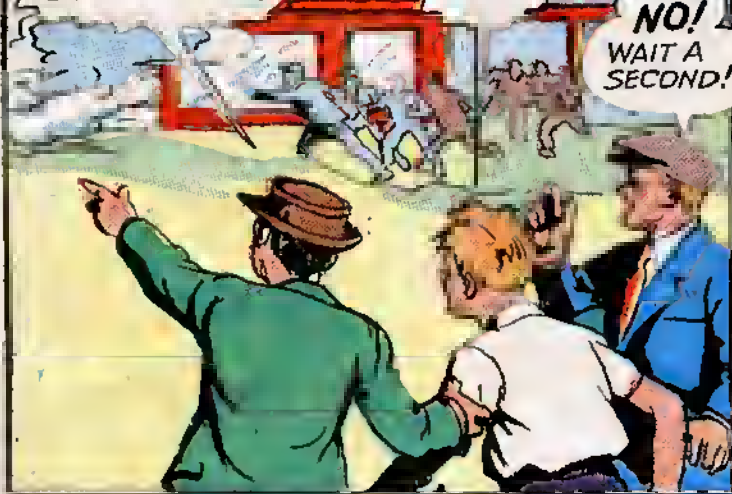
THE BOYS SOON HAVE THE DANGEROUS FLAME OUT!



THE BOYS HARDLY HAVE TIME TO CATCH THEIR BREATHS, WHEN ---

FIRE! ... OVER THERE! LET'S GO!

NO! WAIT A SECOND!



EDDIE SUSPECTS A RUSE!

LOOK AT THAT COAL PILE! I BET THE FIRE'S A TRICK TO GET US AWAY FROM HERE!

SAY! SOMEBODY'S IN THOSE BUSHES!

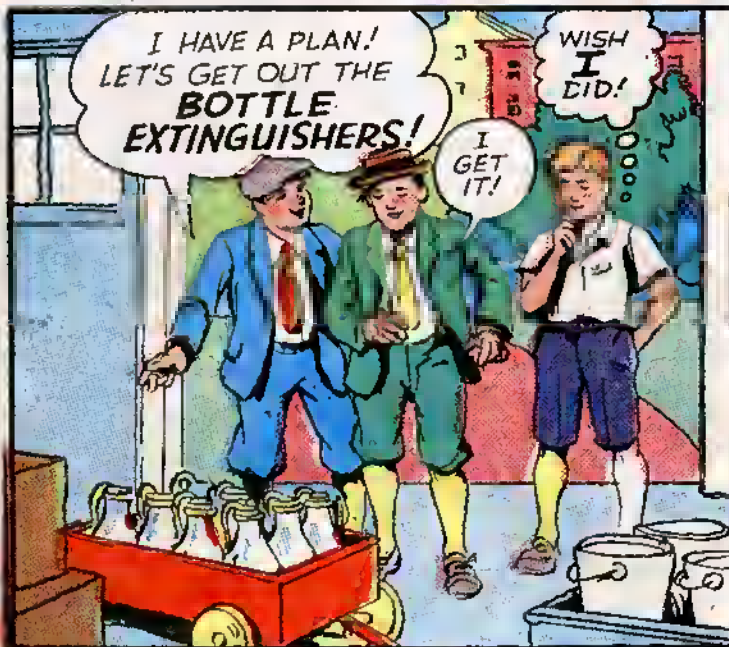
YEH!



I HAVE A PLAN! LET'S GET OUT THE BOTTLE EXTINGUISHERS!

WISH I DID!

I GET IT!

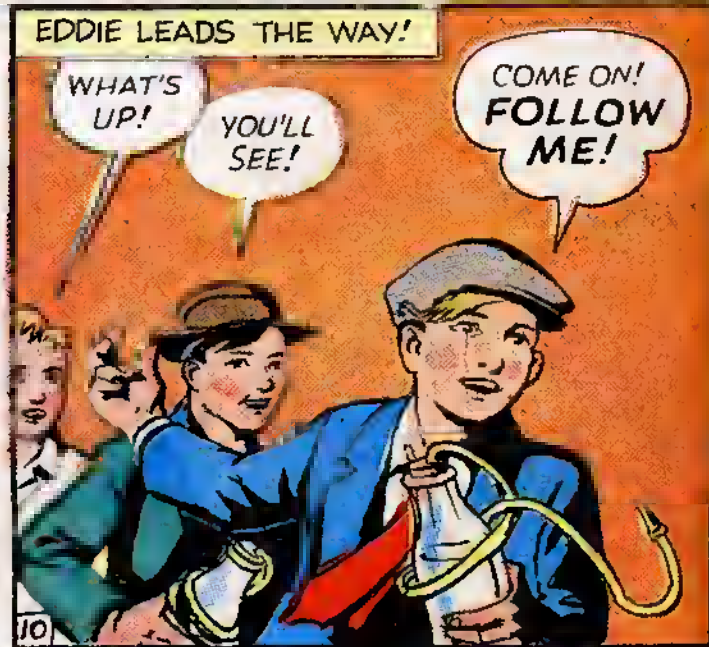


EDDIE LEADS THE WAY!

WHAT'S UP!

YOU'LL SEE!

COME ON! FOLLOW ME!



MAKE THIS SIMPLE... **MILK BOTTLE Fire Extinguisher**

TUBING GOES THROUGH HOLE IN CORK INTO BOTTLE.

A SMALL VIAL OR WIDE-NECKED BOTTLE, FILLED WITH ORDINARY VINEGAR, SHOULD BE SUSPENDED ON A PIECE OF WIRE FROM CORK. MAKE IT FIRM... WITH NO STOPPER ON IT.

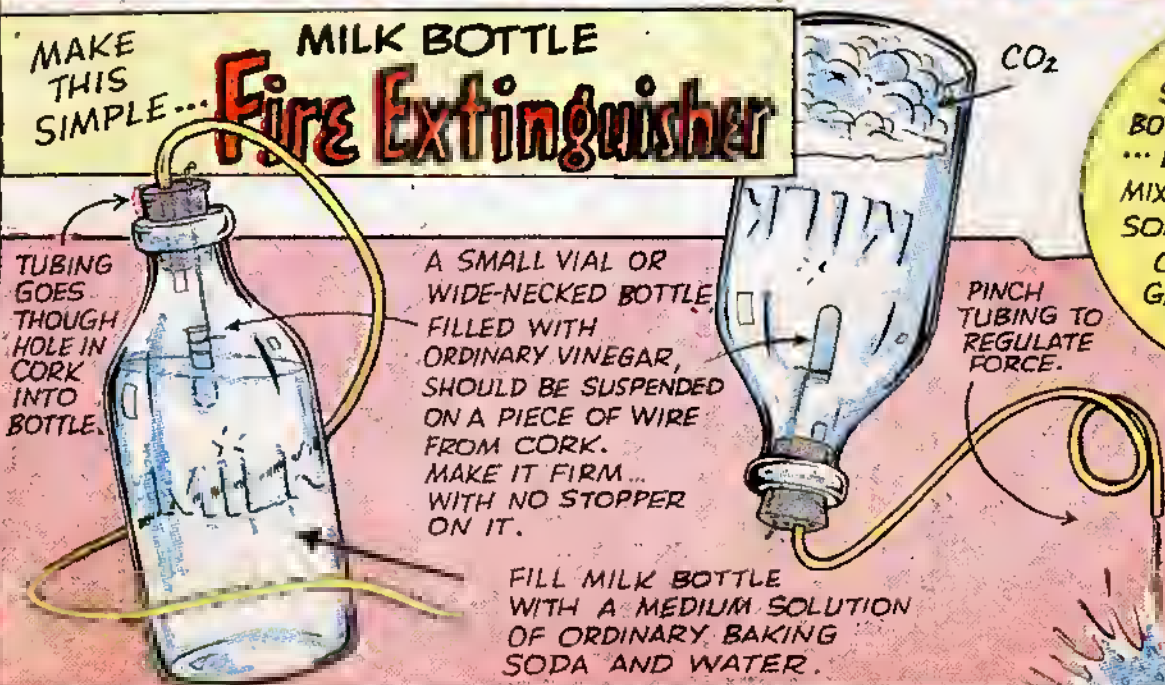
FILL MILK BOTTLE WITH A MEDIUM SOLUTION OF ORDINARY BAKING SODA AND WATER.

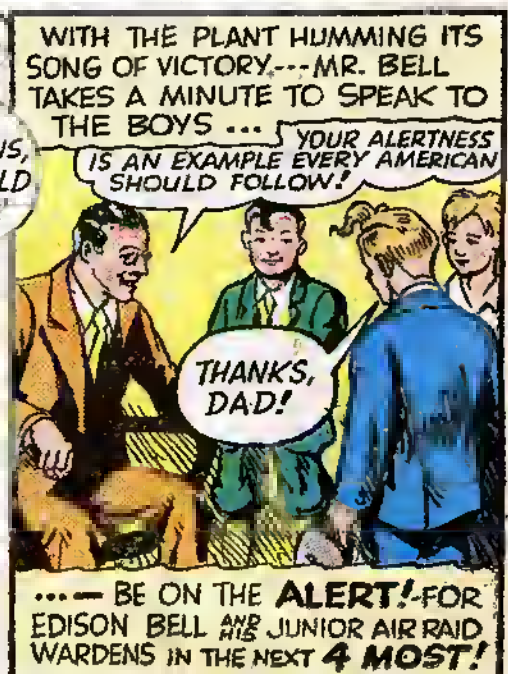
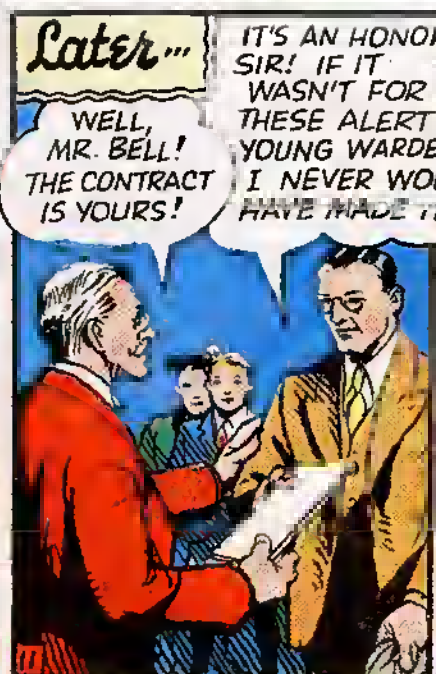
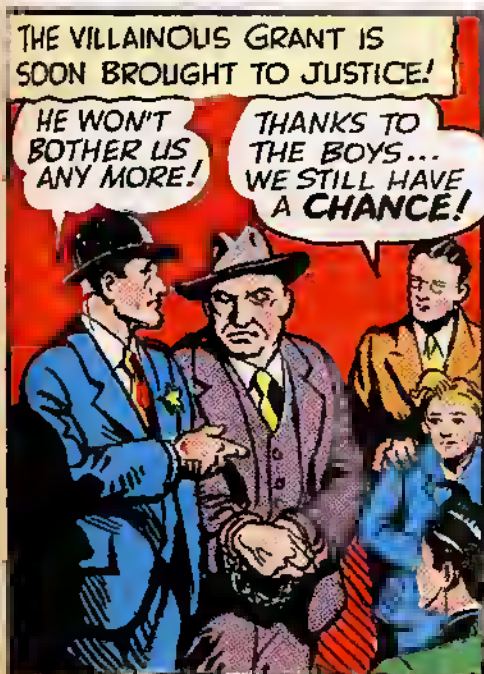
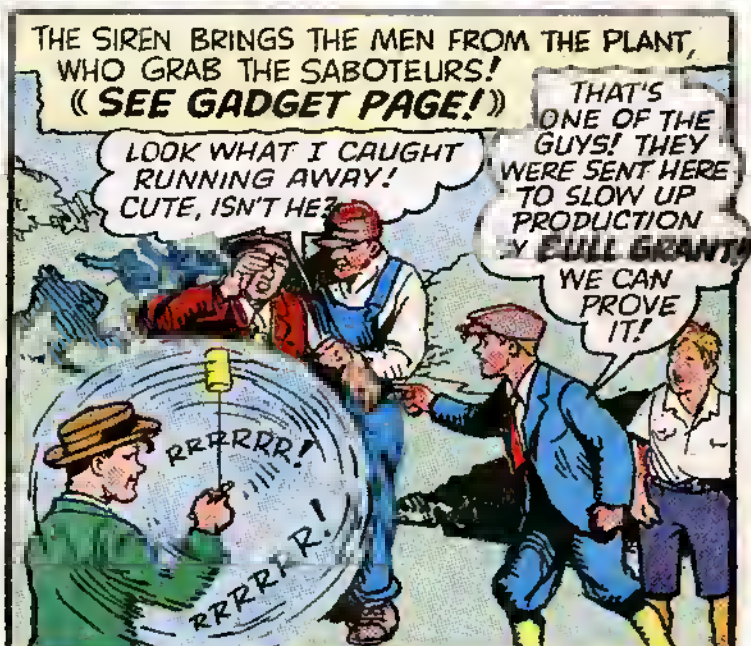
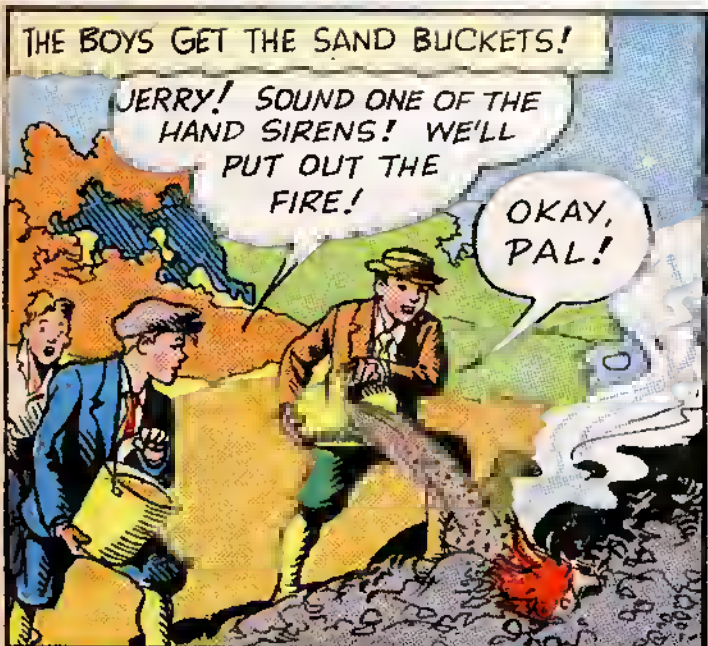
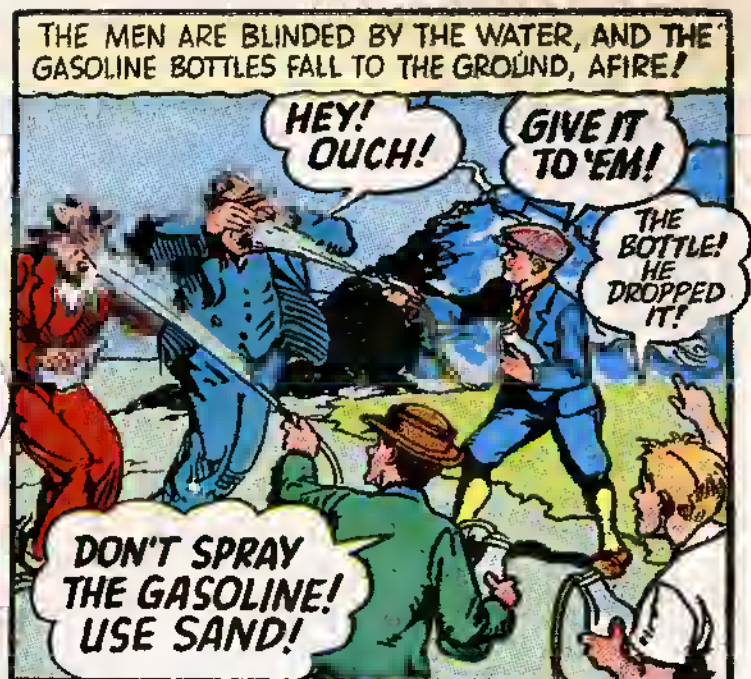
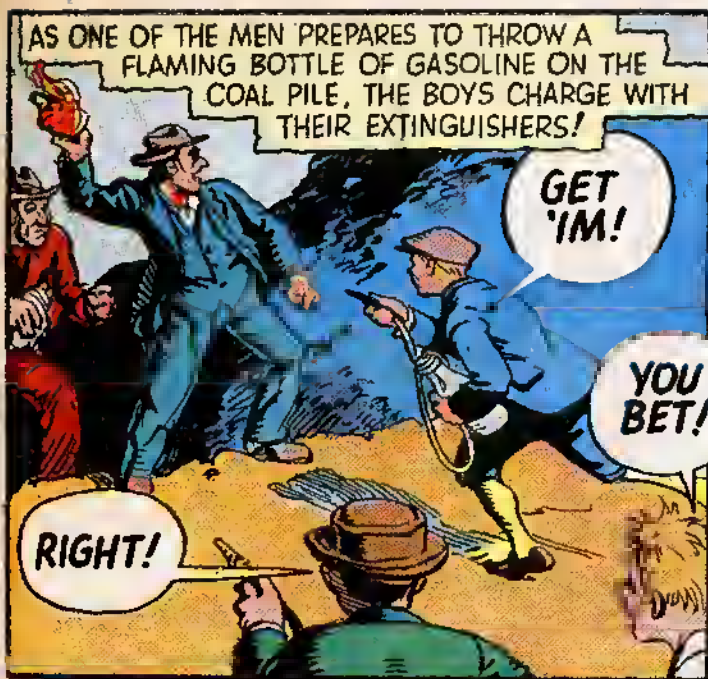
CO₂

PINCH TUBING TO REGULATE FORCE.

TO USE:
SIMPLY TURN THE BOTTLE UPSIDE DOWN ... LETTING THE VINEGAR MIX WITH THE BAKING SODA SOLUTION!
CARBON DIOXIDE GAS FORCES THE SOLUTION ONTO FIRE!

WHAT HAPPENS:
WHEN VINEGAR, A MILD ACID, MIXES WITH BAKING SODA (SODIUM BICARBONATE), A GREAT AMOUNT OF CARBON DIOXIDE IS FORMED.





Edison BELL

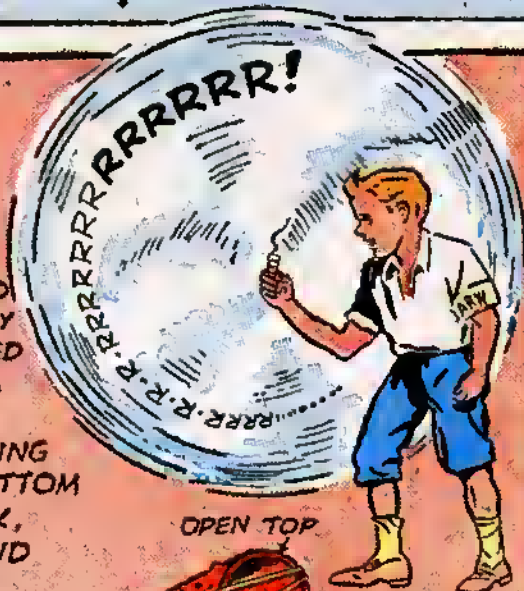
SHOWS YOU
how to make:

JUNIOR

Air Raid Wardens' General Equipment.

The HAND SIREN...

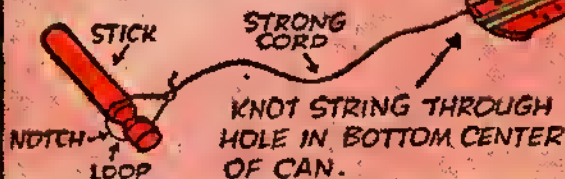
SIMPLY A MEDIUM-SIZED TIN CAN WITH ORDINARY RUBBER BANDS WRAPPED FROM TOP TO BOTTOM AROUND IT. THE TOP IS OPEN ... AND A STRING GOING FROM THE BOTTOM TO A NOTCHED STICK, WHICH YOU HOLD AND SPIN THE SIREN, COMPLETES IT!



OPEN TOP

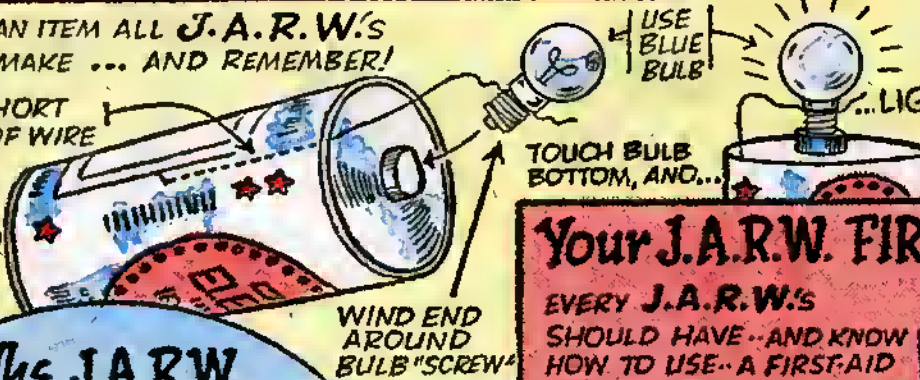
RUBBER BANDS.

USE THE SIREN FOR SIGNALLING OR CALLING PALS, BUT **NOT** DURING ACTUAL AIR RAIDS!



HERE'S AN ITEM ALL J.A.R.W.'s SHOULD MAKE ... AND REMEMBER!

INSERT SHORT LENGTH OF WIRE BETWEEN METAL SIDE AND CARDBOARD JACKET OF SMALL BATTERY.



TOUCH BULB BOTTOM, AND...

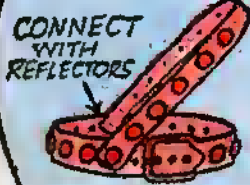
USE BLUE BULB

SIMPLE FLASHLIGHT

ALWAYS
BE ON THE
ALERT!

The J.A.R.W. BLACKOUT BELT...

HERE'S A GOOD USE FOR YOUR SMALL, RED BIKE-REFLECTORS!



SIMPLY MAKE THE BELT (WIDE) AND PUT ON THE REFLECTORS.

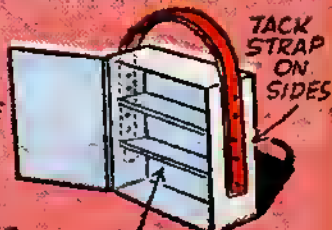
MOUNT REFLECTORS ON THE BACKS OF YOUR SHOES!

USE CLIPS

SLIP OVER SHOE TOP.

Your J.A.R.W. FIRST AID KIT...

EVERY J.A.R.W.'s SHOULD HAVE AND KNOW HOW TO USE A FIRST-AID KIT! HERE IS A KIT MADE OUT OF A CIGAR BOX ... TWO STRAPS ... A PIECE OF CANVAS ... AND A SUPPLY OF BANDAGES, ETC.



SHELVES

CUT AND GLUE TO BACK AND SIDES OF BOX, CANVAS AS SHOWN



KIT FOLDS LIKE THIS ->

KITS SHOULD CONTAIN ADHESIVE, BANDAGES, IODINE, "BURN" OINTMENT, SMALL SCISSORS, COTTON, PEROXIDE AND WHATEVER ELSE YOU DECIDE IS NECESSARY. STUDY FIRST AID AND ... REMEMBER -- IF INJURY IS SERIOUS -- SEND FOR A **DOCTOR!**

TROUBLE...COME AND GET IT!

DICK BAKER WAS new to the detective game, but he had strong ideas on the subject that were not to be denied. The chief had called him in for something important, he knew; and as he waited in the outer office he kept hoping that it would be exciting. Not every fellow just out of college had the opportunity to dash headlong into adventure!

Hawley, the head man of Eastern Detective Inc., came out and viewed the husky young man before him. "Dick, you're going out as special messenger for the Conway Bank."

Dick grinned eagerly. "You mean that I'm gonna carry the bonds?" The chief shook his head.

"No. You are going to carry an empty briefcase. We expect this shipment will be held up like the rest, and we're sending out two messengers, one with the stuff, the other a decoy—and you're it!"

"Maybe I'll be able to capture them, huh?"

"Wrong again. You'll leave the shooting up to the police. An empty case isn't that important. Likely as not the crooks will snatch the bag from your hand and make a getaway. Then the other messenger will get through without trouble." Dick looked dismayed. Ever since he had been with the company he had wanted to get his teeth in something big to prove that he was a detective, and all he got was a little job.

"Aw, chief," he said, "can't I even take a poke at 'em?" Hawley smiled at his young assistant.

"No. Not even a poke. Just stand there and look scared."

"How can I look scared if I'm not scared? For four months I've been practicing just how I'd handle a situation of this sort, and what happens—I can't even take a poke at them! Oh well, maybe they'll poke me first and I won't be able to control myself!"

"You'll control yourself, or else!"

**BY MICKEY
SPILLANE**

That night Dick sat alone in his room and thought the thing out. Everyone expected the bag to be snatched, but maybe they would take him with it. There was a way to make that happen. Every messenger had his case handcuffed to his wrist. Now, if he could do that to the dummy case, they would have no choice but to drag him along with it. It was worth trying, but he would have to be prepared. This would be where his favorite theory would come in! Smiling grimly, he set about his task.

The wind, screaming around corners, whipped his coat about him. Dick pulled his collar up and cast a look down the street. It was empty. Stepping out of the doorway, he started for the subway, the newspaper-filled brief case shackled to his wrist. It had been a tricky thing to get the cuffs, but he'd managed. He thought of the other messenger back in the office, giving him an hour's start before he left. That poor guy wouldn't have any fun!

No one was in the station at that hour except a couple of laborers. Dick stepped into the car and sat down. So far nothing was out of order—in fact, it was too quiet. He got off at his stop and took the stairs two at a time.

On the street he whistled for a cab, and then it happened! Something hard pressed into his back and a hand grabbed for the briefcase.

"It's chained to him," a voice sneered. Dick chanced a look over his shoulder. They were the two laborers!

"Okeh," the other one said, "we'll take him along with it and cut it off his hand. We can dump him in the river later." Dick felt cold chills run along his spine at this. Maybe his idea wasn't so good after all. But it was too late now! The cab pulled up and they all got in. The mug with the gun looked at Dick.

"One word outa you and you'll get bumped right here." Dick had no intention of saying anything after that. They rode in silence to a deserted uptown section, then changed cabs to an even more foreboding looking district. They were an unusual looking trio, but no one seemed to notice. At that hour of the morning the streets were still deserted. They got out in front of an old warehouse, and Dick was prodded inside. Down a flight of stairs they went into the basement. So this was where the gang hung out! From the looks of the place it was a small fortress. The gun nudged, and Dick stepped into the room.

NEVER HAD HE SEEN such an evil looking person. The crook sat behind a desk, a devilish glitter in his eyes. "Frisk him!" Expert hands went over his body. The guy pulled his gun out of a side pocket.

"He's clean now. How're ya gonna get the case off his hand?"

"Get a knife, I'll show you." For one wild instant Dick

Double Trouble Is This Detective's Meat!

thought his hand would come off, but the gangster cut around the handle and it dropped free. "Now tie this guy up. Later we can give him the works. Right now we have to duck the bonds." A rope went around him, tying his hands behind him and his feet together. Then he was kicked into a corner.

Dick tried hard to conceal a smile, but the corners of his mouth twitched anyway. He had expected just this standard method of rope tying. A little rat-faced guy caught the smirk. "Think it's funny, eh? You won't when we get done with ya! An' don't bother hollering for help, either. This place is sound-proof!" The crook went back to the rest and began filling a leather bag with bank notes. Finally, each one of the gang grabbed a grip and filed out.

When the last man left, Dick got busy. Behind him, sewed into his pants under his belt was a razor blade. He had planted it there so that if his hands were tied behind him he could get it out and cut his bonds. He worked it free and sawed at the ropes. In no time he had them off and stretched himself. Then he pulled up the leg of his pants. Strapped to his leg was a small .25 automatic. Without wasting time he crept to the door and looked about. Good. The crooks, believing him helpless, left no guard.

There was a light coming from under the door at the top of the stairs, and a mumble of voices inside pointed out where the mob was gathered. Everything was coming along fine. In his pocket was an assortment of gadgets. Dick took out a long piece of cord. He tied this to a round ball on the end of a piece of wire, and thumb-tacked the other end to the door. When he pulled the string this little gadget would rap on the panel. He smiled to himself. This was a hangover from his old halloween tricks.

Silently he made his way to the window, unraveling the string behind him. There was a ledge outside, and he stood on that. The slightest noise now and he would be caught! He inched forward, until minutes later he was in front of the office window. By crouching down he could see under the shade, and he almost shouted with glee. Seated inside was the whole crew, pawing over a bundle of bills and bonds gathered in other robberies!

Now was the time. Dick pulled on the string. Every head turned, startled. Guns came out fast. The crooks must have had a prearranged signal, and this wasn't it. They exchanged anxious glances and slid towards the door, ready to shoot. The leader raised his gun. "Who is it?" Dick yanked on the string again. They were really jittery inside. A volley of shots blasted through the door, ripping a hole in the panel big enough to stick an apple through. He gave the string a couple more tugs, then, with a solid yank, pulled the rapper off the door.

They were all facing the door expecting a charge from outside. Dick worked his fingers under the window, and it moved up noiselessly. He stepped in, gun leveled at the backs of the gang. "O.K., boys, drop the cannons." There was an amazed gasp, and guns dropped to the floor. The leader turned.

"You! How did you get here?" "Flew. Now get your hands up—high!" Someone made a quick move and Dick half turned. That was the last he saw, for a vase caught him in the head and he dropped. When he came to he was tied even tighter than before. In front of him with a gun out was a guard, otherwise the room was empty. A short guy went past the door with a sack. They were getting ready to leave town: it was now or never, and he was prepared!

SLOWLY HE RAISED his leg until it pointed at the guard. His foot pointed out and a finger of flame spat from his pants leg. The guard doubled and fell over. His hand went to the razor blade, snatched it out and cut the ropes. Feet were dashing up the stairs. Dick scooped up the guard's gun and ran to the corridor.

Near by a closet door stood open, and he jumped in. As the first guy went past a clubbed gun-butt clipped him behind the ear, and he went into the closet. The same thing happened to the next three. He had them all in there but one—the leader! They lay colder than mackerel, piled up like potato sacks. They'd be out a few hours, at least. Dick stuck his head out. Deserted.

A faint creak of the stairs came to him. He waited until the person reached the top, then in a mad dive raced down the hall and hit the figure in a vicious flying tackle. The leader's head cracked the floor and was still. Dick lost no time disarming him and tossing him with the rest in the closet. Two desks and an iron trunk made the door secure. He went into the office and dialed the phone.

Hawley held out his hand. "You did fine, Dick, a first class piece of detective work. We ought to make the pistols-in-the-pant's-leg gag part of our equipment."

Dick grinned. "It's too bad it was all over a dummy case though, I would have felt better if I really carried the stuff."

"You would have, eh?" Hawley said, "Well, the joke is—You did! The cases got switched in the office somehow and the bonds were with you all the time! A swell detective agency we would have turned out to be if it hadn't been for you!"

THE END

THE TARGET and the

TARGETEERS



WICKED MAGICIAN CROSSES
SWORDS WITH THE FEARLESS
TARGET AND THE TARGETEERS,
AND HIS DOWNFALL IS BROUGHT
ABOUT BY THE POWER AND
MIGHT OF THE COURAGEOUS TRIO!



Introducing
the **TINY**
TARGETS!



NILES REED, TOM BROWN AND DAVE FOSTER, THE TARGET AND THE TARGETEERS, HAVE BEEN INVITED TO THE COMING-OUT PARTY OF THE YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL DEBUTANTE, FLORIA GILLDANDERSPILL.

A SHORT WHILE LATER ...



I'M SO GLAD YOU COULD COME, NILES, AND YOU TOO, TOM, AND DAVE.

WE'RE GLAD TO BE HERE FLORIA.

BOY, YOU SAID IT!



FLORIA, I THOUGHT THAT CHINESE MAGICIAN, WON TORPEE, WAS TO BE HERE!

HE WAS, NILES, BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO HIM!

MISS GILLDANDERSPILL IS CALLED AWAY BY A BUTLER ...



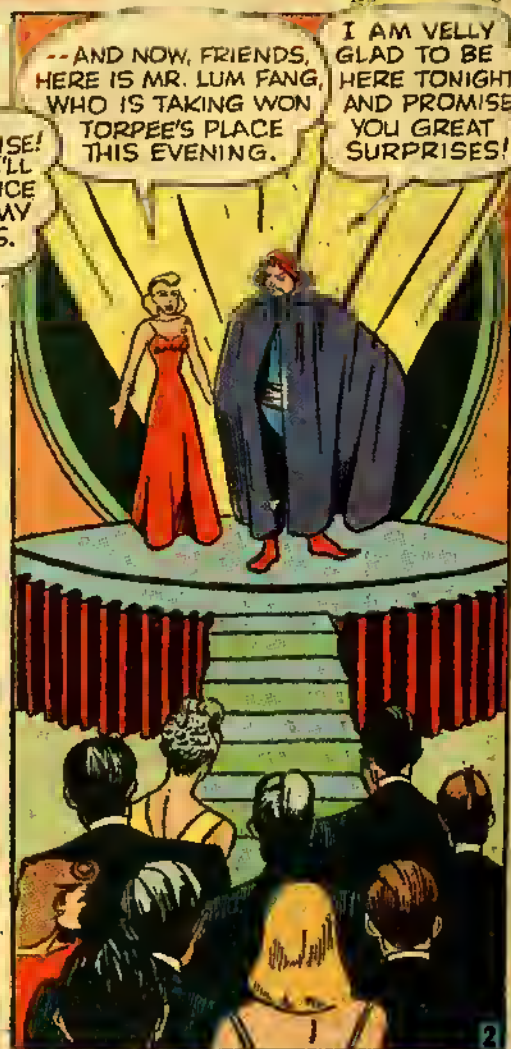
PARDON ME, MISS FLORIA, BUT THERE'S AN ORIENTAL HERE -- LUM FANG. HE SAYS HE IS TAKING WON TORPEE'S PLACE BECAUSE WON TORPEE IS ILL.

WELL, SEND HIM UP, RAYMOND!



I AM INDEED GRATEFUL THAT MY HUMBLE PERSON CAN CONTRIBUTE TO THE JOY OF ONE SO CHARMING AS YOU, MISS GILLDANDERSPILL.

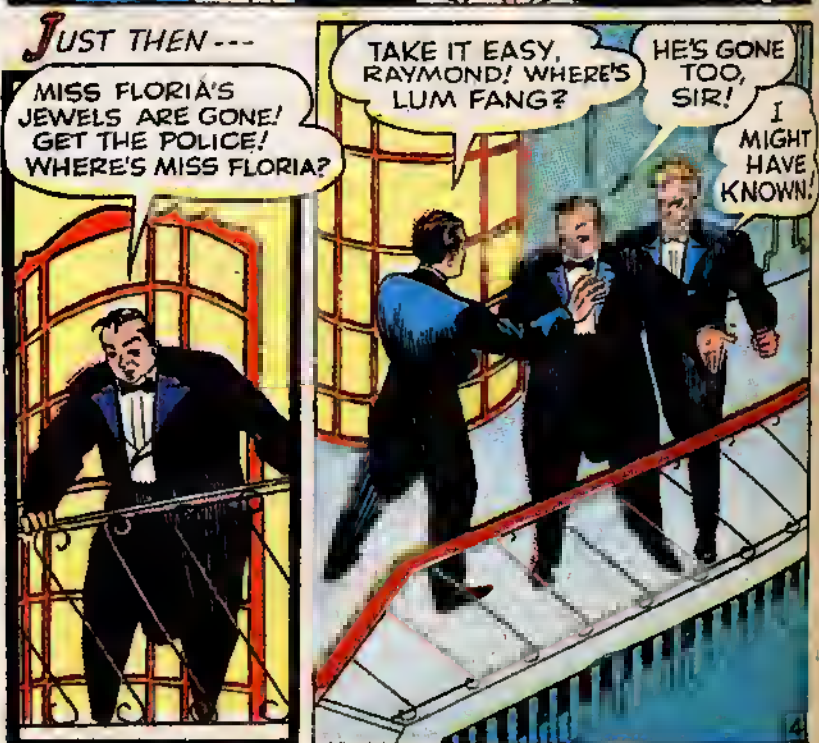
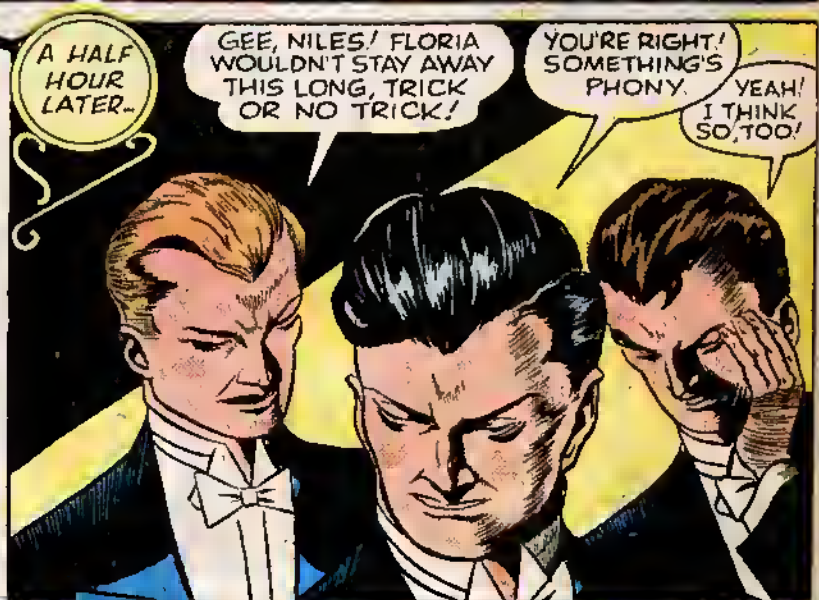
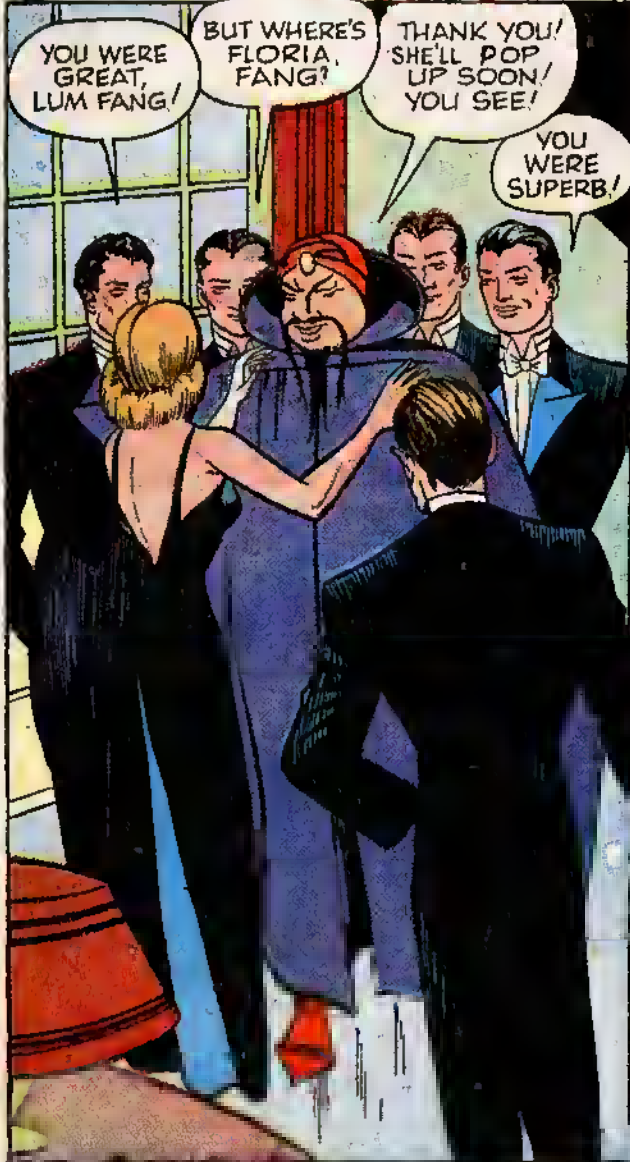
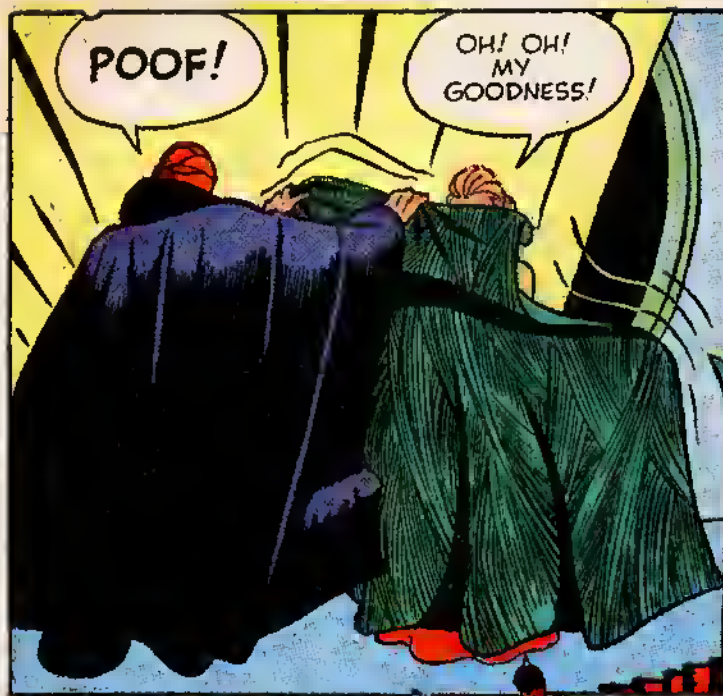
NONSENSE! COME, I'LL INTRODUCE YOU TO MY GUESTS.

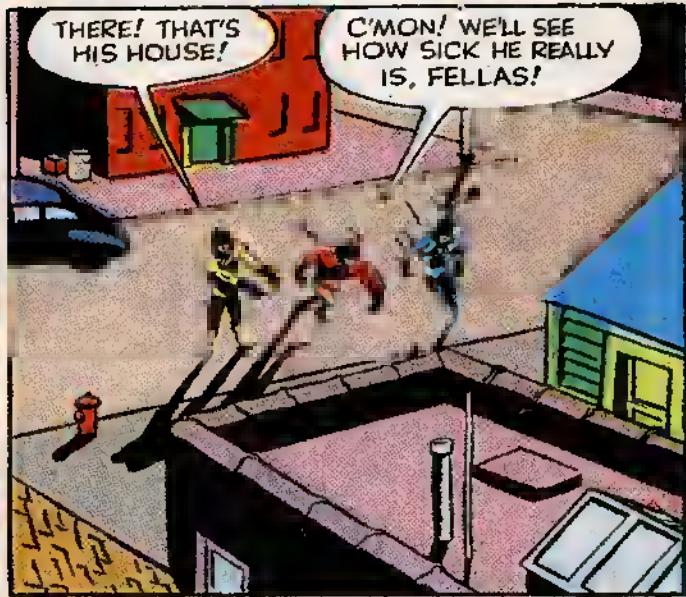


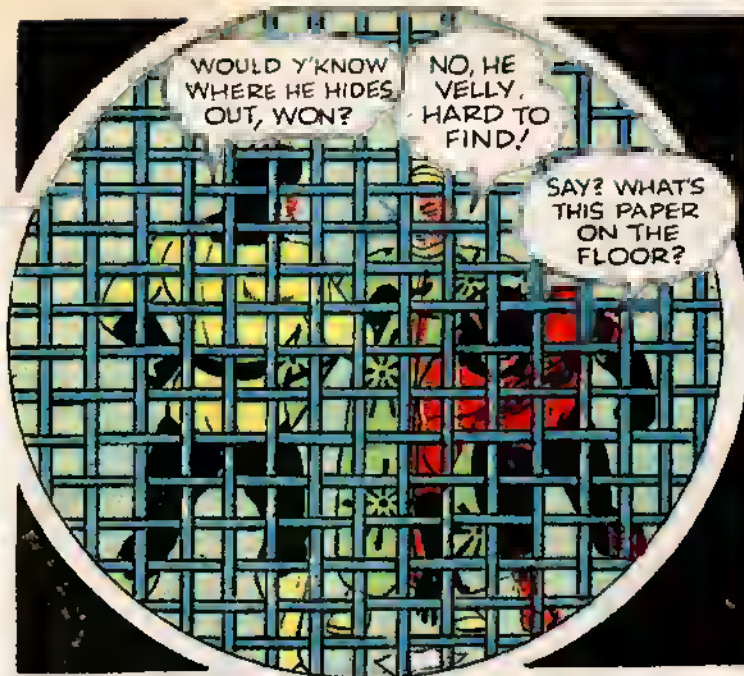
-- AND NOW, FRIENDS, HERE IS MR. LUM FANG, WHO IS TAKING WON TORPEE'S PLACE THIS EVENING.

I AM VELLY GLAD TO BE HERE TONIGHT, AND PROMISE YOU GREAT SURPRISES!









WOULD Y'KNOW
WHERE HE HIDES
OUT, WON?

NO, HE
VELLY,
HARD TO
FIND!

SAY? WHAT'S
THIS PAPER
ON THE
FLOOR?



HMMMM, A
CHECK FOR
HAMBURGERS!

SIX OF 'EM!
SOMEONE
SURE LIKES
HAMBURGERS!



YES! YES! ME KNOW
NOW! TOGO MARU HE
CRAZY FOR HAM-
BURGER SANDWICHES!
OH, THEY HIS ONE
WEAKNESS!



WELL, I GUESS
HE DOESN'T FEEL
LIKE EATING
HAMBURGERS
TONIGHT!

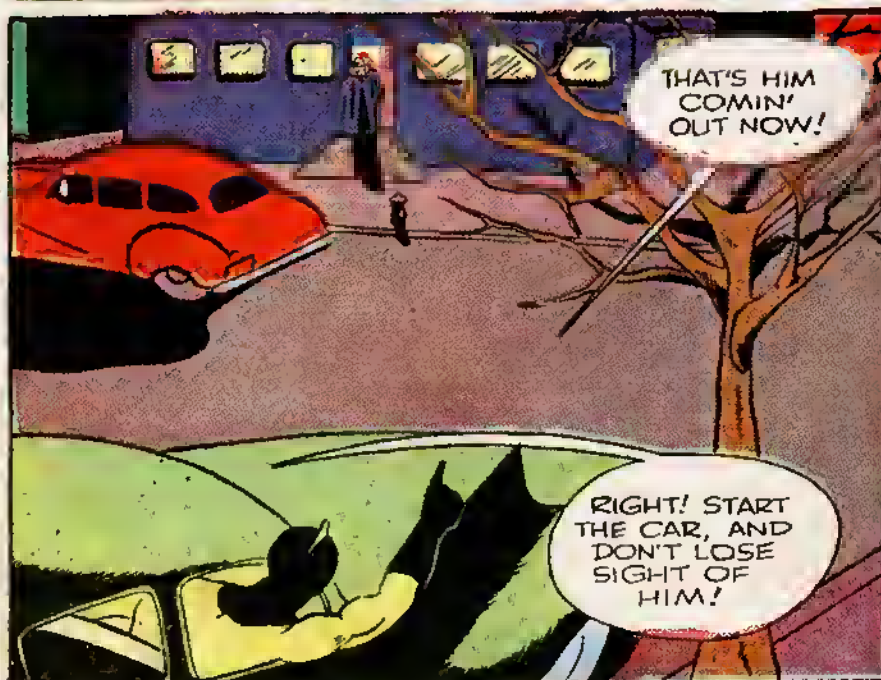
WE'LL WAIT
TILL HE
COMES, EVEN
IF IT TAKES
DAYS!



TWO DAYS OF TIRELESS VIGIL BRING NO RESULTS -- BUT, ON THE THIRD NIGHT ...

DAT HIM! DAT
TOGO MARU NOW,
TARGET!

YOU'RE RIGHT!
WE'LL TAIL
HIM WHEN HE
COMES OUT!

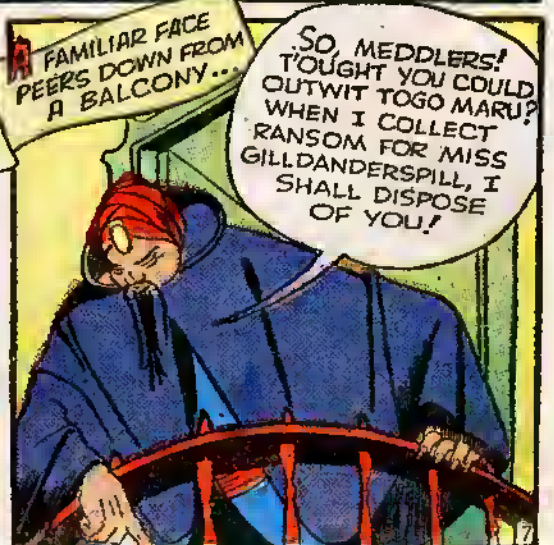
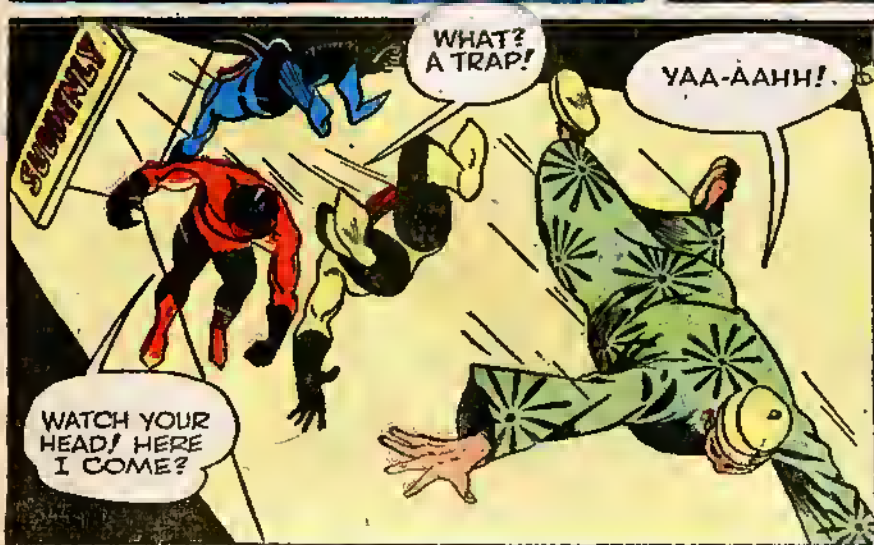
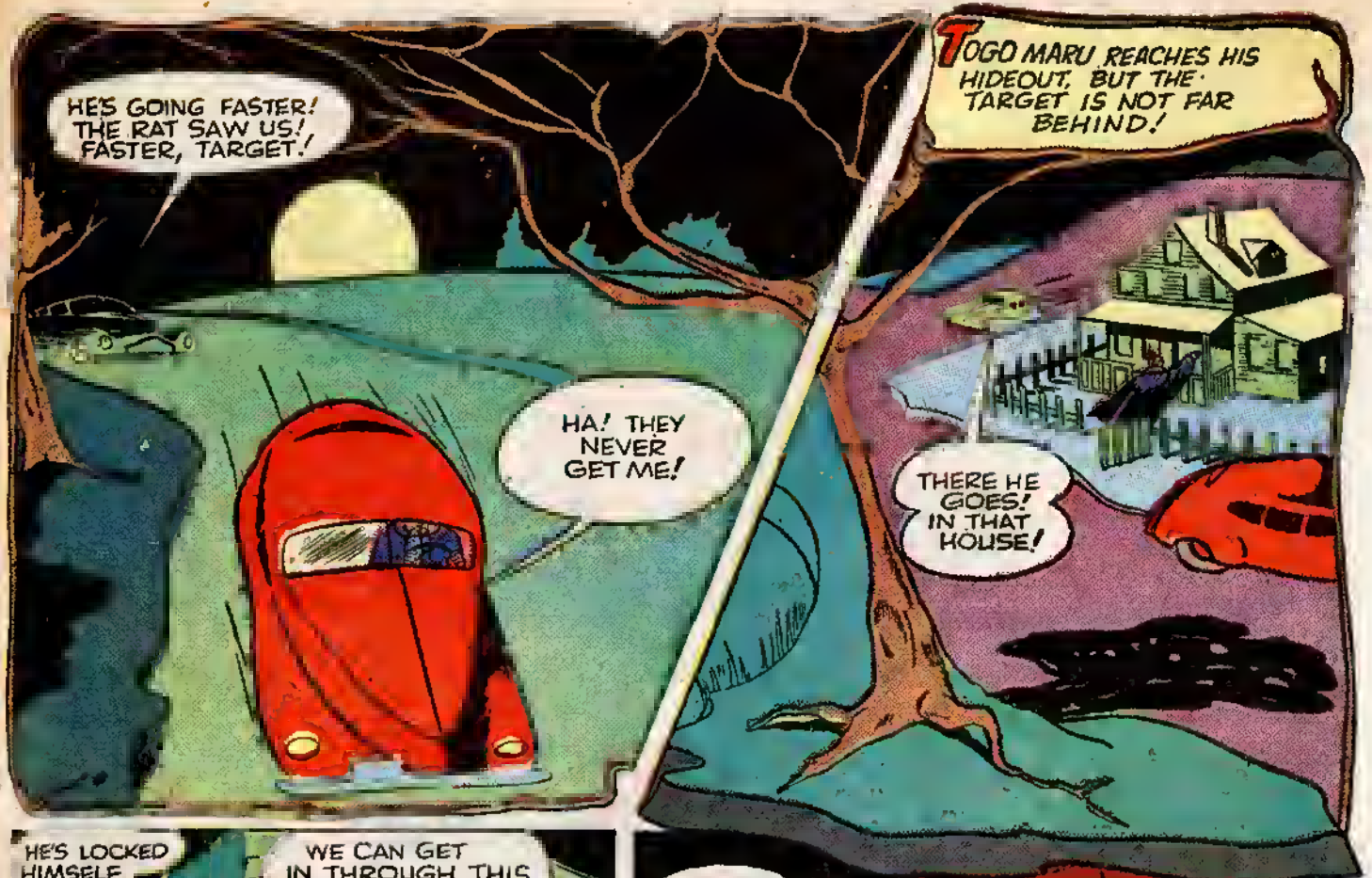


THAT'S HIM
COMIN'
OUT NOW!

RIGHT! START
THE CAR, AND
DON'T LOSE
SIGHT OF
HIM!



HO! LO! WHAT THIS?
I'M BEING FOLLOWED!
HMMMM, THAT BAD!



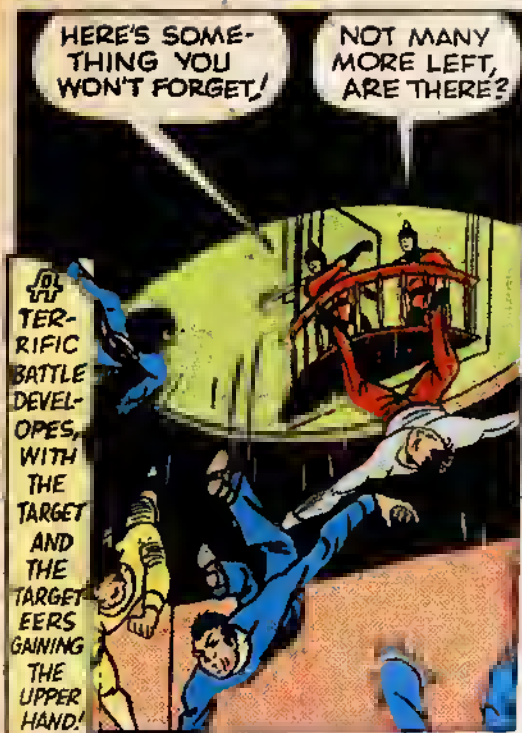


UP CLIMBS THE GROUP ON THE STRONG SILKEN CORD LASSED TO THE BALCONY, WHILE ANOTHER CORD HOLDS TOGO MARU NEAR THE BALCONY FOR THE ONCOMING TRIO!



NILES! WOW! A WHOLE MOB! HIS GANG!



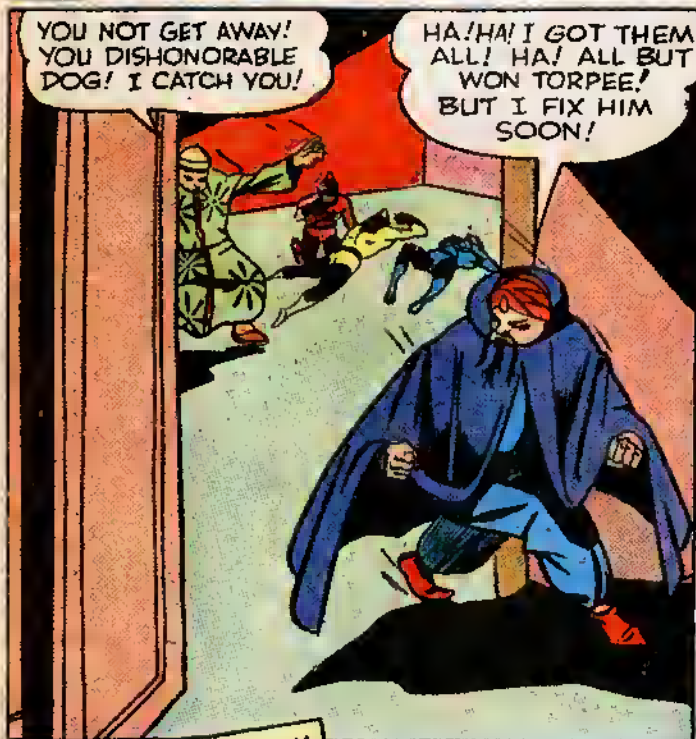


FOR
TERRIFIC
BATTLE
DEVELOPES,
WITH
THE
TARGET
AND
THE
TARGET
EERS
GAINING
THE
UPPER
HAND!

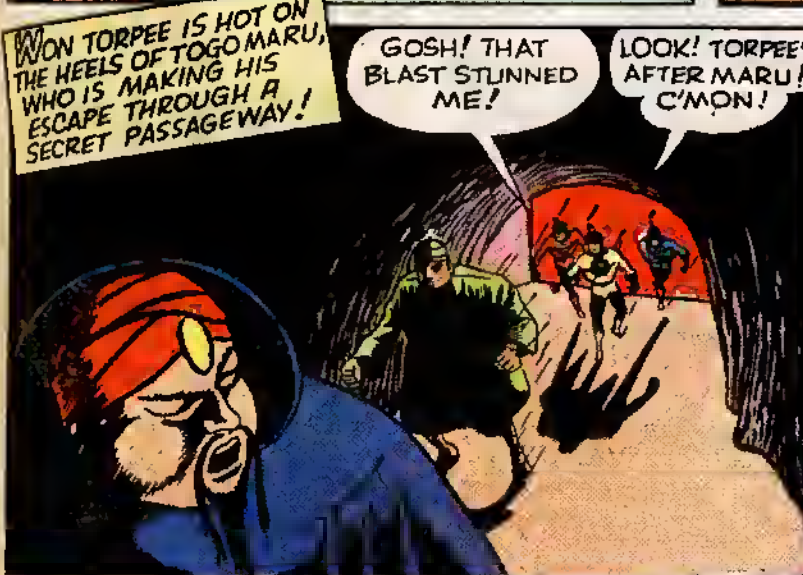
TOGO MARU HAS CREPT,
UNNOTICED, TO A CORNER
OF THE ROOM...



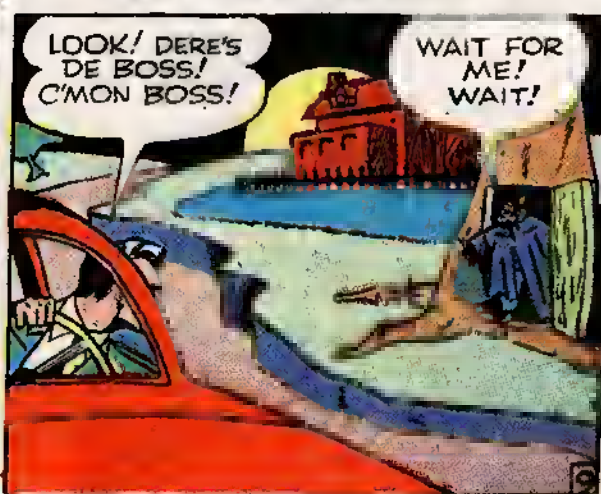
A BLAST ROCKS
THE ROOM!...



WON TORPEE IS HOT ON
THE HEELS OF TOGO MARU,
WHO IS MAKING HIS
ESCAPE THROUGH A
SECRET PASSAGEWAY!

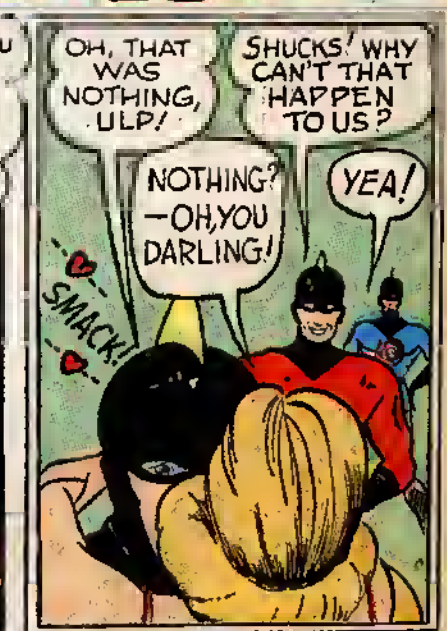
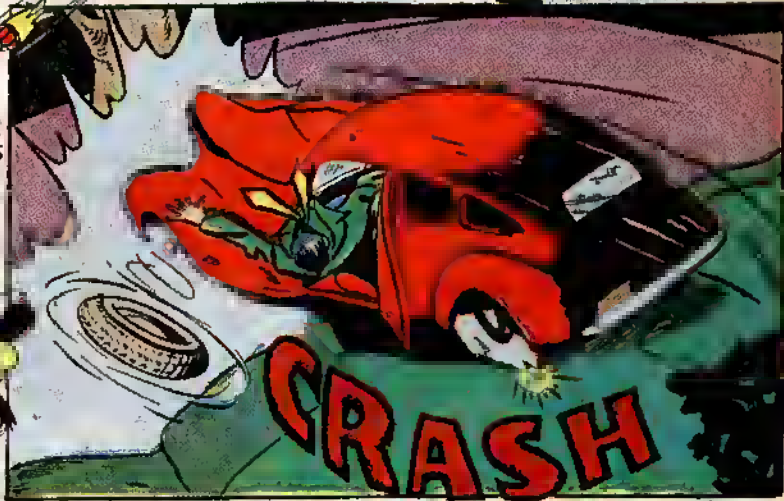


○ OUTSIDE, THE TWO HENCHMEN ARE
ABOUT TO SPEED AWAY!



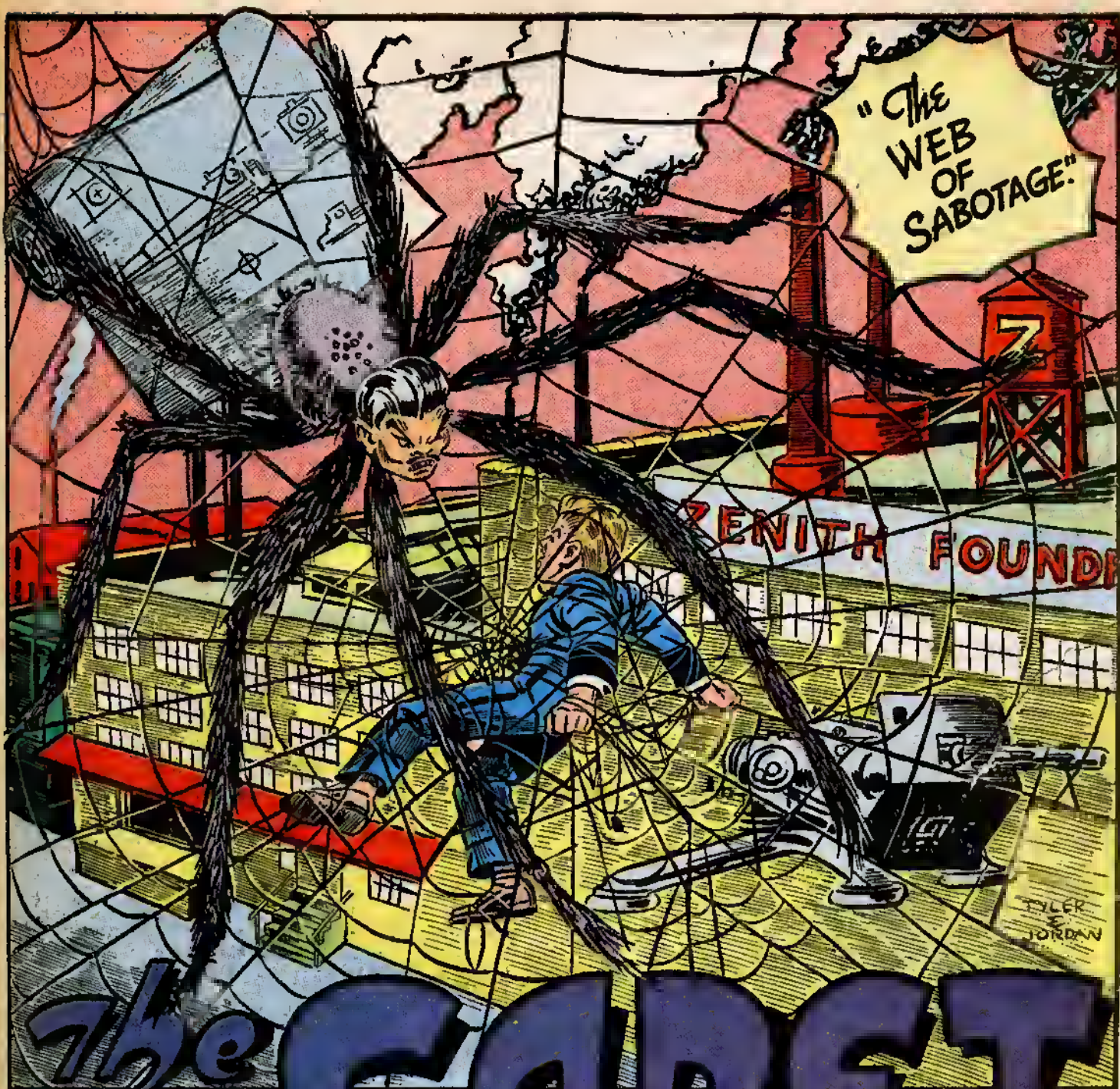


THE
CAR,
OUT OF
CONTROL,
CRASHES
INTO
A
TREE



ANOTHER THRILLING
TARGET ADVENTURE
IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF

4 MOST



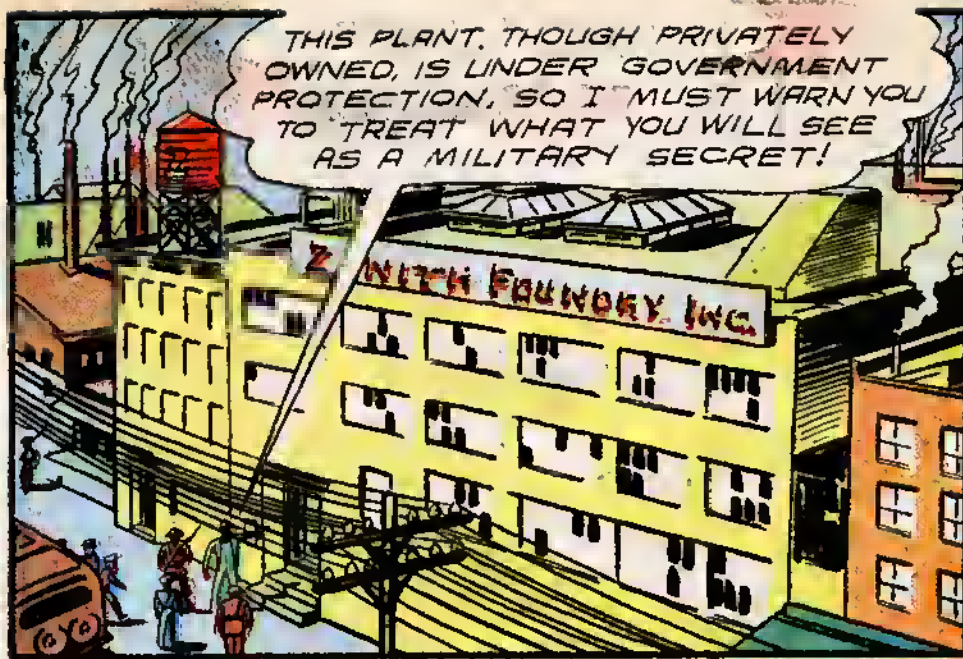
Featuring
KIT CARTER

WHEN THE CADET PLUNGED INTO A WEB OF MYSTERY AND INTRIGUE... HE FOUND HIMSELF ENMESHED IN A NET OF ESPIONAGE AND SABOTAGE WOVEN BY FOREIGN AGENTS, AND HAD TO CALL UPON ALL HIS CUNNING AND DARING TO FREE HIMSELF!

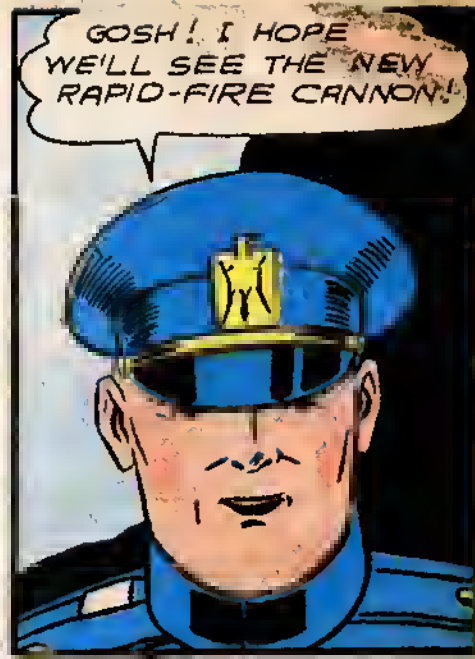
AT DAUNTON MILITARY ACADEMY...

I HAVE JUST RECEIVED PERMISSION FOR YOU, AS DAUNTON'S HONOR CADETS, TO VISIT THE ZENITH CANNON WORKS. THIS IS MR. FLETCHER, MANAGER, WHO WILL GUIDE YOU THROUGH THE PLANT!

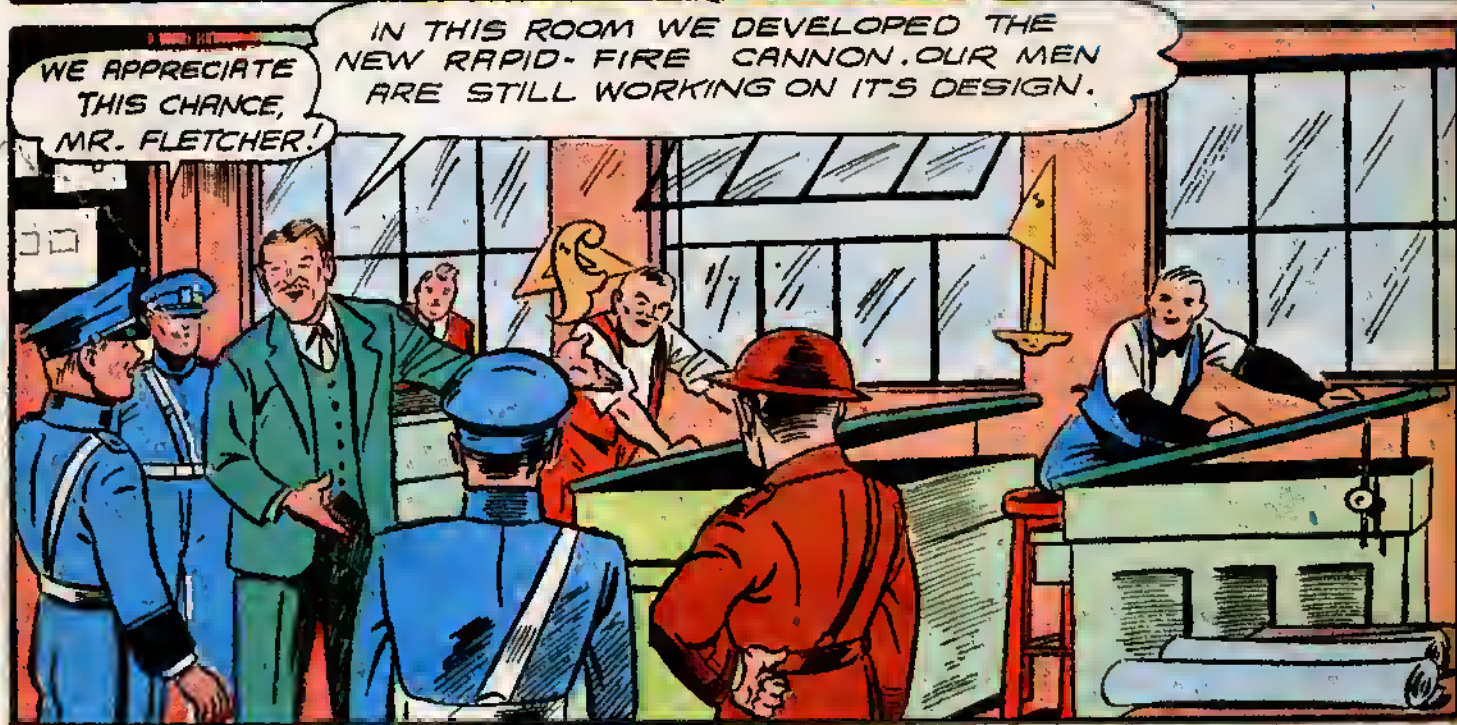




THIS PLANT, THOUGH PRIVATELY OWNED, IS UNDER GOVERNMENT PROTECTION, SO I MUST WARN YOU TO TREAT WHAT YOU WILL SEE AS A MILITARY SECRET!



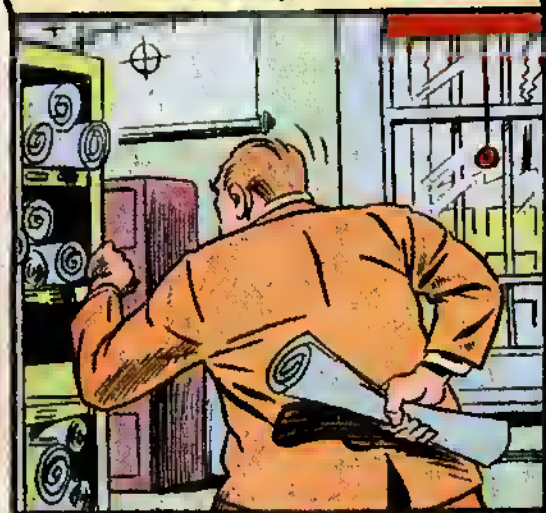
GOSH! I HOPE WE'LL SEE THE NEW RAPID-FIRE CANNON!



WE APPRECIATE THIS CHANCE, MR. FLETCHER!

IN THIS ROOM WE DEVELOPED THE NEW RAPID-FIRE CANNON. OUR MEN ARE STILL WORKING ON ITS DESIGN.

WHILE ATTENTION IS ON THE CADETS, ONE WORKER SNATCHES AN IMPORTANT BLUEPRINT...



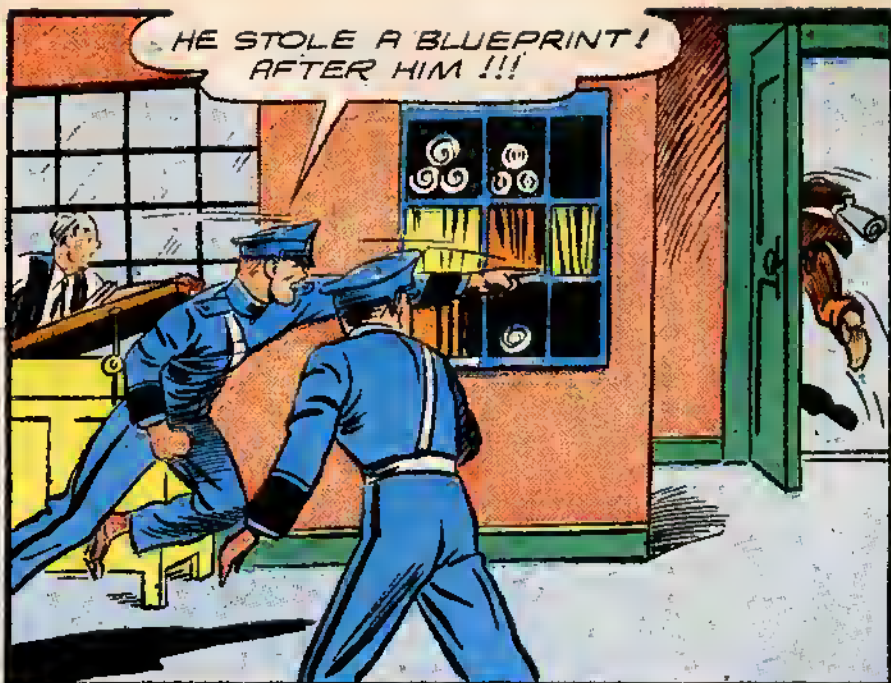
KIT, EVER ON THE ALERT, SEES THIS!



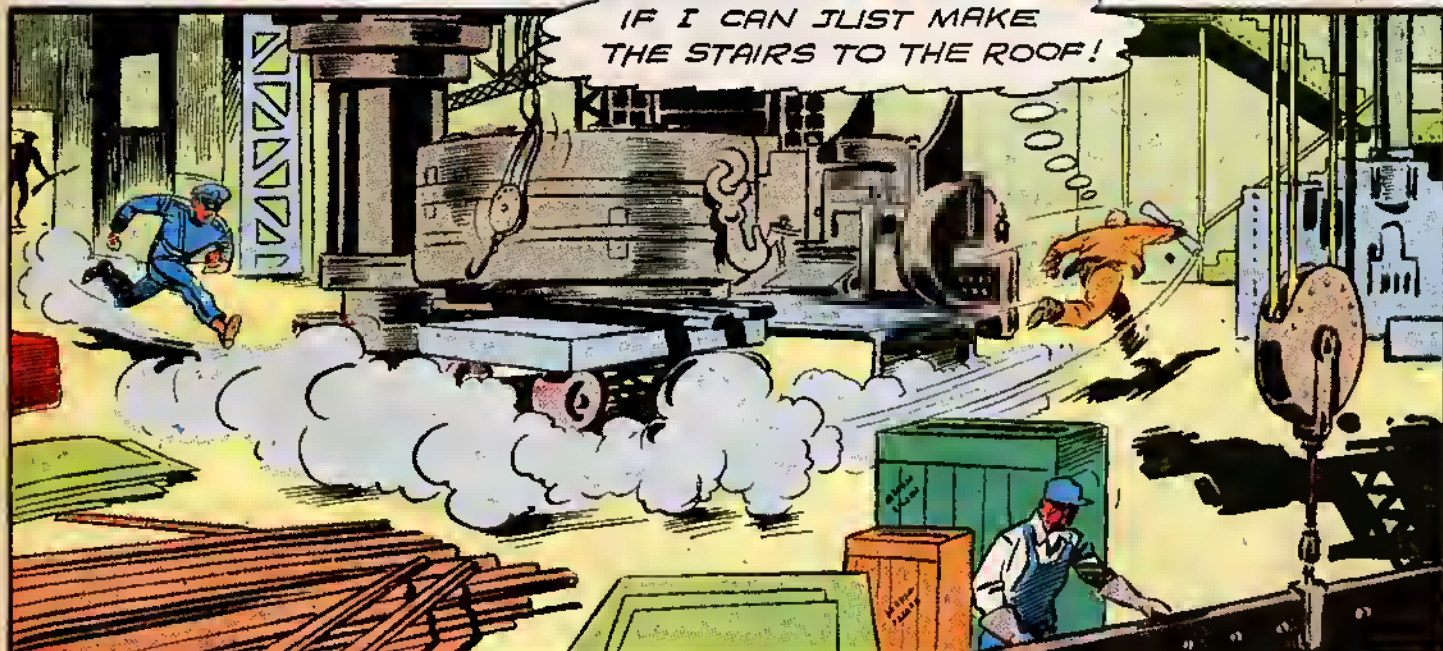
STOP THAT MAN!
...OOPS...



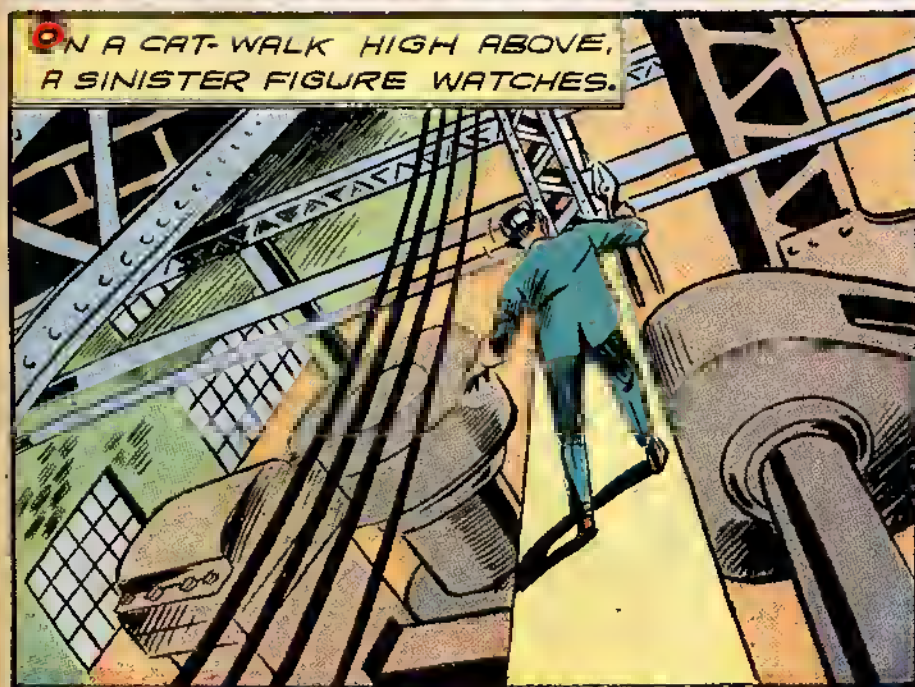
TWEE-E-E
TWEE-E-E
TWE-E-E



HE STOLE A BLUEPRINT!
AFTER HIM !!!



IF I CAN JUST MAKE
THE STAIRS TO THE ROOF!

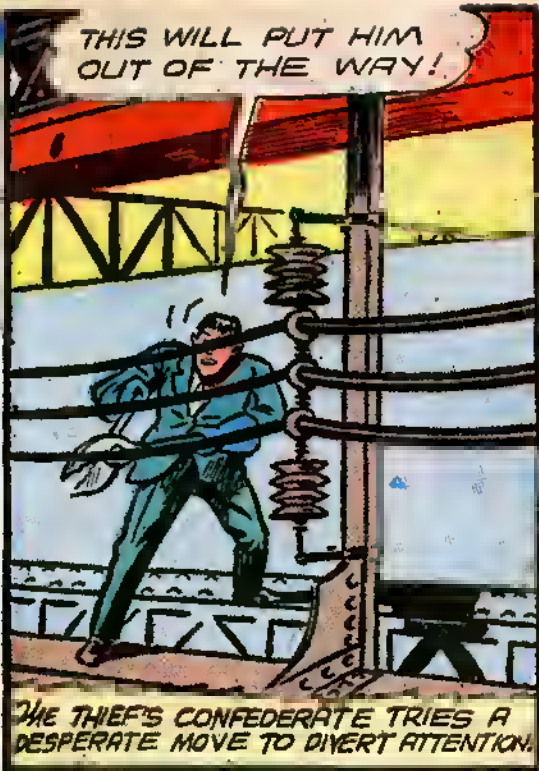


ON A CAT-WALK HIGH ABOVE,
A SINISTER FIGURE WATCHES.



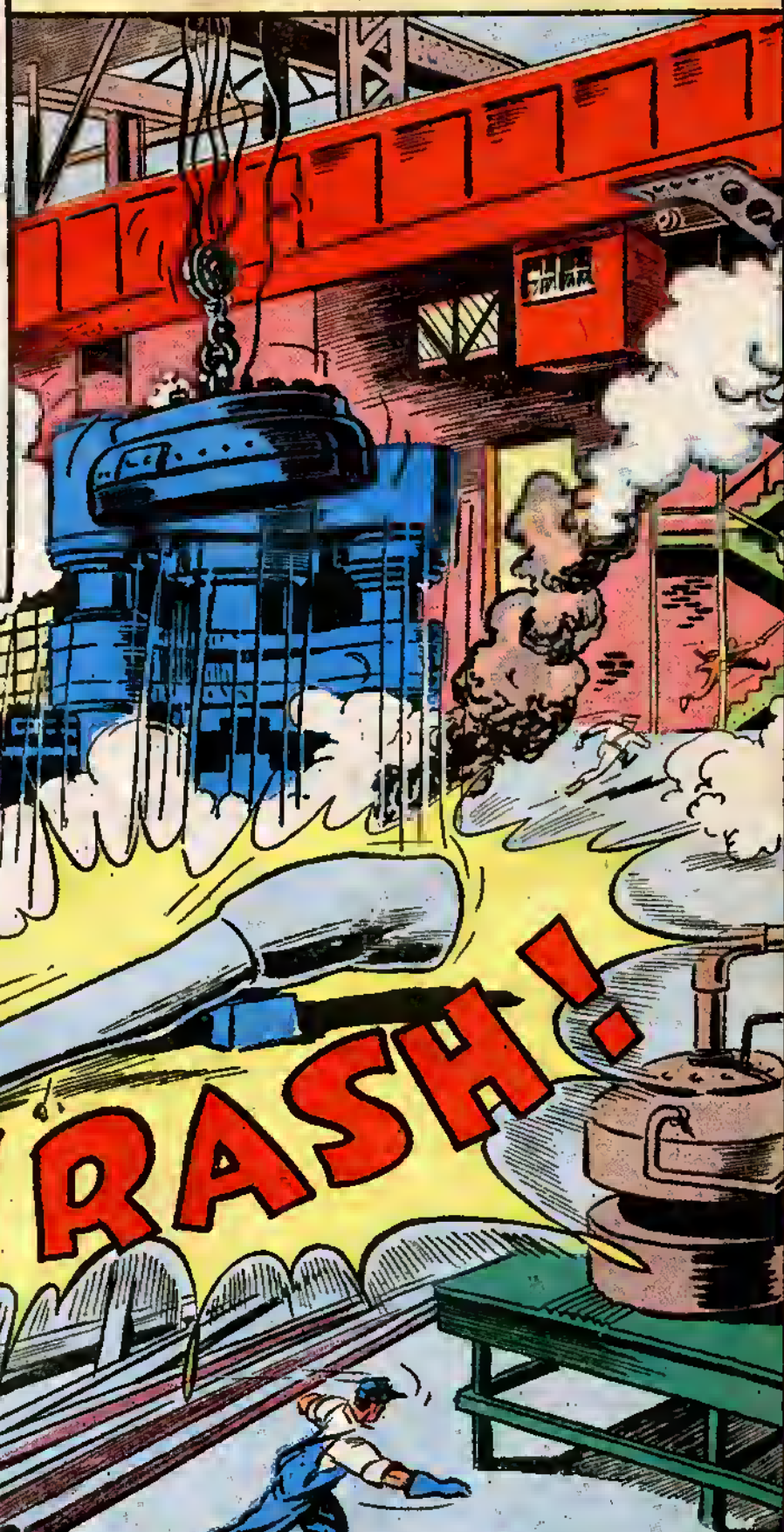
THAT CADET IS
FAST! I MUST
STOP HIM!

THIS WILL PUT HIM
OUT OF THE WAY!



THE THIEF'S CONFEDERATE TRIES A
DESPERATE MOVE TO DIVERT ATTENTION.

THE CURRENT BROKEN, THE ELECTRO-MAG-
NET CRANE RELEASES A HUGE CANNON BAR-
REL. CRASHING DOWN, IT NARROWLY MISSES KIT!



CRASH!

IN SPITE OF THE
COMMOTION CAUSED BY
THE CONFEDERATE, KIT
KEEPS PACE WITH
THE ESCAPING THIEF!

GO BACK, YA FOOL,
OR I'LL LET YA
HAVE IT!

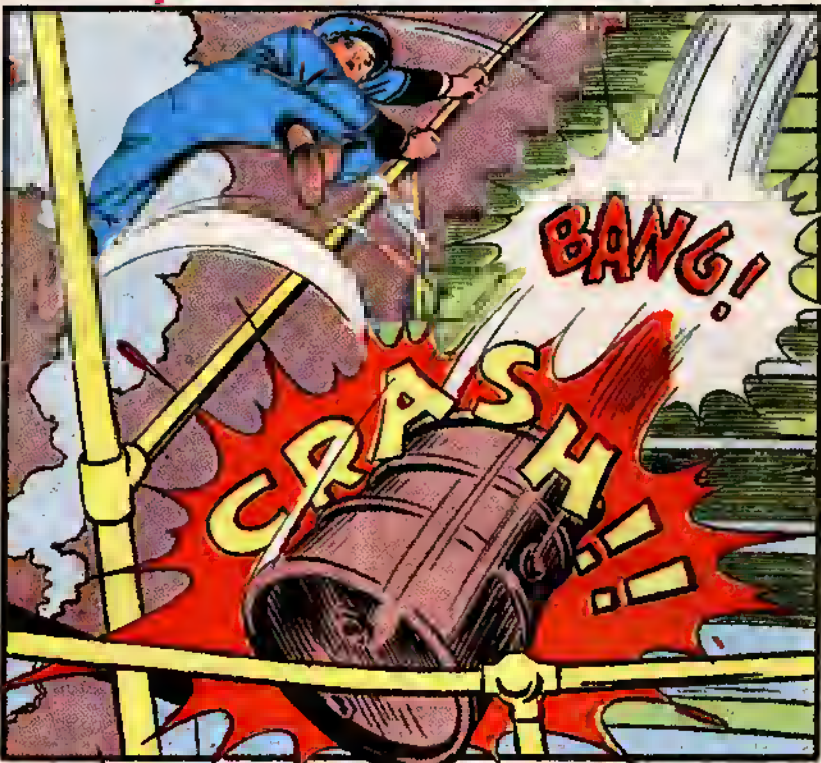


TRY
TO STOP
ME!



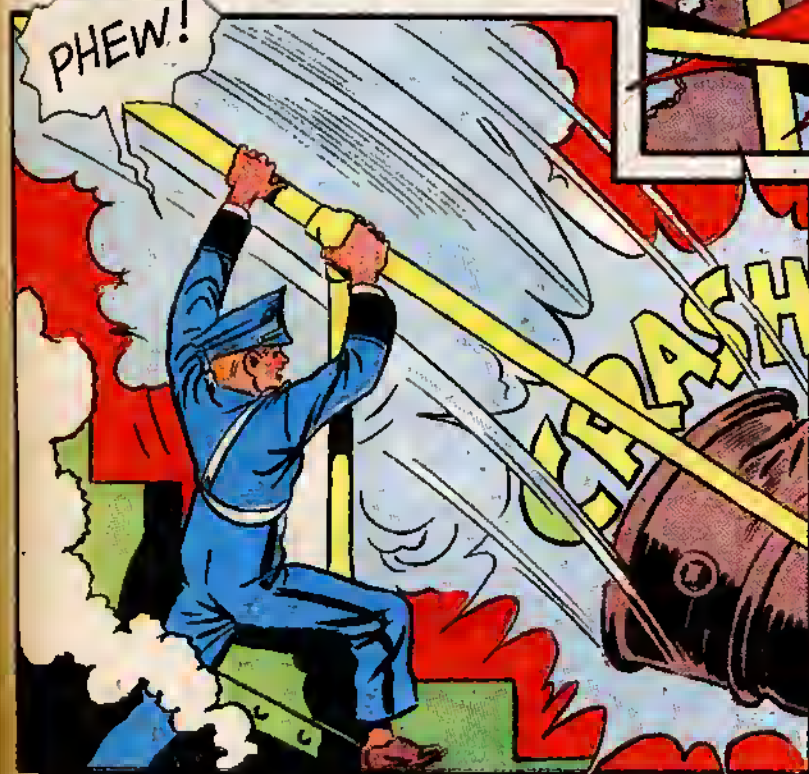
BANG!

CRASH!

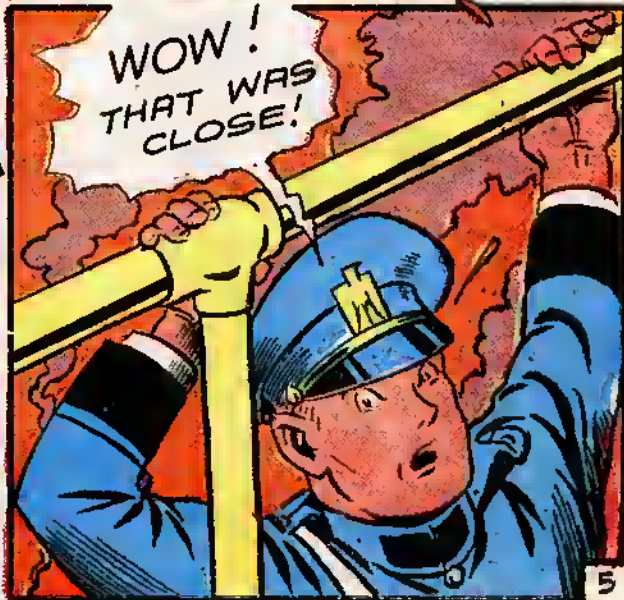


PHEW!

CRASH

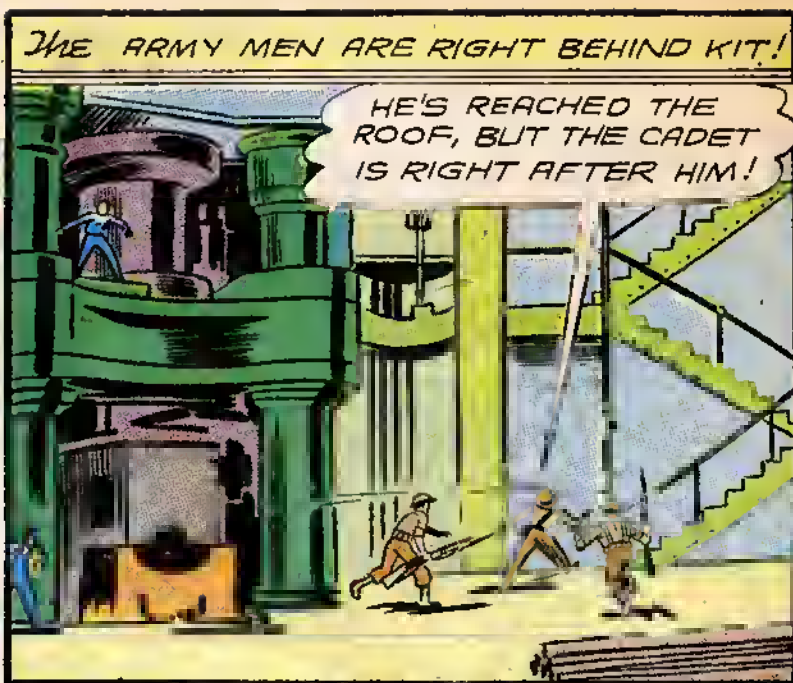


WOW!
THAT WAS
CLOSE!

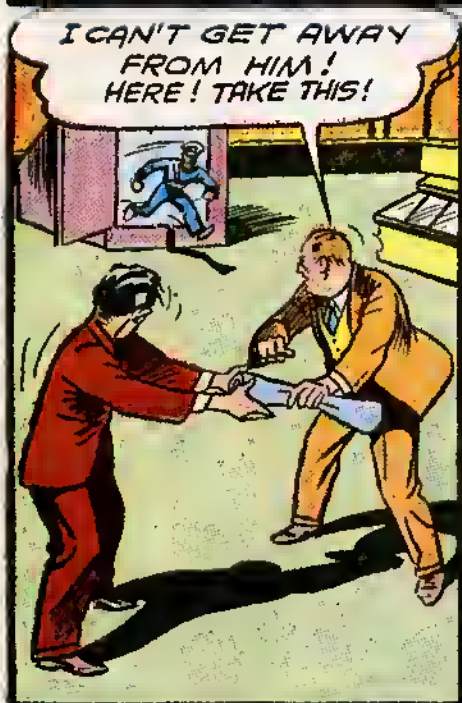




I'LL CATCH HIM
BY THE TIME HE
REACHES THE
ROOF!



THE ARMY MEN ARE RIGHT BEHIND KIT!
HE'S REACHED THE
ROOF, BUT THE CADET
IS RIGHT AFTER HIM!



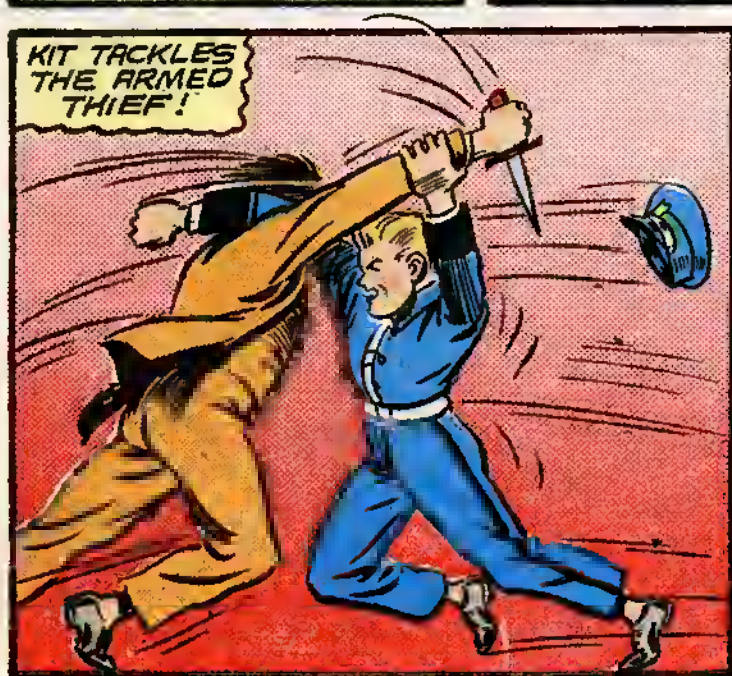
I CAN'T GET AWAY
FROM HIM!
HERE! TAKE THIS!



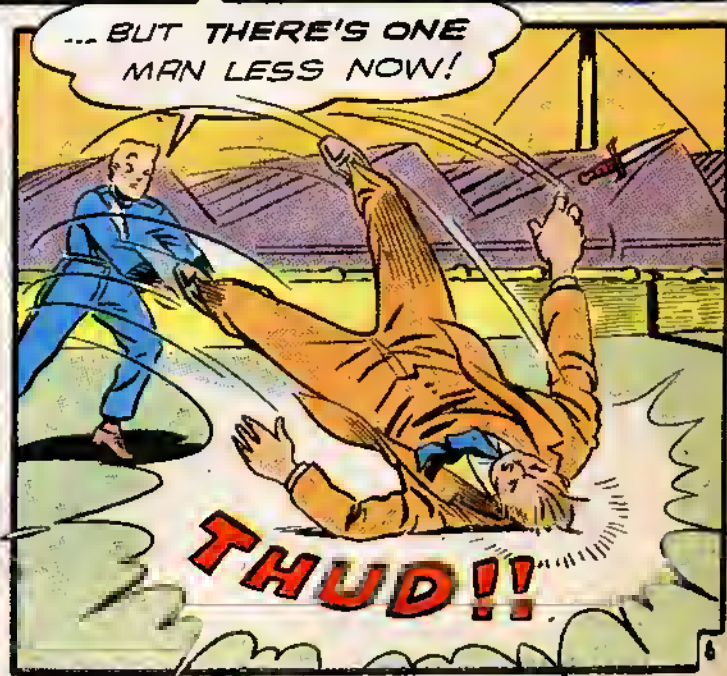
THIS 'LL SLOW
HIM UP...
USE IT!



TWO OF YOU, EH?, I
DIDN'T THINK THIS WAS
A ONE-MAN JOB!



KIT TACKLES
THE ARMED
THIEF!



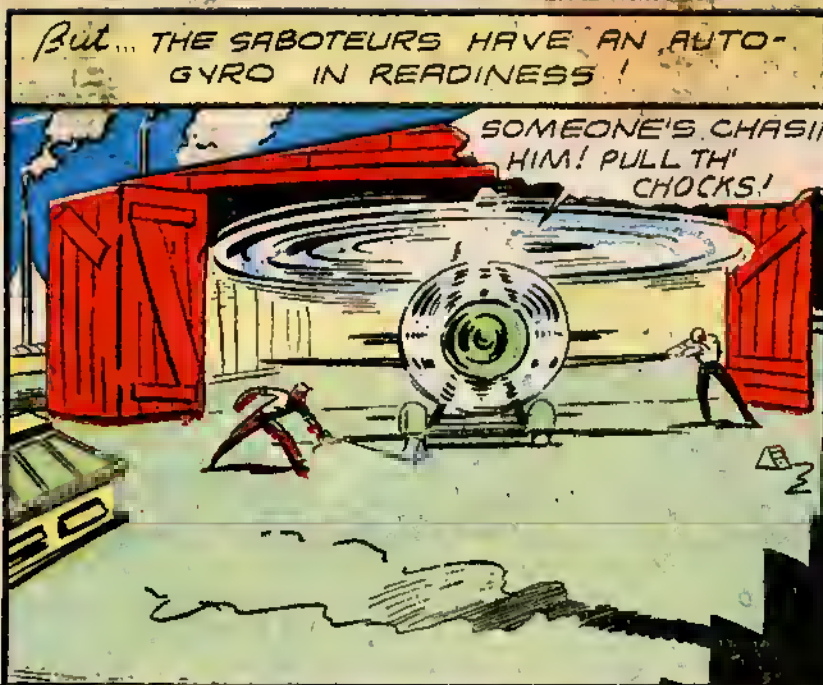
... BUT THERE'S ONE
MAN LESS NOW!

THUD!!

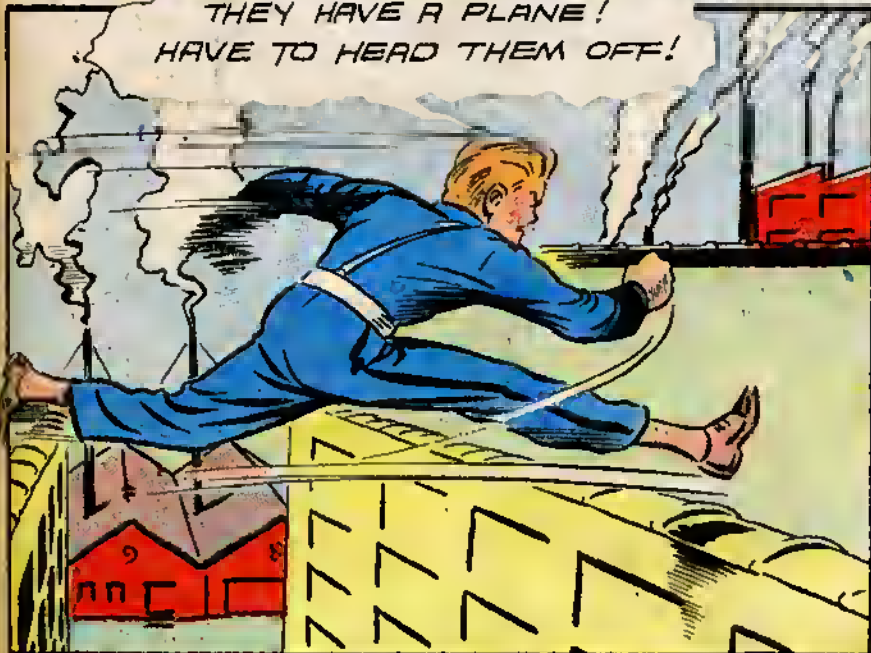
NOW FOR THOSE PLANS!



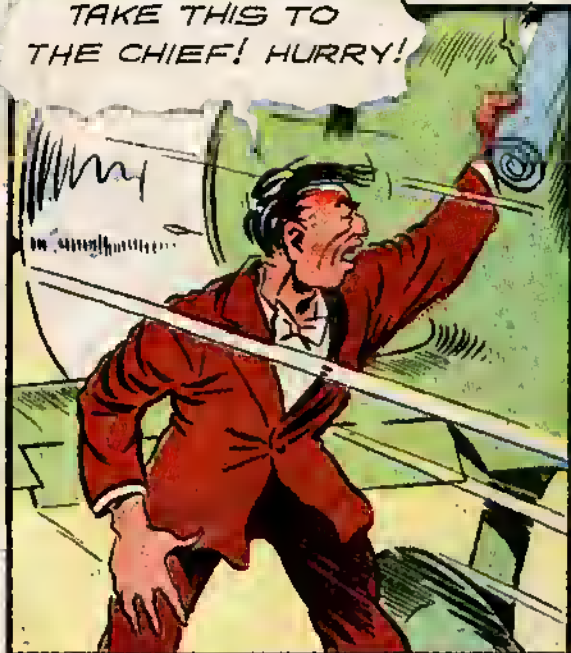
But... THE SABOTEURS HAVE AN AUTO-GYRO IN READINESS!



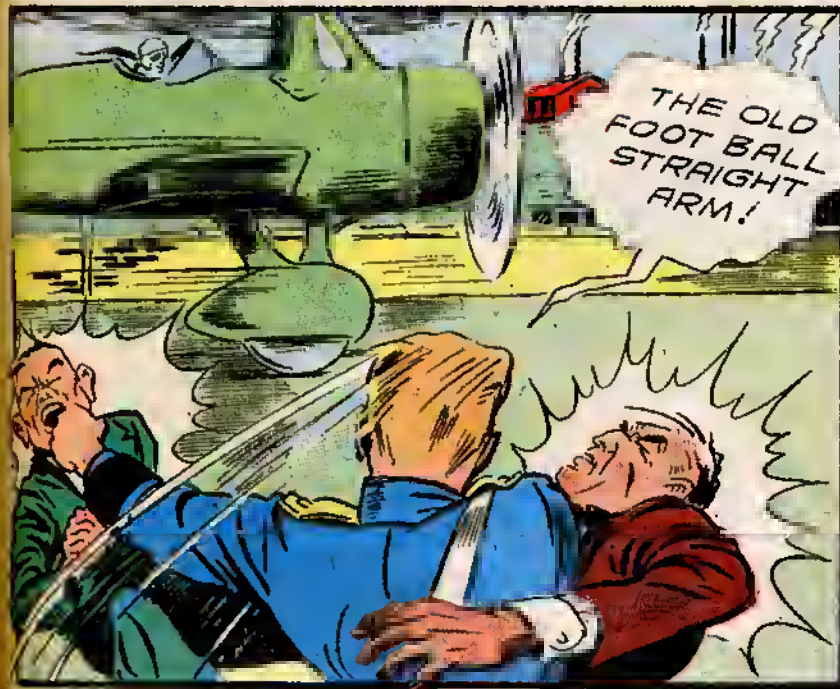
THEY HAVE A PLANE!
HAVE TO HEAD THEM OFF!



TAKE THIS TO
THE CHIEF! HURRY!

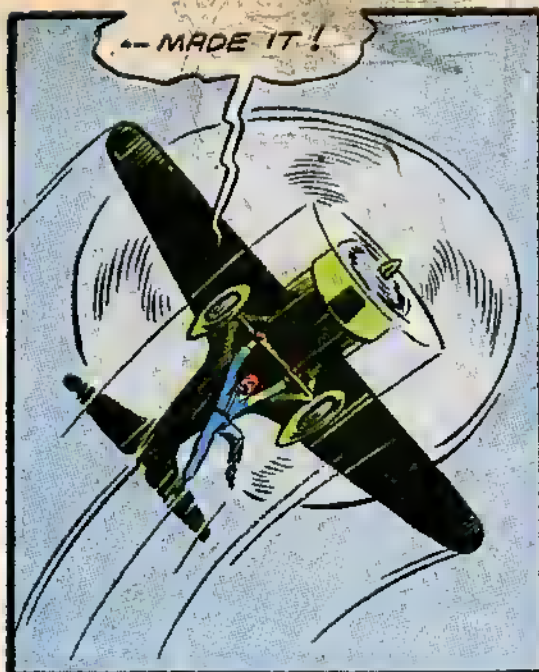


THE OLD
FOOT BALL
STRAIGHT
ARM!

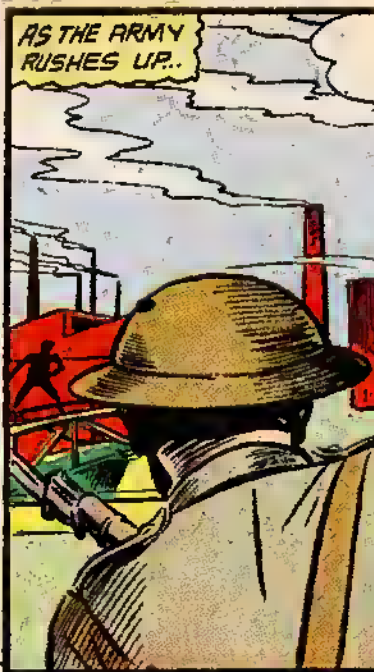


NOT, SO FAST!
YOU'VE GOT A
PASSENGER!





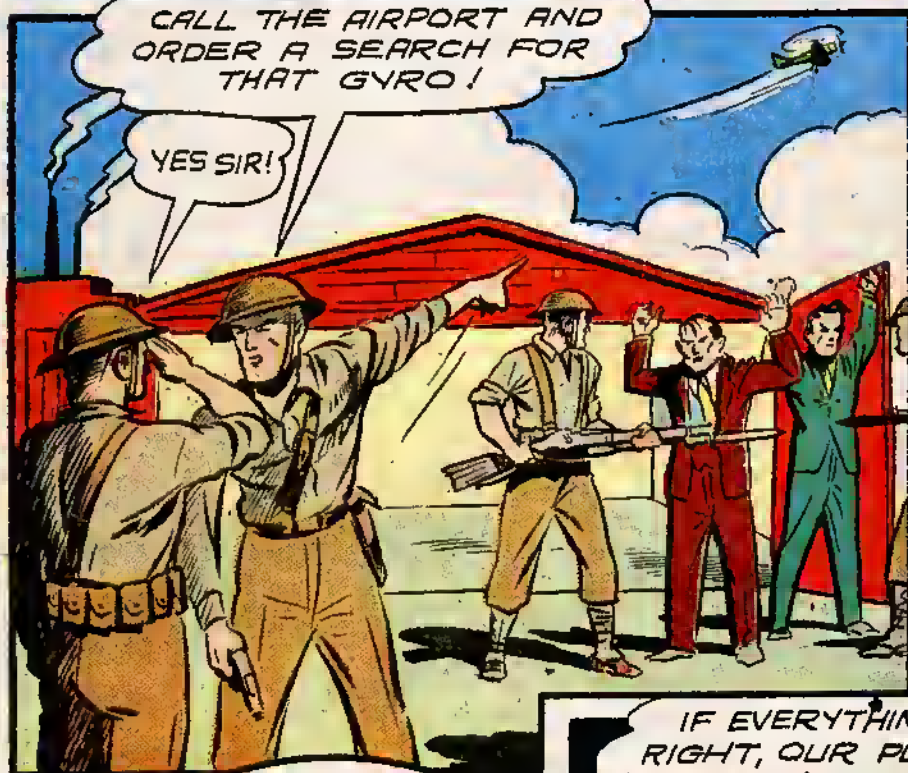
-- MADE IT!



AS THE ARMY
RUSHES UP...

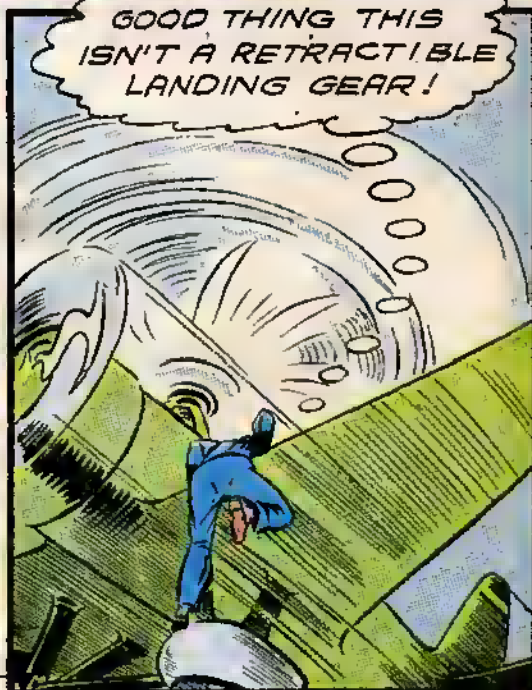


THAT KID'S SURE
GOT NERVE!

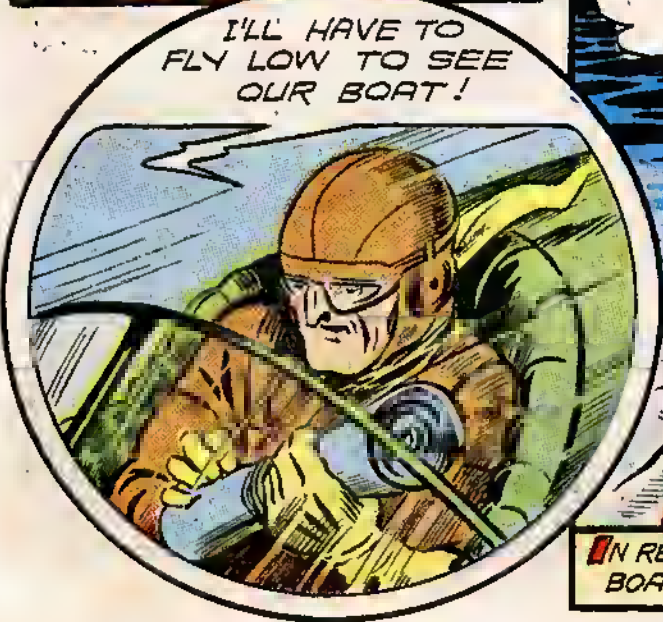


CALL THE AIRPORT AND
ORDER A SEARCH FOR
THAT GYRO!

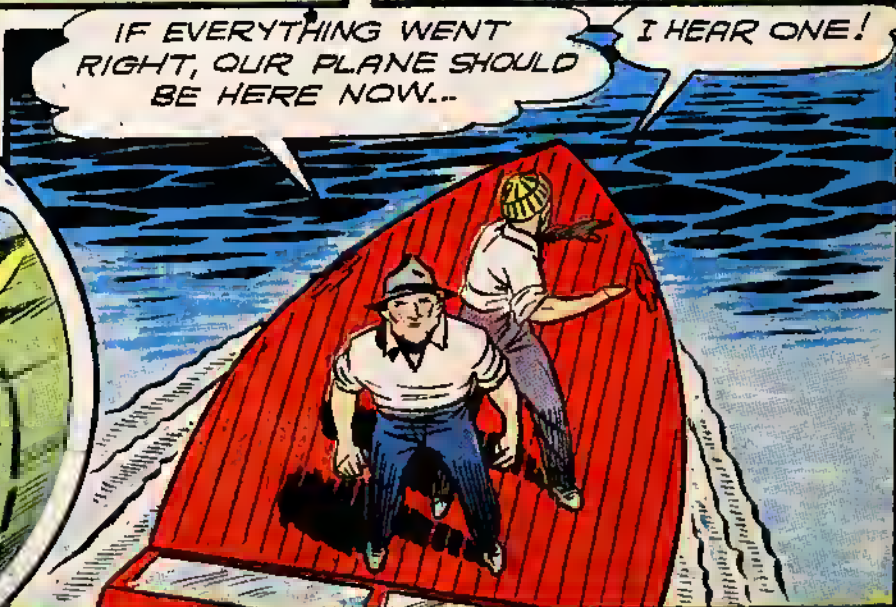
YES SIR!



GOOD THING THIS
ISN'T A RETRACTIBLE
LANDING GEAR!



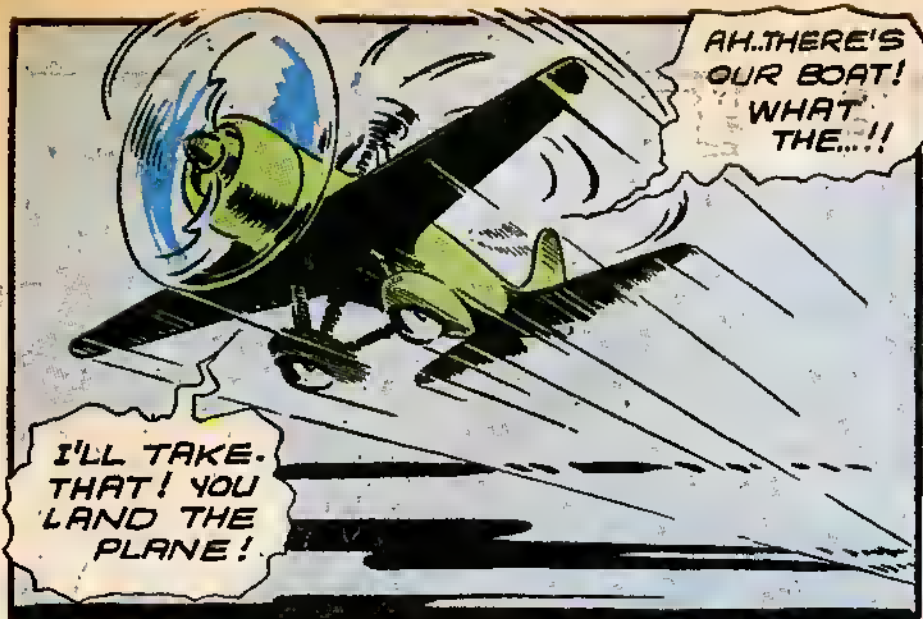
I'LL HAVE TO
FLY LOW TO SEE
OUR BOAT!



IF EVERYTHING WENT
RIGHT, OUR PLANE SHOULD
BE HERE NOW...

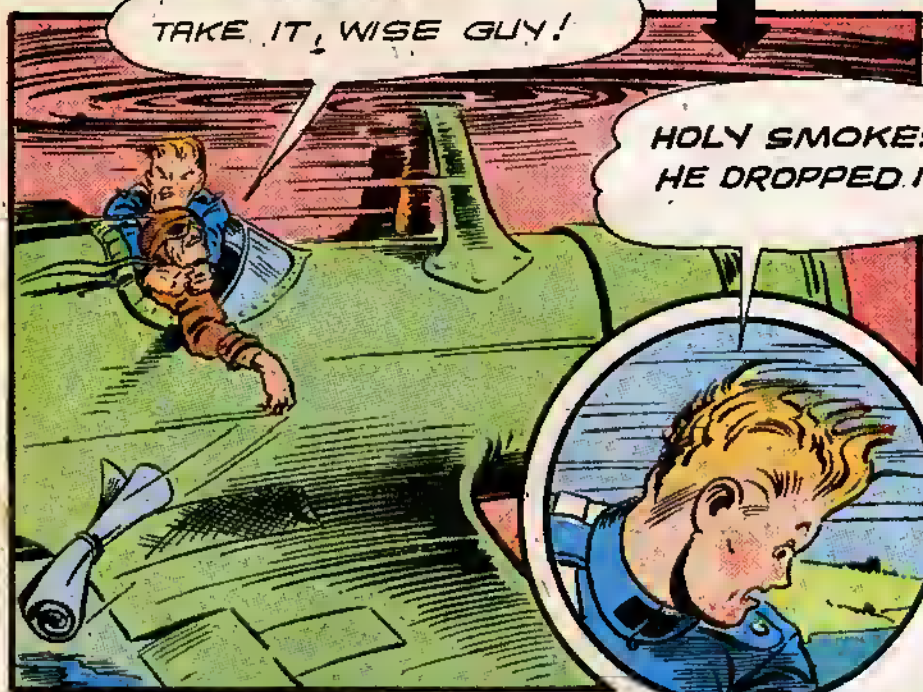
I HEAR ONE!

IN READINESS FOR A WELL EXECUTED PLAN, A FAST MOTOR-
BOAT IS WAITING FOR THE AUTO-GYRO... AT SEA!



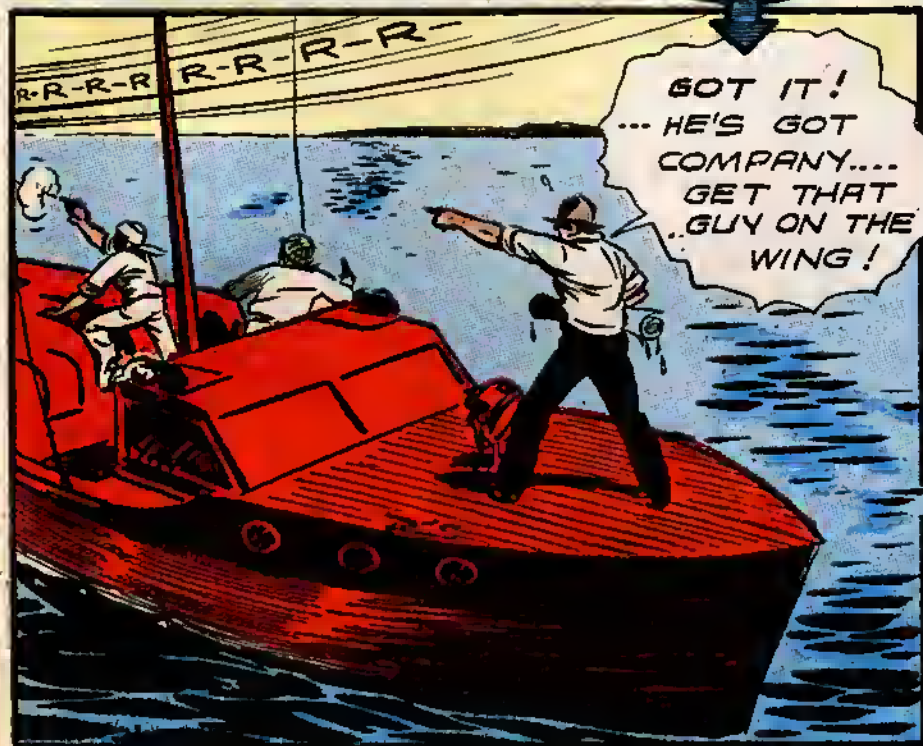
AH..THERE'S
OUR BOAT!
WHAT
THE...!!

I'LL TAKE
THAT! YOU
LAND THE
PLANE!

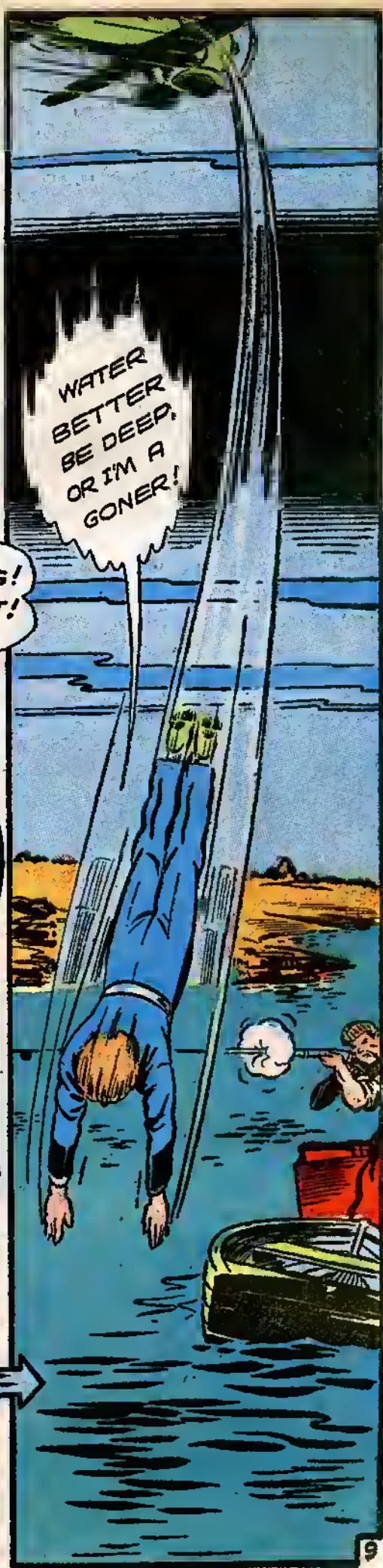


TAKE IT, WISE GUY!

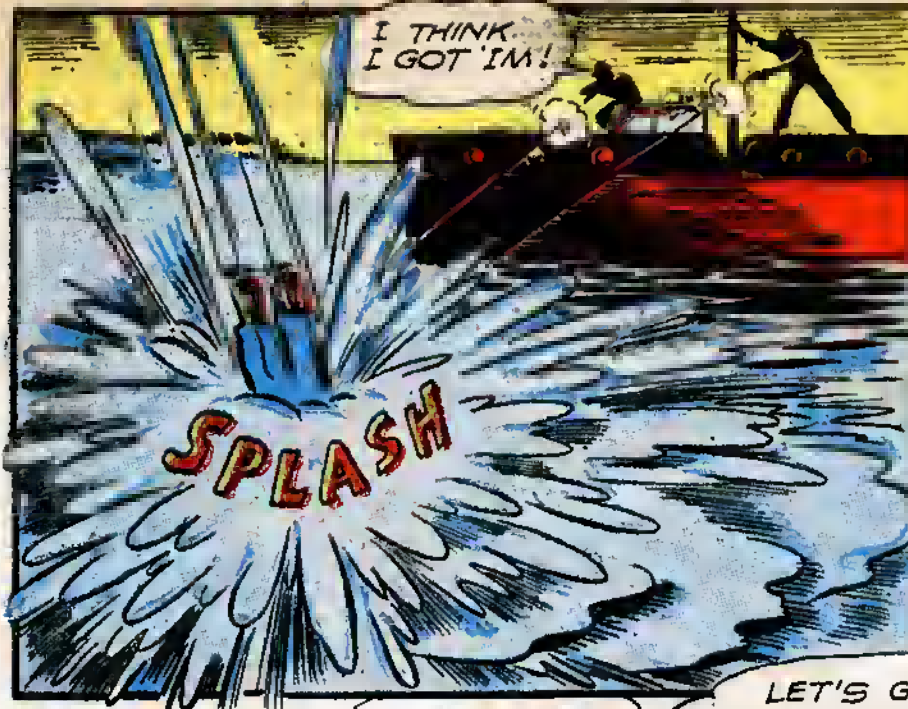
HOLY SMOKES!
HE DROPPED IT!



GOT IT!
... HE'S GOT
COMPANY....
GET THAT
GUY ON THE
WING!



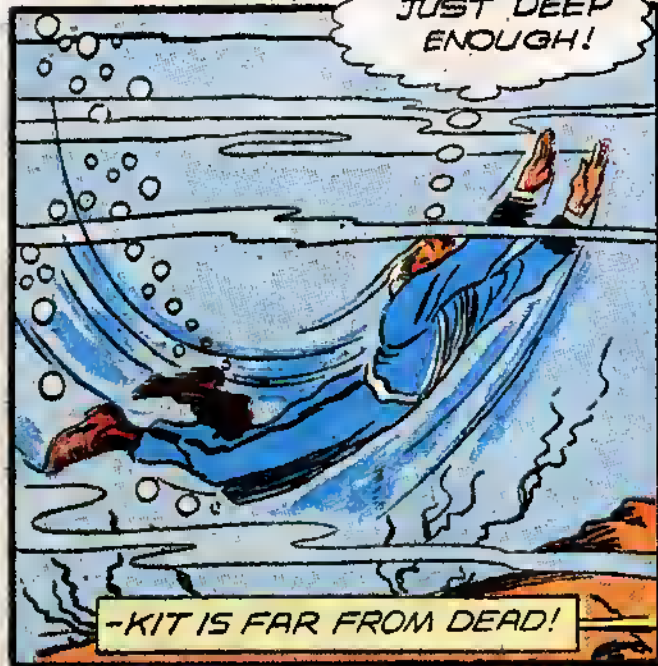
WATER
BETTER
BE DEEP,
OR I'M A
GONER!



HA! HA! HA! HA!

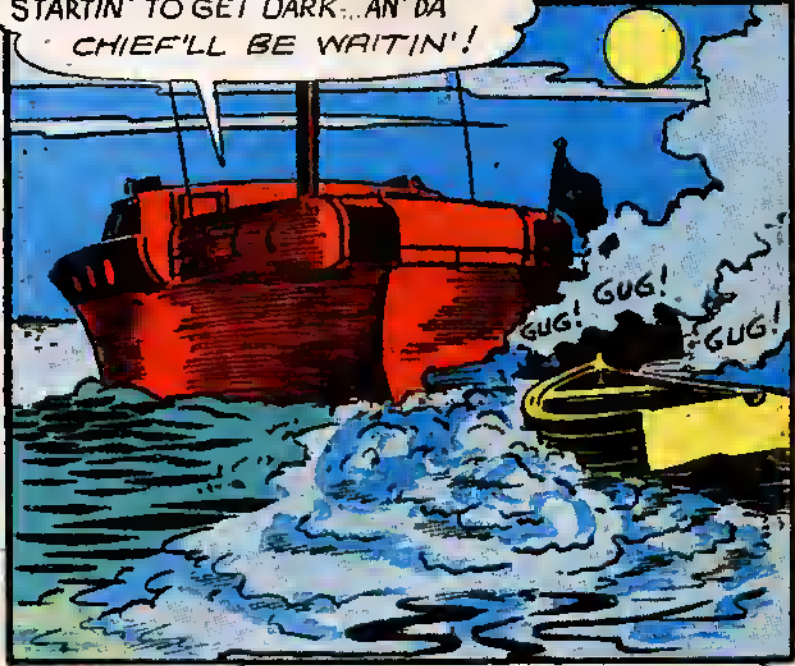


JUST DEEP ENOUGH!



-KIT IS FAR FROM DEAD!

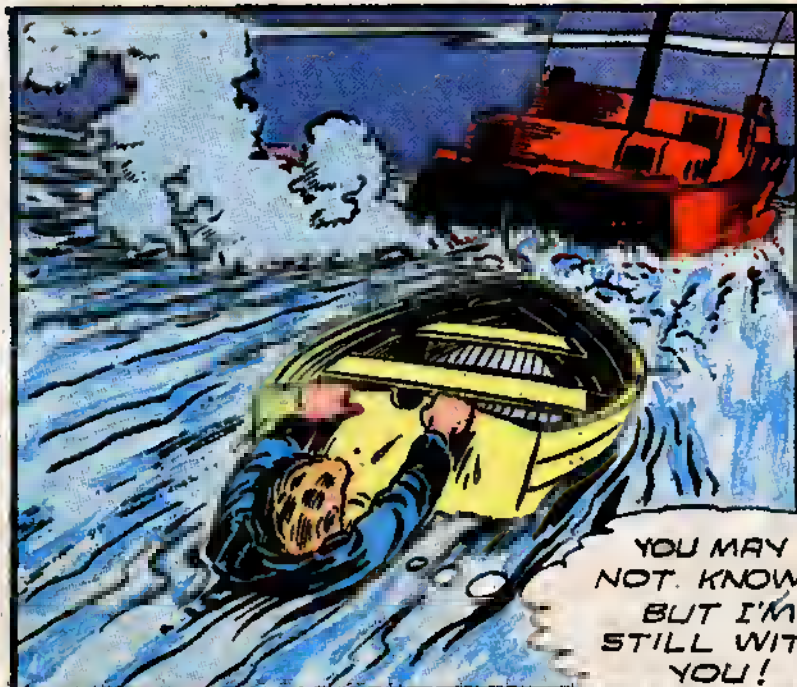
LET'S GO THEN! IT'S STARTIN' TO GET DARK... AN' DA CHIEF'LL BE WAITIN'!



MY GOVERNMENT PAY YOU PLENTY WHEN WE HAVE THIS SAFE...THIS DESIGN FOR "RAPID-FIRE" CANNON!



YOU MAY NOT KNOW IT, BUT I'M STILL WITH YOU!



THE SABOTEURS SPEED TO THEIR LEADER, NOT KNOWING THAT KIT IS STILL BEHIND THEM!



THIS MUST BE THEIR HEADQUARTERS. WITH A LITTLE HELP, I COULD ROUND UP THE WHOLE GANG!

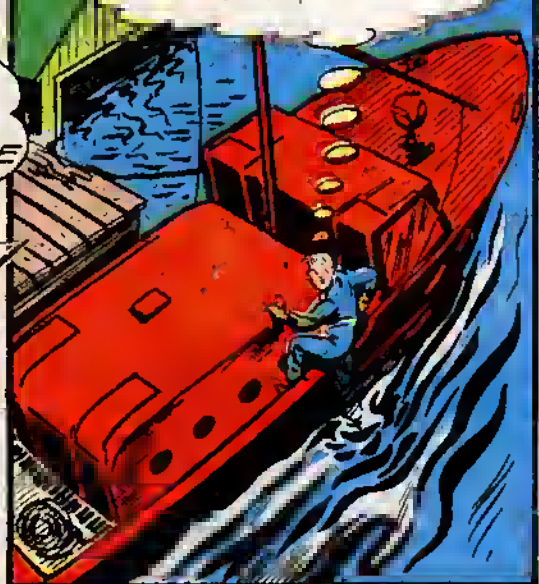


YOU'D THINK, WITH TWO SQUADRONS OUT, WE WOULD HAVE SIGHTED THAT GYRO!

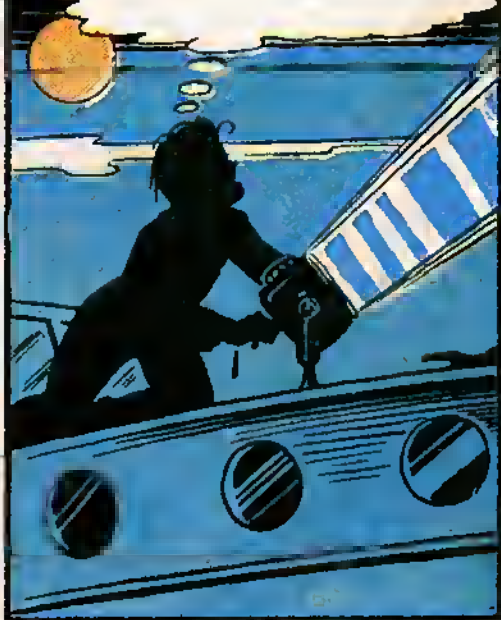


IT'S TOO DARK NOW, CAPTAIN. I GUESS THEY'VE GIVEN US THE SLIP!

THAT'S AN ARMY PLANE SILHOUETTE! WONDER IF I CAN GET THEIR ATTENTION!

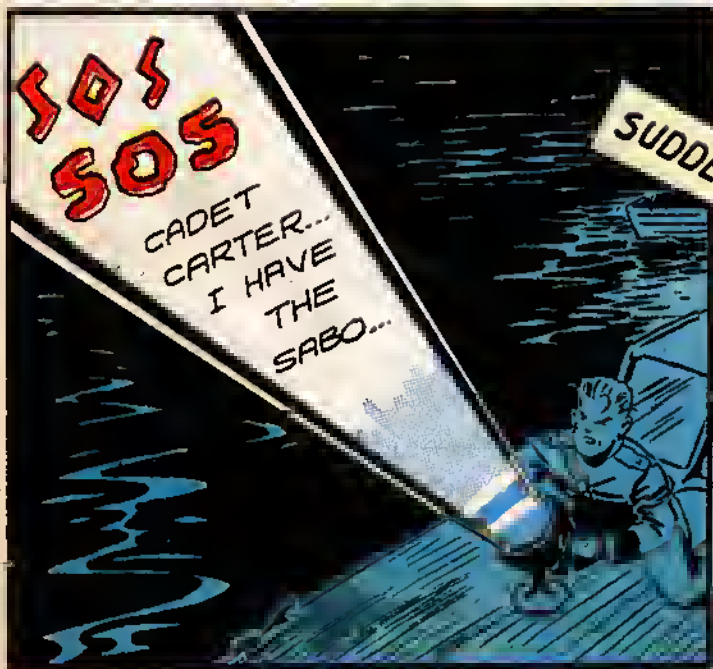


I CAN SEND AN S.O.S. IN MORSE WITH THIS LIGHT!



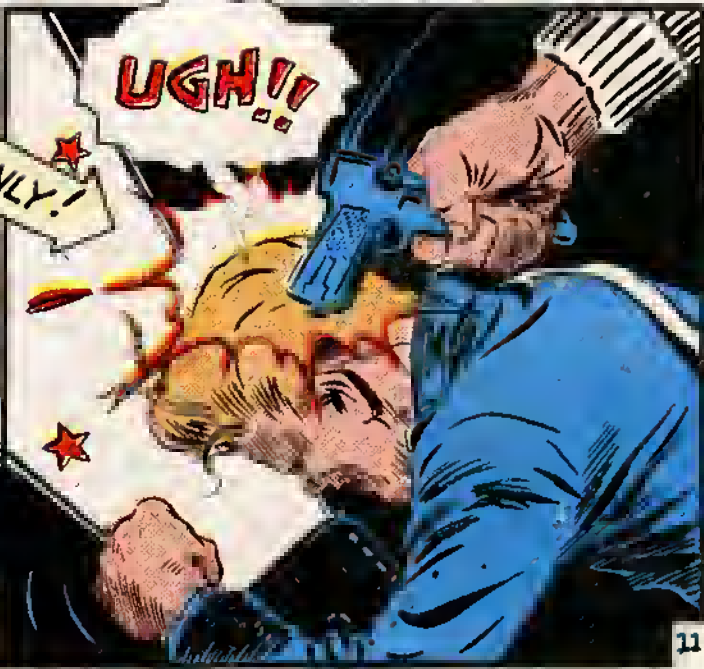
**SOS
SOS**

CADET
CARTER...
I HAVE
THE
SABO...



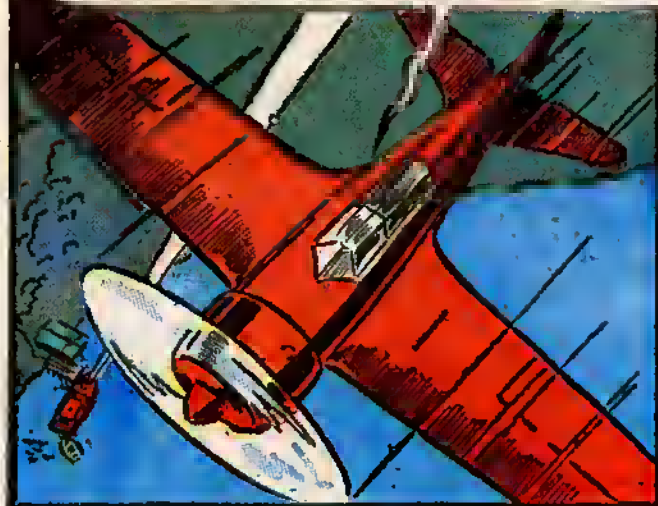
SUDDENLY!

UGH!!

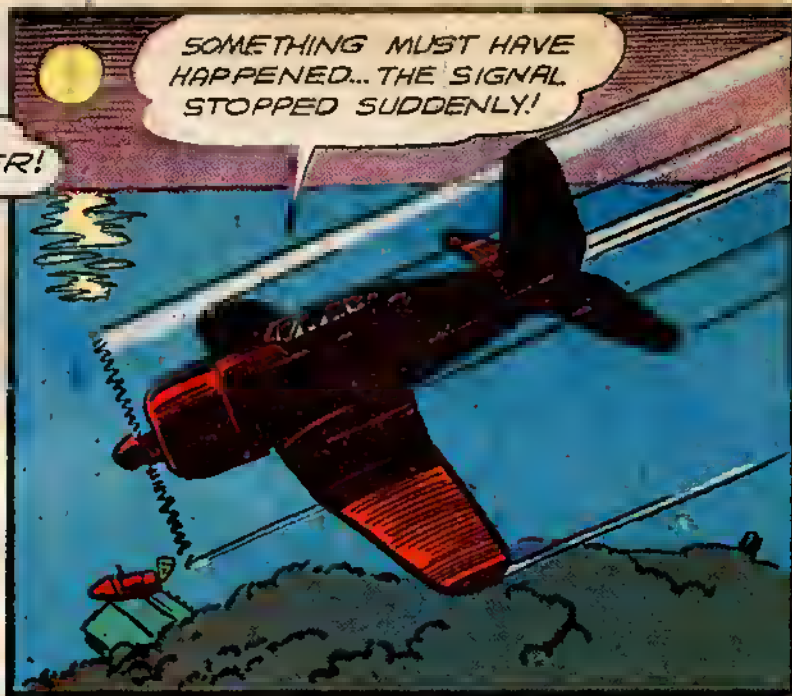


KIT GOT HIS MESSAGE
THROUGH IN TIME...

CAPTAIN, LOOK! THAT LIGHT...
AN "S.O.S." WHY, IT'S KIT CARTER!

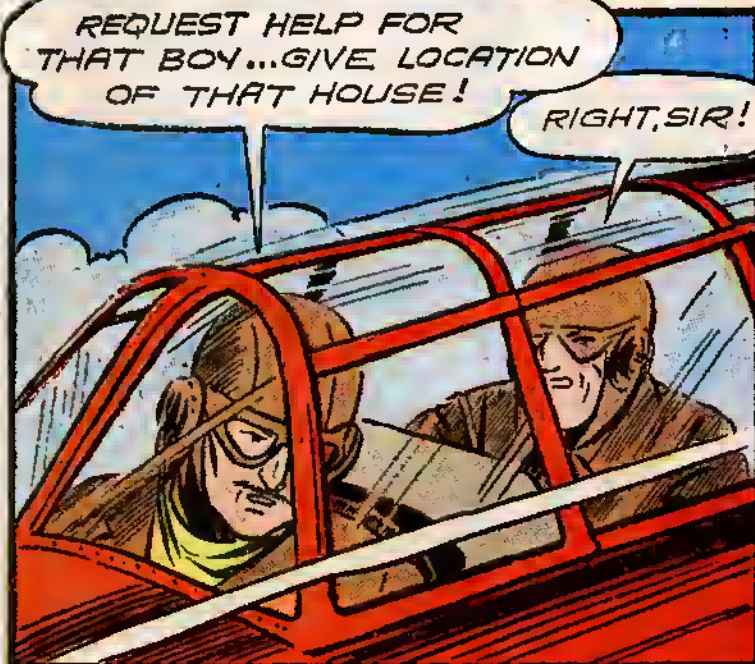


SOMETHING MUST HAVE
HAPPENED... THE SIGNAL
STOPPED SUDDENLY!



REQUEST HELP FOR
THAT BOY... GIVE LOCATION
OF THAT HOUSE!

RIGHT, SIR!

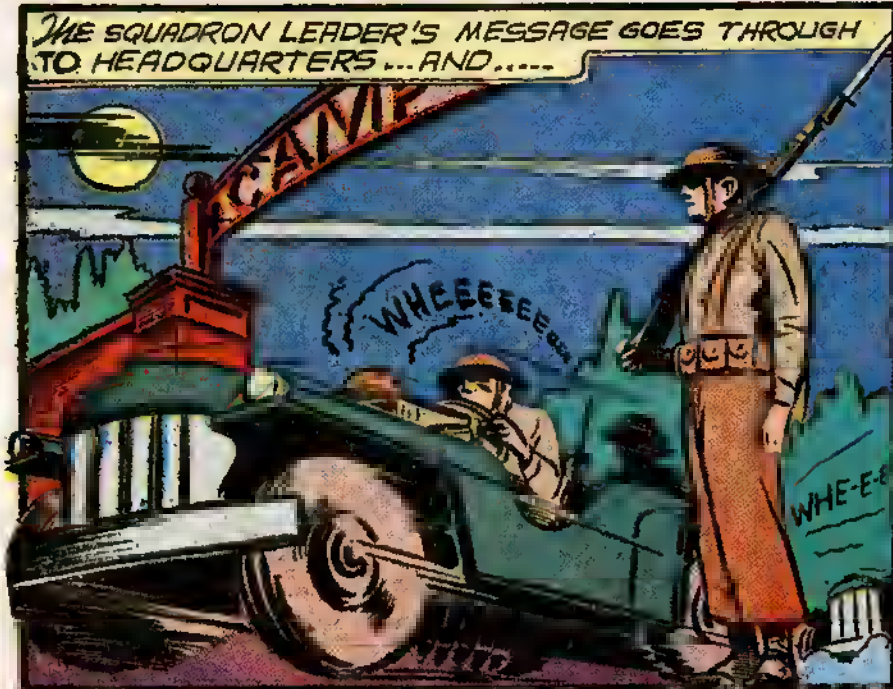


I'M GLAD HE'S SAFE. HE'S DONE
A MAN'S JOB, ALL RIGHT!

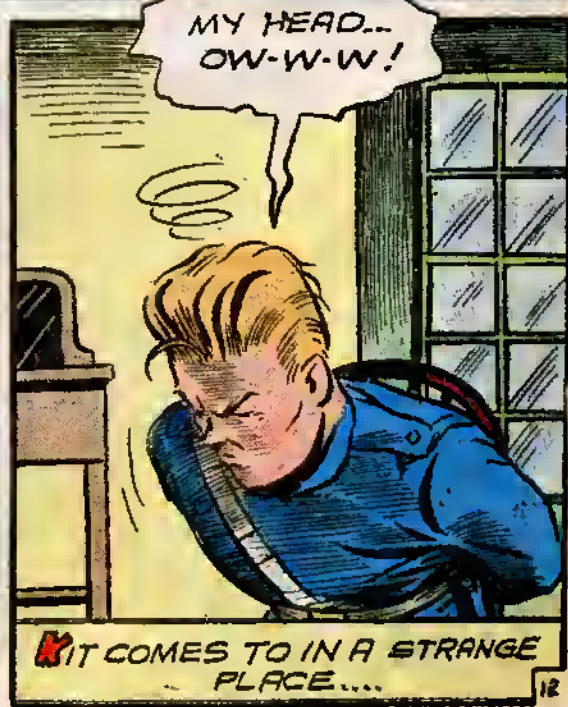
PLANE FOUR
REPORTING... HAVE
LOCATED CARTER
AND SABOTEURS...
SEND HELP..



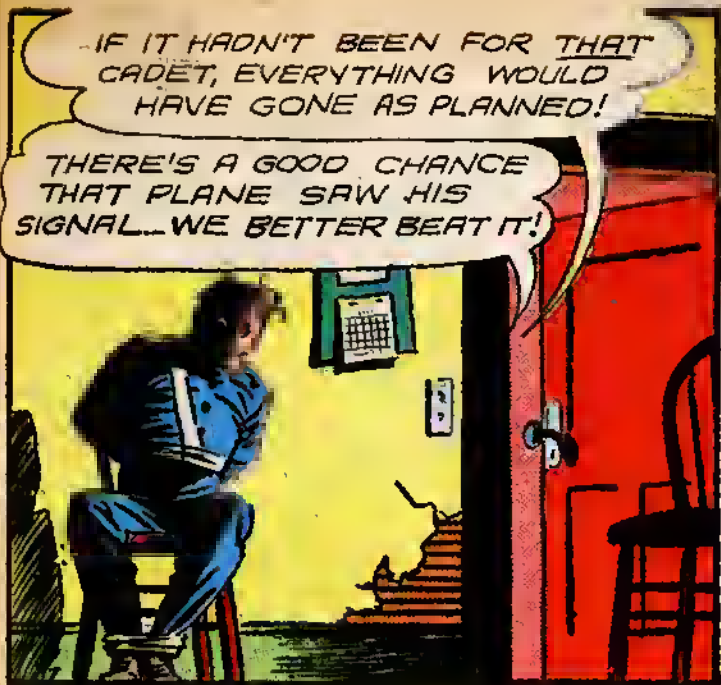
THE SQUADRON LEADER'S MESSAGE GOES THROUGH
TO HEADQUARTERS... AND.....



MY HEAD...
OW-W-W!

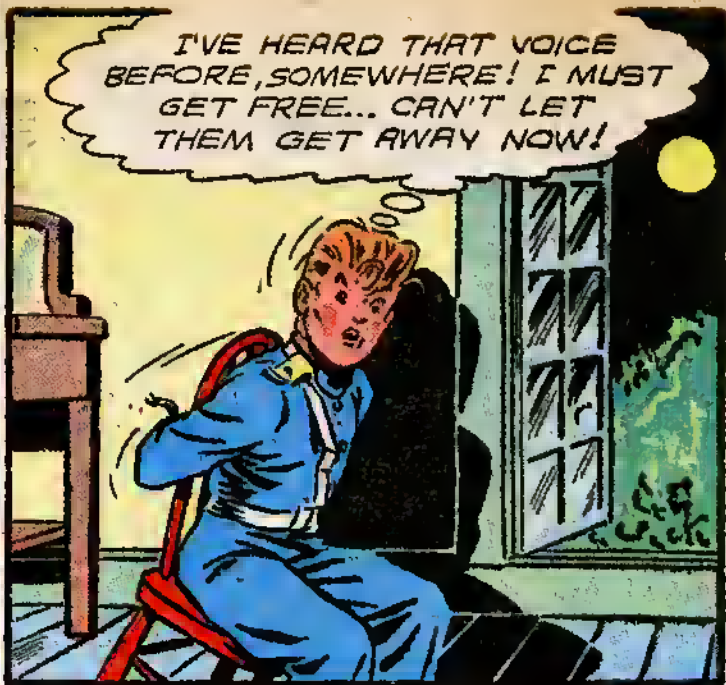


KIT COMES TO IN A STRANGE
PLACE....

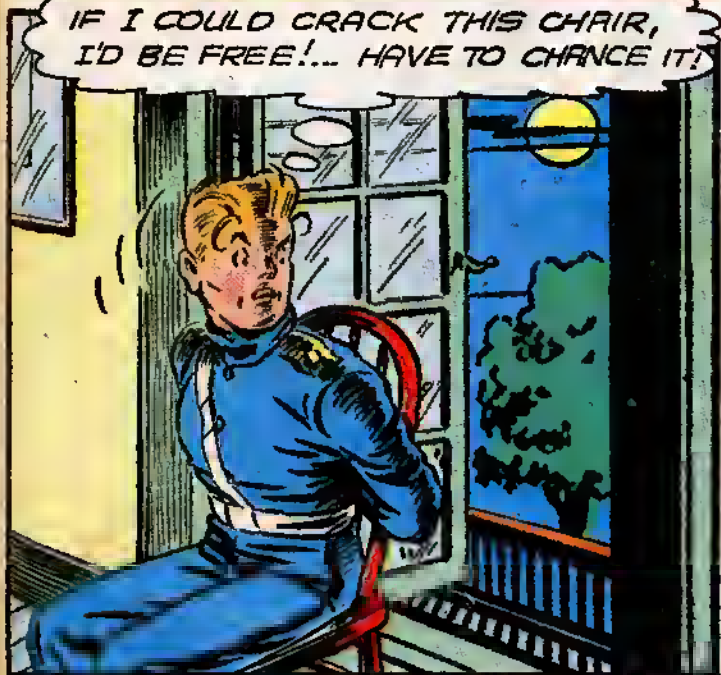


IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THAT
CADET, EVERYTHING WOULD
HAVE GONE AS PLANNED!

THERE'S A GOOD CHANCE
THAT PLANE SAW HIS
SIGNAL... WE BETTER BEAT IT!



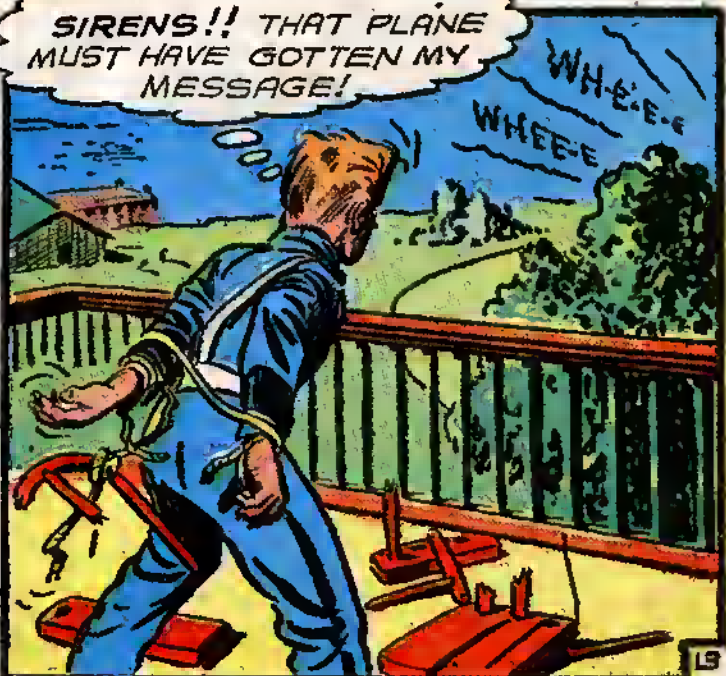
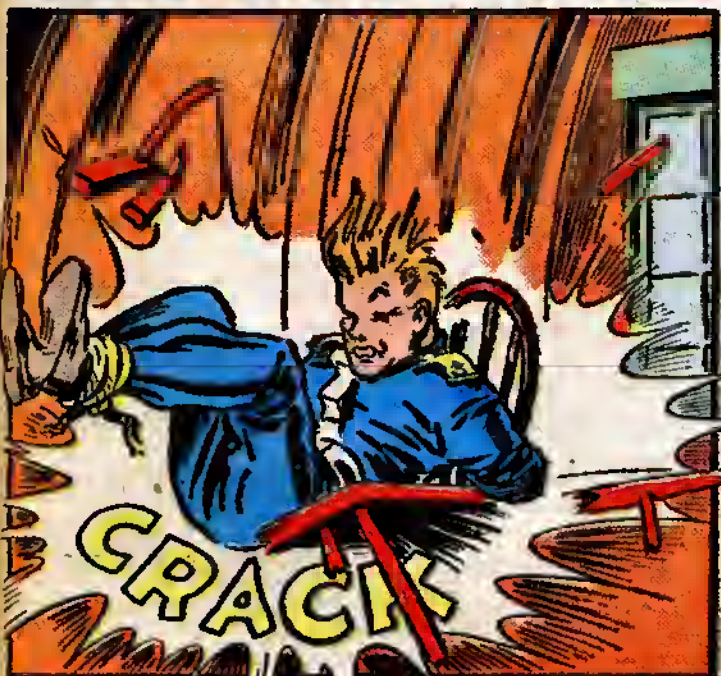
I'VE HEARD THAT VOICE
BEFORE, SOMEWHERE! I MUST
GET FREE... CAN'T LET
THEM GET AWAY NOW!



IF I COULD CRACK THIS CHAIR,
I'D BE FREE!... HAVE TO CHANCE IT!

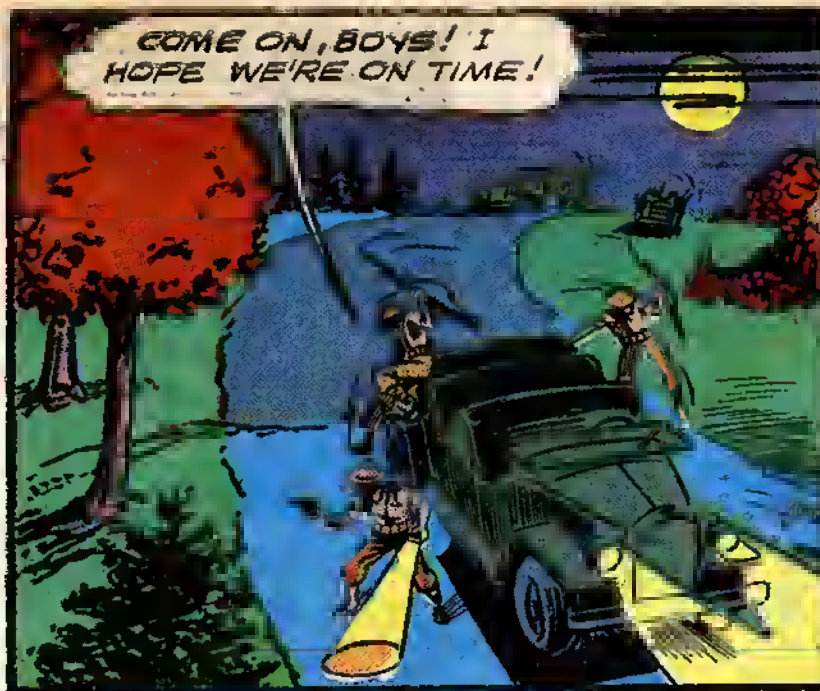


HERE
GOES...



SIRENS!! THAT PLANE
MUST HAVE GOTTEN MY
MESSAGE!

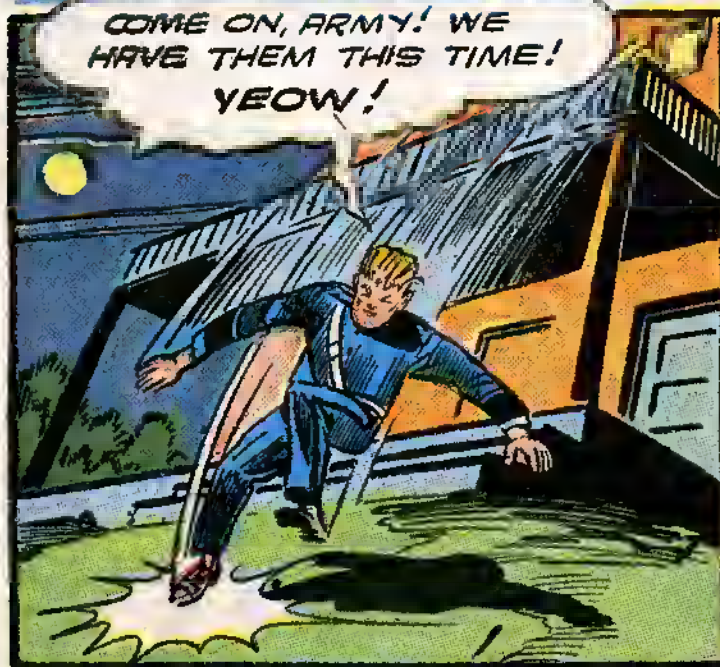
WHE-E-E
WHE-E-E



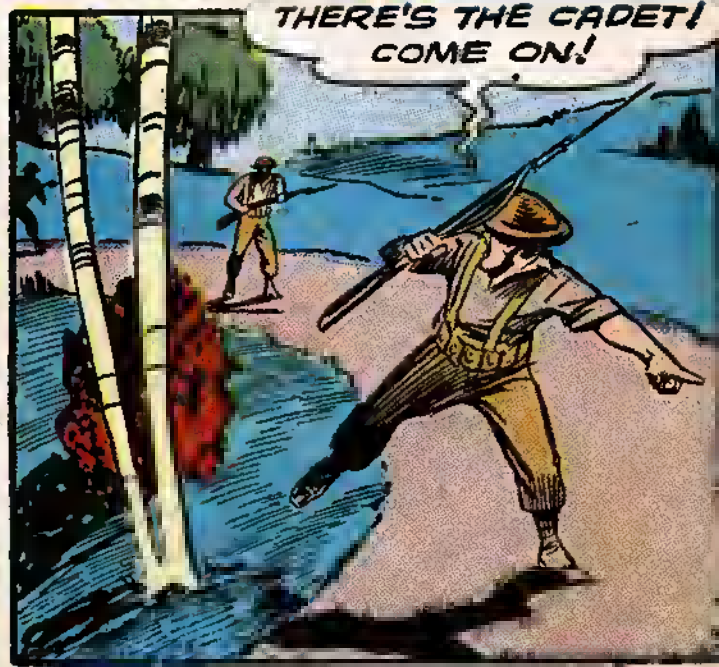
COME ON, BOYS! I
HOPE WE'RE ON TIME!



--TO THE BOAT!
QUICK! ARMY MEN!



COME ON, ARMY! WE
HAVE THEM THIS TIME!
YEOW!



THERE'S THE CADET!
COME ON!



ONE OF THE CROOKS TURNS SUDDENLY
AND FIRES AT KIT... BUT..

BANG!!



THANKS, SOLDIER. SOME
OF THEM ARE HEADED FOR
THE WATER!

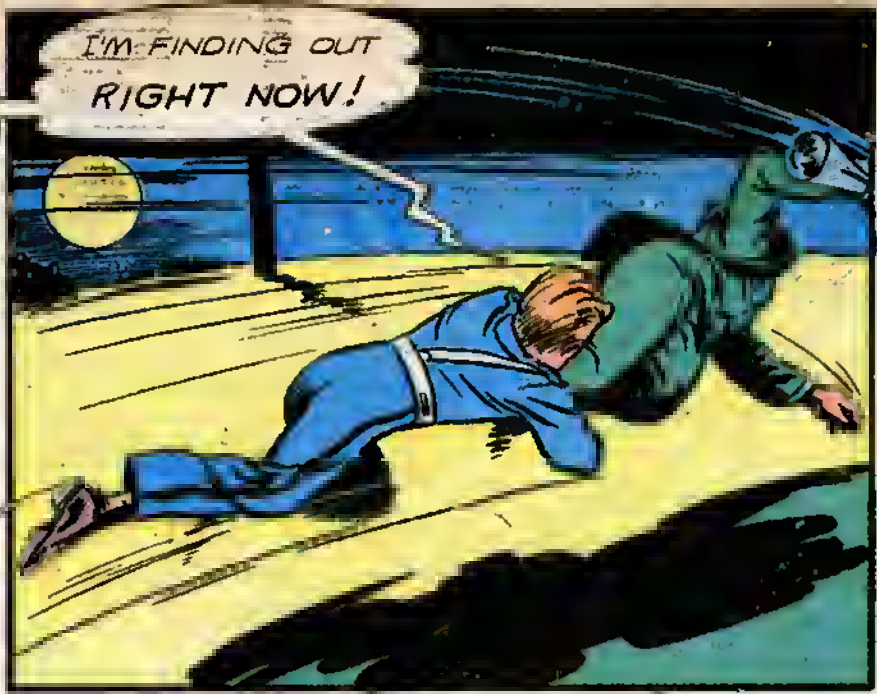
CRACK!

TO THE BOAT!
GET IT GOING,
YOU FOOLS!

I DON'T
KNOW WHO
YOU ARE, BUT I'VE
HEARD YOUR VOICE
BEFORE, AND...



I'M FINDING OUT
RIGHT NOW!



HE HAS THE PLANS...
NICE WORK, CADET!

THROW YOUR
LIGHTS ON HIM,
AND WE'LL SEE WHO HE IS!



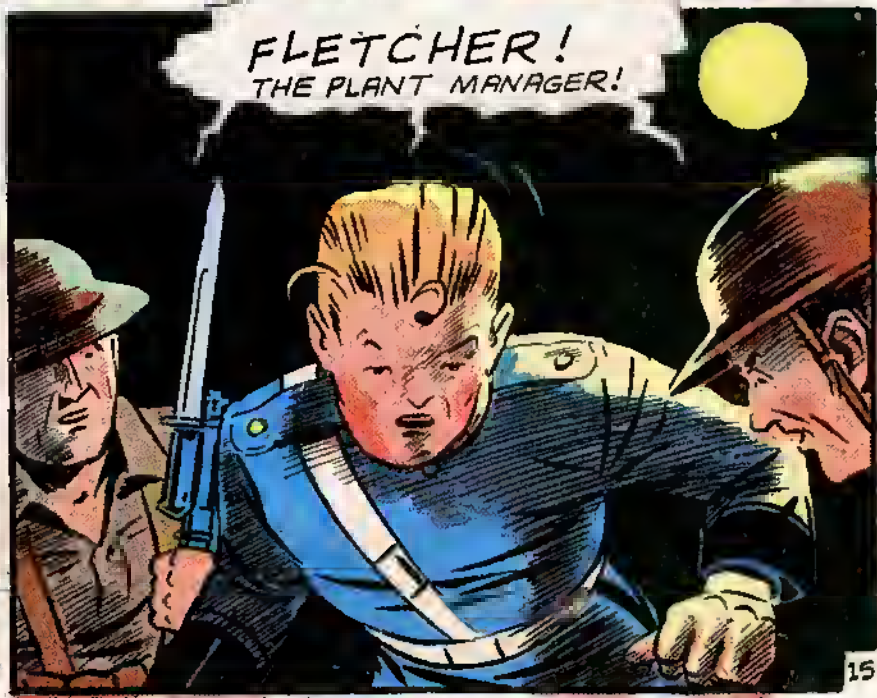
OVER YOU GO,
RAT!



YA GOT ME!



FLETCHER!
THE PLANT MANAGER!

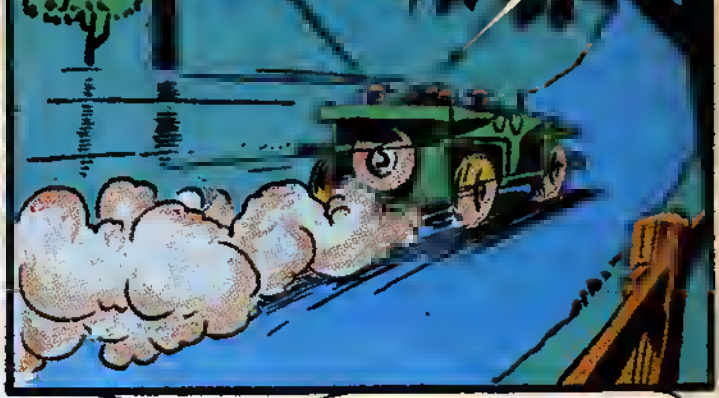


WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT
IT WOULD BE MR. FLETCHER?!

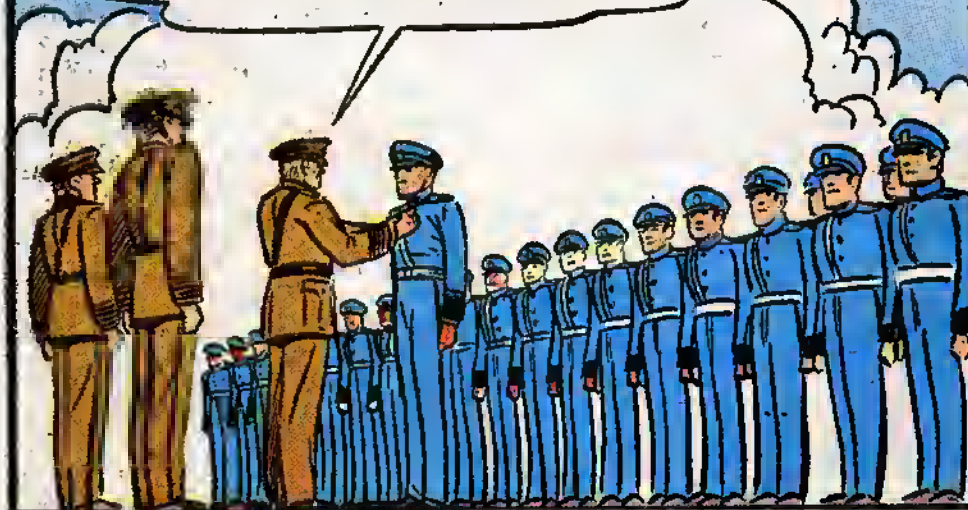
WE HAVE SUSPECTED
HIM FOR SOME TIME,
BUT IT TOOK YOU
TO CATCH HIM!

WHY... HE WAS JUST
ABOUT TO SHOW US
THE PLANS FOR THE
NEW CANNON.

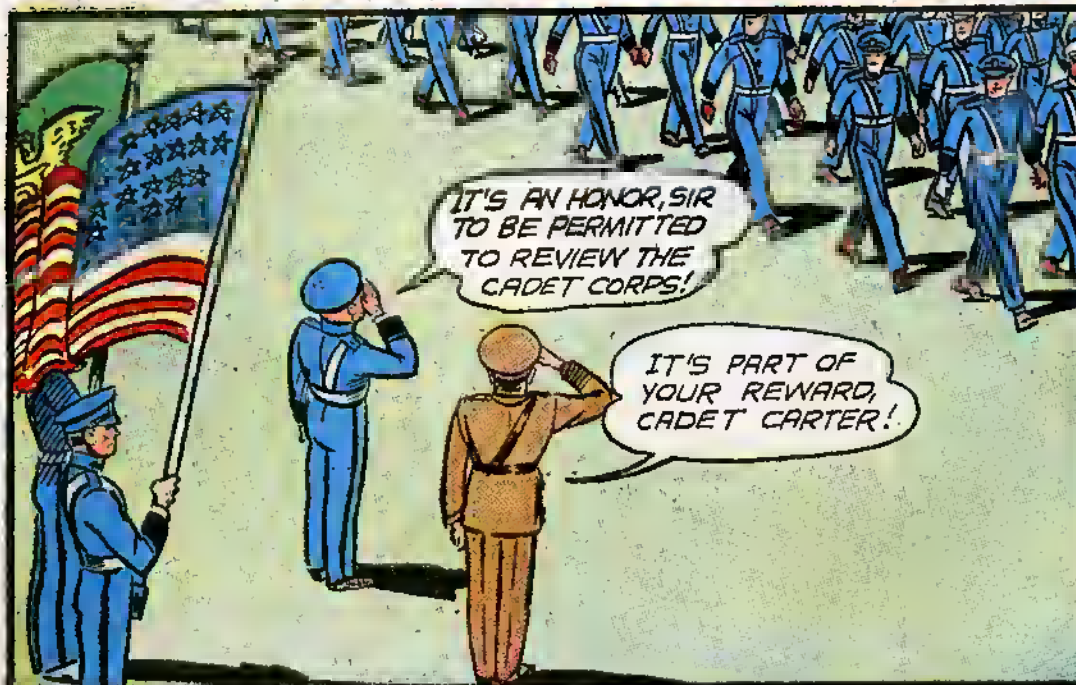
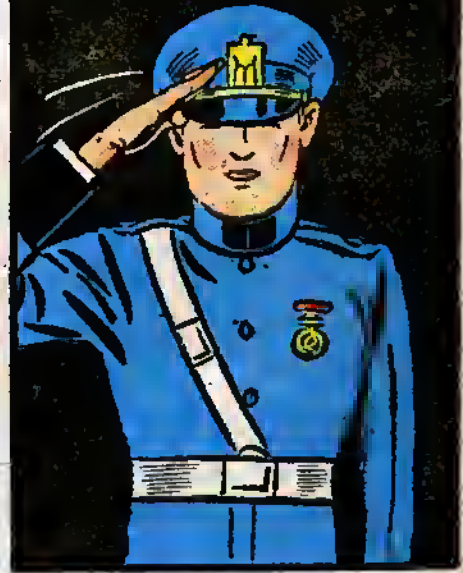
WELL, YOU'VE
BEEN CHASING
THEM ALL DAY,
SO I GUESS
YOU DESERVE
A LOOK
HERE!



ON BEHALF OF THE PRESIDENT, THE
WAR DEPARTMENT, AND THE U.S. ARMY,
IT GIVES ME PLEASURE TO PRESENT
THIS FOR YOUR GREAT SERVICE
TO OUR COUNTRY!



THANK YOU, SIR!



IT'S AN HONOR, SIR
TO BE PERMITTED
TO REVIEW THE
CADET CORPS!

IT'S PART OF
YOUR REWARD,
CADET CARTER!

THE ★
CADET

RETURNS
IN THE
NEXT
ISSUE
OF

4 MOST

WHAT A COMBINATION!

BOOM!

BULL'S-EYE... EVERY TIME !!!

SERGEANT SPOOK

BLUE BOLT

KRISKO AND JASPER

SUPER HORSE

THE CADET

SUB-ZERO

THE TARGET

SPACE-HAWK

DICK COLE

EDISON BELL

ACTION!



ADVENTURE!

PHANTOM SUB

OLD CAP HAWKINS

SPECK SPOT AND SIS!

BULL'S-EYE BILL

LAST OF THE MOHICANS

AL T. TUDE

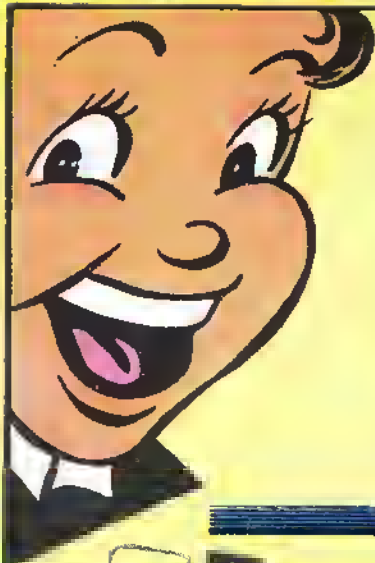
CRASH!

THE BEST IN STORIES AND ART!

READ THEM...

AND SEE!

Both on Sale **NOW** at Your Favorite Newsstand... **10¢ EACH!**



SNAP

Snap pictures with the **UNI-VEX CAMERA**, 1½" x 1¼" pictures can be enlarged.

No. MO-107 45c



CARRY

Carry **BILFOLD AND COIN PURSE**. Rubberized leather. State initial to be stamped.

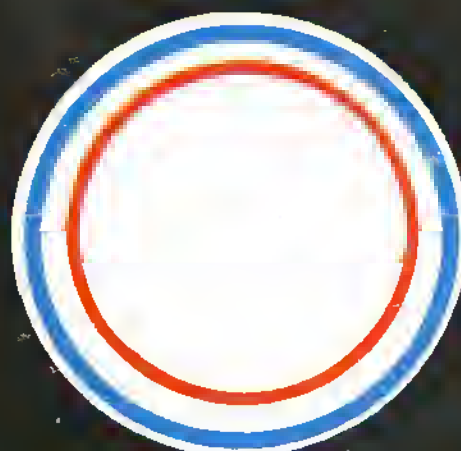
No. MO-124 45c

BLACKOUT BUTTON

It Glows in the Dark

PIN IT ON
YOUR LAPEL

WEAR IT ON
YOUR BELT
BOTH FRONT
AND BACK



EVERY
MEMBER
OF YOUR
FAMILY
SHOULD
HAVE ONE

INSTRUCTIONS FOR USING HOLD TO THE LIGHT

Expose the luminous article to daylight or hold it close to an electric bulb for **FIVE SECONDS**. (This will "charge" it with light.)

It Will Then Glow in the Dark For Several Hours

The glow is brilliant in the first few minutes immediately following the exposure to light, then very gradually it becomes weaker.

When the luminous glow dims, recharge by exposing it to light. Long exposure to light is not necessary, since it will not increase the duration of luminescence.

When going into a dark room from strong sunlight, the full effect of the glow will not be evident until your eyes have had time to accustom themselves to the darkness.

No. MO-240 25c



SPOT

Spot far-off objects with this 3¾" **POCKET TELESCOPE**. Lenses optically ground.

No. MO-169 40c



SEE

See the keyhole at night with **KEE-LITE**, Combination key holder and flashlight.

No. MO-182 32c



EXPERIMENT

Experiment with the **GYRO-SCOPE TOP**. Find how airplanes and ships keep even keel.

No. MO-960 25c

GIVE

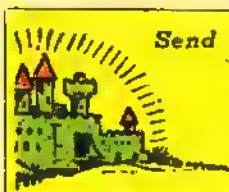


Give mother or sister a gold-filled **BIRTHSTONE RING**. Send month of birth and ring size.

No. MO-199 45c

—GIVE ARTICLE NUMBER—PUT COINS BETWEEN CARDBOARD.

EASY TO ORDER



Send Your Order and Remittance to

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TARGET	SID GREENE
THE CADET	TYLER + JORDAN *